## **Avalanche**

## **Ryan Adams**

I found your photograph in a cardboard box in a magazine I can't remember you, remember us or anything I taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb They taught you how to feel, but you just feel numb

She comes apart in the avalanche Fades out like a dance Crawls back into bed When it's over When it's over And it's over

I watch the window and listen for the sound of cars I can't remember the last time that it was yours I taught you how to feel, why do you feel numb They taught us how to feel, but we just feel numb

She falls apart in the avalanche Fades out like a dance Crawls back into bed When it's over When it's over When it's over When it's over

She falls apart in the avalanche Fades out like a dance Crawls back into bed When it's over And it's over When it's over