

## **Ryan Adams**

### **"Damn, Sam"**

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As a man I ain't never been much for sunny days  
I'm as calm as a fruit stand in New York and maybe as  
strange  
But when the color goes out of my eyes, it's usually the  
change

But damn Sam I love a woman that rains

Clear as a bell, and sound as an old engineer  
Clear as a bell, and sound as an old engineer  
With talented breezes that blow off your hat with a  
sneer

As a man I've never been much for talking to  
I'm as open as the door in her house that leads to her  
room  
And when the color goes out of my eyes, she's usually  
too

But damn Sam I love a woman that's blue

As a man I ain't never been much for sunny days  
I'm as calm as a fruit stand in New York and maybe as  
strange  
But when the color goes out of my eyes, it's usually the  
change

But damn Sam I love a woman that rains

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