

Cold Night in Santa Fe

Will Hoge

Maybe I should just keep actin' like nothin's wrong
Or maybe that's a damn fool's way of just holdin' on
To some wasted little thing that anybody else would see is wrong
Just like an old man tellin' the same joke everyday
It ain't the knowin'-that-it's-over, it's the watchin'-it-slippin'-away

I wonder if the birds'll ever sing the way they used to do
When will this empty pillow next to me not be a lonesome view?
I wanna hear a different melody, but there just ain't nothin' new
It's the same old song that keeps me shackled here in this bed
It ain't the what-you-think-is-comin', it's the sad truth it isn't here

It doesn't matter if I still remember
That cold night down in Santa Fe
Where you told me all your lonely secrets
And I swore I'd never give 'em away
I bought you a necklace down in the market
You got me that old pawnshop guitar
You read me my first love song the whole way back home in the car

Sometimes I wonder if I made this whole thing up in my head
Just like a kid in his room afraid of what he'll find in dark
But when I turn on the light I can see it's really fallin' apart
It's fallin' apart
It's fallin' apart
Yeah, I'm fallin' apart