

## St. Charlene

Hem

Traded my last favor  
For a map of St. Charlene  
All these ghosts and angels  
Friends and strangers  
Ask me where I've been

The engine seemed to tremble  
When I drove through our old town  
And I found the house  
Where we used to live  
When I tried my key  
I don't know what I thought I'd find  
I tried to remember  
What I thought I thought I left behind

The rooms were all deserted  
Though the landlord kept them well  
They were swept and shuttered  
Paint that covered our familiar smells  
I looked around our kitchen  
And I climbed the narrow stairs  
And I called your name  
Just so I could hear it  
And I swear these rooms  
Were where we once used to make love  
Now they're just a space

And there's no trace left of us

I spent another five days  
On the banks of St. Charlene  
After my car was fixed  
I made some extra cash for gasoline.  
I left without remembering  
The reason I had come  
But I knew then that I needed to leave  
If I'm sad at least I know  
That nothing's what it was  
And I'm out of place

'cause there's no trace left of us  
There was no trace left of us