

Ryan Adams

"Ashes & Fire"

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As he stared past the fire,
His hunger to leave well it gnawed his poor heart alive,
Her skin smelled like black cherry, blossom perfume,
the sail boats they all sailed by... and a river she cried.

and the wind was suddenly sweeter than Roosevelt
pine,
The windows broke out and the cigarette smoke was
drifting by,
The bums on the bowery were swallowed in the lights
as cars rumbled by in the night... screaming run for
your life.

With cool and silvery eyes and a heart that was fit for
desire, drowned in a river of tears oh a river she
cried left her with a heart... made of ashes and fire.

One day there was a silence and it washed through the
town,
and there was no reason to speak so no one made a
sound,
her eyes were indigo and the cats were all Calico and
the sail boats they all sailed by... and a river she cried.

With cool and silvery eyes and a heart that was fit
for desire, drowned in a river of tears oh a river she
cried left her with a heart... made of ashes and fire.

Ashes and fire, Ashes and fire, Ashes and fire.

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