

## Empty

Ray LaMontagne

She lifts her skirt up to her knees  
Walks through the garden rows with her bare feet, laughing  
And I never learned to count my blessings  
I choose instead to dwell in my disasters

Walk on down the hill  
Through grass grown tall and brown  
And still it's hard somehow to let go of my pain  
On past the busted back  
of that old and rusted Cadillac  
That sinks into this field collecting rain

Will I always feel this way -  
So empty, so estranged?

And of these cut-throat busted sunsets,  
these cold and damp white mornings  
I have grown weary  
If through my cracked and dusted dime-store lips  
I spoke these words out loud would no one hear me?  
Lay your blouse across the chair,  
Let fall the flowers from your hair  
And kiss me with that country mouth so plain.  
Outside the rain is tapping on the leaves  
To me it sounds like they're applauding us,  
The quiet love we've made.

Will I always feel this way  
So empty, so estranged?

Well, I looked my demons in the eyes  
laid bare my chest, said "Do your best, destroy me.  
You see, I've been to hell and back so many times,  
I must admit you kind of bore me."  
There's a lot of things that can kill a man  
There's a lot of ways to die  
Yes, and some already dead that walk beside me  
There's a lot of things I don't understand  
Why so many people lie  
Well, it's the hurt I hide that fuels the fires inside me

Will I always feel this way  
So empty, so estranged?