

Notes Falling Slow

Cowboy Junkies

My love swears that he is made of truth
I do believe him though I know he lies
I've caught him creeping 'round darkened holes
I've caught him staring at distant skies

I would have seen it coming but I'm blind with age
Too much time on the battle line
Shut it all out, just let the notes fall slow
Slow

My love lives inside a haze of gloom
He fears today, what might come tomorrow
Seeks the shadow, shuns the light
Bleeds for knowledge, prepares for sorrow

I would have seen it coming but I'm blind with age
Too much time on the battle line
Shut it all out, just let the notes fall slow
Slow

This ain't no depression, just notes falling slow
An early snow and notes falling slow
Do I have the strength to bear their passion?
An early snow and notes falling slow