

## Hem of Her Dress

First Aid Kit

So here we go again  
I know how this one ends  
It's a phone call from someplace far away  
You say you found yourself  
Oh, in someone else  
And she makes you forget about the rain

Her eyes are a golden hue  
And everything you knew  
Slips away at the hem of her dress  
As I was passing by  
That old mountain side  
It turned to dust at my feet

So I am incomplete  
So loud and so discreet  
You tried to pinpoint me, I guess that was your mistake  
Too much whiskey  
Too much honey, too much wine  
I learned some things never heal with time

I've been waiting here  
Feels like a million years  
And I'm a photograph that you forgot you took  
But I remember spring  
I remember everything  
Oh, I guess that's the way it goes

(Here we go!)

Lalalalalala lalalalalalala lalala la lalalala lalala....