

Ryan Adams

"Avalanche"

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I found your photograph in a cardboard box in a
magazine
I can't remember you, remember us or anything
I taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb
They taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb

She comes apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance
Crawls back into bed
When it's over
When it's over
When it's over
And it's over

I watch the window and listen for the sound of cars
I can't remember the last time that it was yours

I taught you how to feel, why do you feel numb
They taught us how to feel, but we just feel numb

She falls apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance
Crawls back into bed
When it's over
When it's over
When it's over
When it's over

She falls apart in the avalanche
Fades out like a dance
Crawls back into bed
When it's over
And it's over
When it's over

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