

# Nobody Listens to Silence

Ryan Adams

Nobody listens to silence like your girl  
Whitening margins  
Mouthing the words  
Letters flying fast  
Turning into words  
Sweeping the floor  
Making room  
Pulling up the carpet  
Staples and all  
The newspapers underneath  
And over shards of broken glass  
Pushed up into the corner with your foot  
Just in case your girl got up and  
Decided to dance  
Gave you a moment to collect yourself  
Took your hand and awake with the second guess  
You lose your spot  
In your long line of losses  
No second chances and  
Your dreams go sweaty and your brow  
Enter the pit with no bottom under it  
While she fucks him like a fucking machine  
Greased to the bolts till the bolts come up  
And her dress goes slam torn from the seam to her leg  
Listenin to her saying it's name and beg  
Nobody listens to silence like your girl  
Without your ear to the door and eye to the keyhole  
And into the floor smashed like a train on the side of a bridge  
Suitcase burning orange lines over the underpass  
People on the telephones  
And people to answer  
Hair dye smudged on the sides of the tub  
All bets of the years  
On the crest of her forehead her mother used to kiss  
And you got to school you're broken up  
Your signal went static  
And your killer confessed  
Your soda went flat  
And your arm went numb  
And you smoked until your voice went all stinking and rough  
And bugs in the kitchen  
So fuck between the lines  
Looking for the highlights  
She loves him like her man  
Smoking cigarettes with him  
On the edge of the bed

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