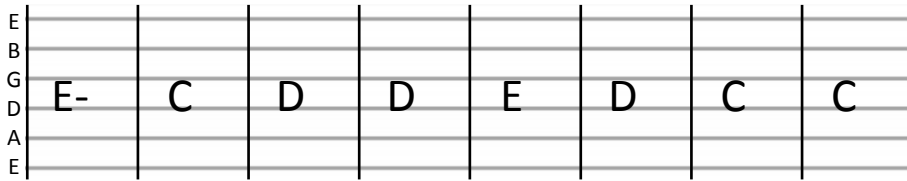


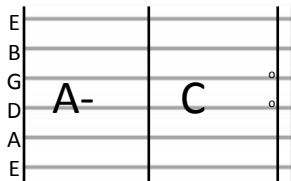
Cowboy Junkies – Come Calling

Capot 0-2 or 0-4.

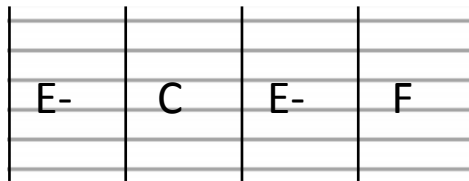
Verse



Chorus



Outro



Verse 1

The stillness here like what he sometimes finds inside her,
Hits so hard it can steal your breath forever.
He sometimes wonders if the sum of their lives together
Is him on the floor and her lost to a mind in tatters

Chorus 1

These days he's drinking for the pleasure of falling
And he's falling for the pleasure of pretending
That she's sitting by the window waiting
For him to come calling

Verse 2

If I could fix me up a week of twilight hours
We'd sit on the point and watch the sun continually flounder
Bathed in gold we'd plug into some kind of power
And connect with those days back before all of this went sour.

Chorus 2

'Cause I'm drinking for the pleasure of falling
And I'm falling for the pleasure of pretending
That you're sitting by the window waiting
For me to come calling

Verse 3

Odd how the darkness always makes us whisper
And with the last of the sun you can feel the approach of the winter
Now is the time of each day that I desperately miss her
I suppose I will learn how to live my life without her

Chorus 3

So you're drinking for the pleasure of falling
And you're falling for the pleasure of pretending
That I'm sitting by the window waiting
For you to come calling