

John Hiatt, Lipstick Sunset

There's a lipstick sunset

Smear'd across the August sky

There's a bitter sweet perfume

Hanging in the fields

The creek is running high

And I left my lover waiting

In the dawn somewhere to wonder why

By the end of the day

All her sweet dreams would fade

To a lipstick sunset

Well, a radio was playing

And that ol' summer heat was on the rise

I just had to get away

Before some sad old song

Brought tears to my eyes

And Lord I couldn't tell her

That her love was only killing me

By the end of the day

All her sweet dreams would fade

To a lipstick sunset

Well it's pretty as a picture baby

Red and blushing just before the night

Maybe love's like that for me

Maybe I can only see

As you take away the light

So hold me in the darkness

We can dream about the cool twilight

'Til the dawning of the day
When I make my getaway
To a lipstick sunset

There will come another day
When I make my getaway
To a lipstick sunset

There will come another day
Then I'll make my getaway
To a lipstick sunset