

## Nose Before Ear

Cowboy Junkies

I'm gonna start this song on a dark low [?]  
Out of respect for the story that it tells  
It all begins with the prick of a finger  
A man and his fear, with nose before ear

So many ways to love him  
So little time to choose among them  
I'll stick with the ones whose hearts are torn  
Broken, that's why the blues were born

A man and his life and his race to the finish  
And the moments infused with dread  
All in the service of tryin' to diminish  
Disappointments that lay in ambush  
Upon the path ahead

I'm not tryin' to stitch this heart to that sleeve  
It's simply a case of mutual need  
A grief more dance than hearts can bear  
That's the way it goes, with nose before ear

This is the story of the land-locked sailor  
Who cried himself to sea  
This is the tale of the sleeping princess  
Who found her way back to me

What we love will kill us  
That which won't don't thrill us  
I'm gonna tell you a story about the ones that I love  
And a life lived, nose before ear