

St. Charlene

Hem

Traded my last favor
For a map of St. Charlene
All these ghosts and angels
Friends and strangers
Ask me where I've been

The engine seemed to tremble
When I drove through our old town
And I found the house
Where we used to live
When I tried my key
I don't know what I thought I'd find
I tried to remember
What I thought I thought I left behind

The rooms were all deserted
Though the landlord kept them well
They were swept and shuttered
Paint that covered our familiar smells
I looked around our kitchen
And I climbed the narrow stairs
And I called your name
Just so I could hear it
And I swear these rooms
Were where we once used to make love
Now they're just a space

And there's no trace left of us

I spent another five days
On the banks of St. Charlene
After my car was fixed
I made some extra cash for gasoline.
I left without remembering
The reason I had come
But I knew then that I needed to leave
If I'm sad at least I know
That nothing's what it was
And I'm out of place

'cause there's no trace left of us
There was no trace left of us