

The New Amsterdams

"Without A Sound"

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Your lawyer can go to hell.
The ink's still wet on our wills.
That's when I told her,
"It's time to start over."
Now there's a house to sell.

Take this ring of keys
The copies you made for me
Tell me the truth, then.
Tell me you love him.
Because, baby, this scar won't heal

I'm just a fool you
Love to be cruel to
The gravel under your wheels.

Without a sound,
I'm hiding out, I'm hiding underground.
Eleanor,
I'm hiding out on your back porch.
Without a sound,
I'm hiding out, I'm hiding underground.
Eleanor,
I'm hiding out on your back porch.

As soon as the fog lifts,
As soon as the smoke drifts.
Nearly November then.
Maine has those sweet pines
Bells and your wind chimes,
I'll never be back again.

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