

I Do Not Feel Like Being Good

Ryan Adams

I do not feel like being good
Come crawling out of the cages in the night and be quick
The blue light fades into the palms
And the moon is on the rise and the wolves they howl along

Oohhh
Stuck on a dream in rewind
Oohhh
This is where we meet in my mind

The sky's on fire, your hairs a mess
I go over all the ways that we undress and I sit
Breath so slow I forget
Back against the wall in the place where you and I met

Oohhh
Can't remember nothing she said
Oohhh
This is where we meet in my head
Oohhh

Heavy eyes the color grey
Fallin to the sidewalk storm risin up between the grates
Slow cars snake in the night
The moons all fucked up and it crashes into the riverside

Oohhh
Blasted on my radio dial
Oohhh
This is where we meet in my mind

On the roof I watch the trains
Barrel off into the distance until I can feel the dust on my face
I'm on a long refrain
But the sound of my luck running off with your lead

A light you held to the blue
The bricks off the buildings across from me and you
Or the ticking of my watch
Counting me backwards until I got lost

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Oohhh
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Oohhh
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