

# Halloween

Ryan Adams

Heart stops beating, all the words worth repeating  
She is dancing but not singing, is it maybe that she doesn't know the words?

She's dressed up, but don't worry, she's got friends  
Snowflake eating, she is mildly self-defeating  
And the secrets that she's keeping they are really only dangerous to her

Ships ain't sinking

We are here to help you sing your songs  
We are here to help you sing your songs  
Because tomorrow comes and no one calls

She stops grinning when the room it starts spinning  
She is losing all her winnings, she's angry but it's just the alcohol

She's all fucked right up, it's okay, man, she's got friends  
'Cause we are here to help her sing her songs  
We are here to help her sing her songs  
Because tomorrow's gonna come  
Tomorrow's gonna come, and no one's gonna call

This isn't Christmas, this is Chinatown and those are pretty lights

Just use some more and put 'em on your make-up dolls  
A painting on the underneath that never smiles on the scene  
Is just like Christmas if it was Halloween

Someone taught her it's okay to be a martyr  
Like an educated angel, be a rat, you know in all the things you love,

Well okay

Priceless pictures, she's collected iceless fixtures that is freezing from the people

She's chosen out to help her through it all

Whatever

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Because tomorrow's gonna come

Tomorrow's gonna come, and no one's gonna call