

## 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