

Going Down Easy

The Cold Stares

Blackbird sitting on a rooftop
Looking out across the yard
Chevrolet in the driveway
Used to be my car
Telephone started ringing
They won't me alone
Woman standing at the front door
Hollering anybody home?

Going down easy
Going down slow
Going down easy
But I ain't going down alone

Bible laying on the dresser
.38 on the floor
Picture of my good girl
Nailed to the back of the door
Nothing left to see here
No one left here to blame
She took my heart and abused it
Left me standing in the rain

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