

Carry Home

Mark Lanegan

Come down to the willow garden with me
Come go with me, come go and see

Although I've howled across fields
And my eyes turned gray
Are yours still the same?
Are you still the same?

Carry home, I have returned
Through so many highways
And so many tears

Your letter never survived the heat of my hand
My burning hand, my sweating hand
Your love never survived the heat of my heart
My violent heart, in the dark

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