

## Visiting Hours

Jon Bryant

(Ooh)

In the middle of an afterburn  
I'm too scared to watch the tables turn  
Lay my hand beneath the garden gates  
Don't wanna let you wash away

Count the ways you're streaming through my veins  
I remember how you tried to stay  
They don't tell you how the world goes on  
I feel it now that you're gone

Keep me close  
Hold me in the darkest night  
Don't you know  
That I'm always on your side  
Close my eyes, and it's us in a room full of flowers  
In this life, all we have are these visiting hours

I would follow you down any road  
Nova Scotia down to Mexico  
Lose the map and roll the windows down  
We'll leave a ghost in every town  
We'll leave a ghost in every town

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Till we say goodbye  
Till we close our eyes  
Till we see the light  
Just stay where you are  
Stay where you are

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