

Far End Of The Night

Grant-Lee Phillips

Buddy some Topeka night
When it's just you and the road
Seen no taillights there for miles
And nothin' much but static on the radio

Wasn't lookin' to the left
Wasn't lookin' to the right
Just kept walking' like Virginia to the surf
Towards the far end of the night

Time hangs like a noose
Before me
Time stills to a crawl
Grinds so slowly

Heard my own beloved cry
I heard my one beloved moan
What's the use in all the ache we must endure
I had no good reason why

Time hangs like a noose
Before me
Time stills to a crawl
Grinds so slowly

Not a rail to grasp ahold
Nor a savior there beside
Just kept a walkin' like Virginia to the surf
Towards the far end of the night

Time hangs like a noose
Before me
Time stills to a crawl
Grinds so slowly
And time hangs like a noose
Around me