

Nobody Listens to Silence

Ryan Adams

Nobody listens to silence like your girl
Whitening margins
Mouthing the words
Letters flying fast
Turning into words
Sweeping the floor
Making room
Pulling up the carpet
Staples and all
The newspapers underneath
And over shards of broken glass
Pushed up into the corner with your foot
Just in case your girl got up and
Decided to dance
Gave you a moment to collect yourself
Took your hand and awake with the second guess
You lose your spot
In your long line of losses
No second chances and
Your dreams go sweaty and your brow
Enter the pit with no bottom under it
While she fucks him like a fucking machine
Greased to the bolts till the bolts come up
And her dress goes slam torn from the seam to her leg
Listenin to her saying it's name and beg
Nobody listens to silence like your girl
Without your ear to the door and eye to the keyhole
And into the floor smashed like a train on the side of a bridge
Suitcase burning orange lines over the underpass
People on the telephones
And people to answer
Hair dye smudged on the sides of the tub
All bets of the years
On the crest of her forehead her mother used to kiss
And you got to school you're broken up
Your signal went static
And your killer confessed
Your soda went flat
And your arm went numb
And you smoked until your voice went all stinking and rough
And bugs in the kitchen
So fuck between the lines
Looking for the highlights
She loves him like her man
Smoking cigarettes with him
On the edge of the bed

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