

## Roseanne Cash

### "Hope Against Hope"

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It's all coming back to me now.  
But try as I have to keep,  
The taste of you off of my tongue;  
Your face from my fitful sleep.

An' I wait and hope against hope like before.  
An' I wait an' hope that I won't anymore.

An' this won't stop till I do.  
Until I learn to kill the thought,  
Of everything I could have said:  
Of everything I wished I'd not.

An' I wait, hope against hope like before.  
An' I wait, hope that I won't anymore.

Show rises up from the street,

An' a crowd rises up to it's feet.  
I followed blind after you:  
I might know better if I'd ever wanted to.

Instrumental Break.

The painting here is still not dry,  
An' I can smell it from the door.  
It covers every mark you made:  
The countin' days are keepin' score.

An' I wait, hope against hope like before.  
An' I wait, an' hope that I won't anymore.

An' I wait, hope against hope like before.  
An' I wait, an' hope that I won't anymore.

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