

## Spoke Too Soon

Cory Branan

Something's dead and spilled on my childhood street  
Just out past the garden wall  
I could smell it cooking on the July breeze  
That lifted all those Sunday dresses  
I thought that i had seen everything  
Under this white-knuckled fist of moon  
But i spoke too soon ...  
I need you here, man i ain't even kiddin'  
Girl i need you here  
You left the bed covered in blood and sunshine  
Mostly sunshine  
I thought that i had seen everything  
Under this white-knuckled fist of moon  
But i spoke too soon ...