

No Contestar

Mark Lanegan

Lay down your head
In the shifting light
When it starts to fade
When it starts to fade

My mind plays a trick
Of a lethal kind
Drifting away
Drifting away

Now I can see
That may I've lived too long
Close to the bone
Close to the bone

When there's no knock
Upon the door
You know it's me
When your phone doesn't ring

Now as the day begins to die
You can call me
When you call me
There's no reply