

John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours

"Bereft"

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On every coast or continent I can feel the ghost of what
you, ve meant
Can't smoke enough and I can't escape and to dream,
my love, keeps me awake
In my endless try to find a place where I can't see your
cursed face
And something has died and all that is left, so
mournfully bereft
Where can I go, what can I drink to let me breathe, to
let me think without the sting that always comes?
Tearing things 'til I am numb in my endless try to find
some peace
If the blood is dry, then the pain should ease
But something has died and all that is left, so
mournfully bereft

Ever darkness, before the dawn, when your world won't
spin, the nights get long
Blind man bluffing, I feel my way 'til my fingers brush
the breaking day
Just an endless try to find some rope, too late to save
any drowning hope
'Cause something has died and all that is left, so
mournfully bereft
Something has died and all that is left, so mournfully
bereft

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