

# 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