

Goodnight, Irene

Brian Fallon

Darling it's so dark in this house
Except for this light, my slow candle burning
I know you're somewhere
I always did feel it
I got a new song
You might never hear

Goodnight Irene
I got your trouble
I read your letters
You sent like a bomb
And when you're gone
We're all gonna miss you
You're perfume like cigarettes and the sea
My name that you always wore like grief
Goodnight Irene

I grew up kind of lonesome, the saint of the sinners
The voice of the dogs, you find in the rain
So I just keep working, I'll just keep driving
Nobody writes the blues anymore

Goodnight Irene
I got your trouble and I read your letters
You sent like a bomb
And when you're gone
We're all gonna miss you
You're perfume like cigarettes and the sea
My name that you always wore like grief

And in my mind there is a dream where the telephone rang
Just before the ring took a vow and bend in her hand
In her closet where white dresses hang
Where eyes declaring war, Goodnight Irene