

Dead Leaves

Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

There's a phone disconnected on the counter by the sink
And a note that you wrote down on a legal pad in blue ink
Last year I tried the number but the lines dead
And I touch it for good luck when I'm leaving

I take a train to the city, it feels like my life's playing back in reverse
And somewhere in the static I hear it mumble a satanic curse
My guitar and some clothes for the weekend
I wave when we're passing through Brooklyn

The earth starts to open wide
It swallows us whole when we get to the river
I close my eyes
My ears start to pop as we go underwater
I grip the train seat
Breathing steady
I'm gonna make 'em believe

I ride the B down the 4th Street, climbed into autumn up MTA stairs
And cut close past the fountain here at father demo square
The dead leaves scrape the concrete behind me
You think that by now I'd've learned to stop turning

But it's you this time
You're walking alone and you're pushing a stroller
The November light
Hangs low in the sky and reflects off the water
The gold glare hides me
I could be anybody
And I stand paralyzed on the street

'Cause it's you this time
Oh it's you this time
But it's you this time
Oh it's you this time

Up the block, when I come to, I see our name on the marquee
And smile, cause I love you, and I know you found what you need
The future's a rhetorical question
So I open the door and I walk in