

Ray LaMontagne - Empty

Capo Fret 2

Am F C F C

F

She lifts her skirt up to her knees

C

Walks through the garden rows with her bare feet, laughing

F

I never learned to count my blessings

C

I choose instead to dwell in my disasters

Am

Walk on down the hill

E

Through the grass grown tall and brown

F

C

And still it's hard somehow to let go of my pain

On past the busted back

Of this old and rusted Cadillac

That sinks into this field collecting rain

C G F Am E

Will I always feel this way

C G F Am E E7

So empty, so estranged

Am

Of these cutthroat busted sunsets,

These cold and damp white mornings I have grown weary

If through my cracked and dusty dime store lips

I spoke these words out loud would no one hear me

Lay your blouse across the chair

Let fall the flowers from your hair

And kiss me with that country mouth so plain

Outside the rain is tapping on the leaves
To me it sounds like they're
applauding us, the quiet love we make

Will I always feel this way
So empty, so estranged

Am F C F C

Well I looked my demons in the eyes
Laid bare my chest said do your best and destroy me
See I've been to hell and back so many times
I must admit you kind of bore me

There's a lot of things that can kill a man
There's a lot of ways to die
Yes and some already dead who walk beside you
There's a lot of things I don't understand
Why so many people lie
Well it's the hurt you hide that fuels the fires inside you

Will I always feel this way
So empty, so estranged

Am F C F C Am