

Narrows

Widowspeak

Under the narrows, that's where the dead go
Watching the cars drive off in a red glow
I play the slow ones, very long outros
You watch the time and play with the edges of my cloth

We're under those narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows

Baby, I felt it, something to keep me
Then I forgot and dreamt about leaving
Wanted to be asleep in the backseat
Then I wake up and I'm still a thousand miles east
From where you'll be

Under those narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows, narrows
Narrows