

At The End Of The Rainbow

Cowboy Junkies

Again,
At the end of the rainbow
Again,
No gold to be found
Just this cold unmade bed
The last 3 words you said
And this buzzing on the telephone line

Paris, well, there is fog on the Seine
Amsterdam still courses through my veins
All these dark crazy sights,
Wouldn't be so bad
If I could just taste your breath once again

Honey I saw your daddy
Lying by the roadside
His feet sticking out of a sack
Honey they'll be calling
To tell you that your daddy
Never will be coming back

Again
At the end of the rainbow
Again,
No words to be found
Just this voice sad and alone
Me wishing I was home
And the silence on the telephone line