

# Empty

Ray LaMontagne

She lifts her skirt up to her knees  
Walks through the garden rows with her bare feet, laughing  
I never learned to count my blessings  
I choose instead to dwell in my disasters  
Walk on down the hill  
Through the grass grown tall and brown  
And still it's hard somehow to let go of my pain  
On past the busted back  
Of that old and rusted Cadillac  
That sinks into this field collecting rain  
Will I always feel this way?  
So empty, so estranged  
Of these cutthroat busted sunsets  
These cold and damp white mornings I have grown weary  
If through my cracked and dusty dime store lips  
I spoke these words out loud would no one hear me  
Lay your blouse across the chair  
Let fall the flowers from your hair  
And kiss me with that country mouth so plain  
Outside the rain is tapping on the leaves  
To me it sounds like they're applauding us  
The quiet love we make  
Will I always feel this way?  
So empty, so estranged  
Well I looked my demons in the eye  
Laid bare my chest said do your best destroy me  
See I've been to hell and back so many times  
I must admit you kinda bore me  
There's a lot of things that can kill a man  
There's a lot of ways to die  
Yes and some already dead who walk beside me  
There's a lot of things I don't understand  
Why so many people lie  
Well it's the hurt I hide that fuels the fire inside me.  
Will I always feel this way?  
So empty, so estranged  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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