

Hands on the Table

Damien Jurado

I will always remember our hands on the table and I
I could not unlock from your stare
And though I've tried to untie from your anchor I can't
I am no good at giving up
I am directing our movie, our play in my mind
A moment suspended in time that I keep on rewind
And the ink, it is bleeding through pages where I wrote down yo
ur name
And carefully planned our escape
I would pass you a key and pay off the judges to free you
If that's what it takes then why wait
I am one cloud shy in your neon sky

Do not go from my road
Do not go from my road

I was crippled and blurry the day I walked into your frame
I'm so focused now on your name
And my pages were fading from the days of exchanging my tune
On trains that I took home to you
When the signal broke I spoke to you on paper
From the parking lot to your bed where you are not now

Do not go from my road
Do not go from my road

Soon my moon will fall
Soon my moon
Soon my moon will fall