The Empty Bed

Ryan Adams

All the things you thought made you strong
Now make you weak
The very same things that used to make us laugh
Now only make us weep
The very same things that used to take a day
Now take a week
And all the things that once were so easy to climb
They are now too steep

And all the things that once got me so goddamn high
Now make me a creep
All the pills and powers that my money can buy
And still I can't sleep
All that rain that won't fall from the sky
That we cannot drink
All those tears falling from our eyes
Rolling down our cheeks
Rolling down our cheeks

All the things that I used to know so well
Now I cannot understand
All the things that used to make me a boy
Now they make me a man
Every time I wake, I stretch my arms
And I look for your hand
I roll over and I open my eyes and I see
The empty bed
I see the empty bed

Every single picture on your phone
Just one less in your mind
Every word you wrote while we sat idly by
Yeah it's lost, somewhere in time
And all the things that used to make you seem strong
Now make you seem weak
All the same things that used to make us laugh
That now make us weep
They make us weep

All the things that I used to know so well
Yeah, I cannot understand
And all the things that used to make me a boy
Well now make me a man
And every time I wake and stretch my arms
Looking for your hand
I roll over and I open my eyes and I see
The empty bed
I see the empty bed
I see the empty bed
I see the empty bed