

Blue Light

Ryan Adams

Is it alright?
I can't remember the day
We said we would try
Cause I can't
I can't
And I run from the accident

Lookin at the book of love
With broken glasses in between the subway cars
And is it even worth the words?
Nobody reads that much of anything anymore
But their own
They stare at the blue light
Stare at the blue light
We stare at the blue light

I wonder, do you cry?
Stare up at the ceiling fan
Sometimes it's moving too fast
And sometimes I am, I am
These shadows they understand

Is this still the book of love?
If we're just texting from the aisles of grocery stores?
We are making it out of salt
Nobody reads too much of anything anymore
But their own words
In their own worlds

Stare at the blue light
We stare at the blue light
Stare at the blue light
And we cry all night
Stare at the blue light
Stare at the blue light
Stare at the blue light