

Red House Painters

"Song For A Blue Guitar"

Visit "[Song For A Blue Guitar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When everything we felt fails
Then some music, soft and distant sails
But it don't sound like it did before
Then I know I'm left with nothing more
Then my own soul

When pretty pictures face back
But your coats aren't hanging on the rack
And blue water turns to
A place that I can't get to
A place that I can't

In a room all I feel
Is the cold that you left

Through the air all I see
Is your face full of blame

What's left to see?
What's there to see?

In the room all I feel
Is the cold that you left

Through the air all I see
Is your face full of blame

What's left to see?
What's left to see?
What's left to see?
What's left to see?

Visit [Red House Painters](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.