

She longs for Peace
Its her revenge
She's a stark-white Pale Horse Rider
And Hell's just around the bend
She's kids to raise
She's got bills to feed
And her pride is a higher horse
Than some bum of a man upon a steed
The handle's rough,
She works it smooth
Hardened by the pace
The hands get tough and it transfers through
Before the lines can reach her face

She flies like a kite held at the other end
Tuggin; dont on her cinnamon threads
Shes shreddin' in the wind

But she reads The Bible
She believes in the light
She thumbs through the pages
Til the Good Book smolders and ignites
She cries late at night
No one to hold her tight
Like she should be.. Cinnamindy

Hoarse and sore, her scratchy voice
Saws thru a song like a rusty cello
Now I lay me down to sleep
Lights out, time to dream
Her days are fine
She makes everybody smile
With her raspy laugh
The days are long
But she blows it all off
With a wink and a little sass

She flies like a kite...