

## Crackerjack Heart

Cory Branan

It's the way you always did those little things  
That set me up and tore me down  
When you raised hell in the Burger King  
'cause they stopped making those  
Cardboard crowns  
It's the way you look in these photographs  
I can't bring myself to throw away  
You're still a rush of color on the tilt-o-whirl  
It's just the background that's turning gray  
Something i needed in that shot  
Something i need  
Girl i miss your crackerjack heart  
And the fake tattoos that say 'Forever Yours'  
I could tear this town apart  
Looking for a toy, but that's not the point  
When all i'm after is a simple surprise  
It's the way you taste like a storm  
Rolling in across the bed  
The way you answer me with those eyes  
Speaking volumes about things unsaid  
The way your dumbest joke finds a laugh  
That's been welling in my darkest place  
Ever since i was an atom or a star  
Smiling like i had a face  
Just waiting for that stupid joke  
Waiting for you  
The way you walk out of a room  
And leave me wonderin' what i'm doing there  
In the same way just one Northern-bound train  
Turned this whole damn town into nowhere  
I'm a bit shy of lonesome  
Far cry from you