

Come To My Window Melissa Etheridge

Come to my window
Crawl inside, wait by the light of the moon
Come to my window
I'll be home soon

I would dial the numbers
Just to listen to your breath
I would stand inside my hell
And hold the hand of death
You don't know how far I'd go
To ease this precious ache
You don't know how much I'd give
Or how much I can take

Just to reach you Just to reach you Just to reach you

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Come to my window; I'll be home soon

Keeping my eyes open
I cannot afford to sleep
Giving away promises
I know that I can't keep
Nothing fills the blackness
That has seeped into my chest
I need you in my blood
I am forsaking all the rest
Just to reach you
Just to reach you
Oh to reach you

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I don't care what they think
I don't care what they say
What do they know about this
love anyway

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