

Bridle

Sage Francis

Maze broken
She's runnin'
Feet swollen
He's commin'
She's stolen
And before he even knows it she's gone.
Tea cups sittin' on the hollow tree stumps
He's dumped, and can't seem to swallow these lumps
The beat goes on

Same fire
New passion
Old flame
Trade it in for a summer fling
There's nothing like that sweet old song

Tip over
Root the trees
Bend the leaves
Blend in with the open wound
The freeze frames keep him warm

The day's frost is scrapped off the weight loss
The new sign that says keep off
As he speeds off into the storm

Out of sight the lighting strikes him twice
He's peeking out on the pike and cheatin' life
Peeling out on the lawn

Now he's idling
His time is dwindling
In his mind he's figuring out life's about the little things
And his labyrinth
And all his magnificent can only keep the mike straps
The princess is innocent
She doesn't belong

(I never thought I'd miss you)
They had a ceremony where he put her in a bridle, the headstall
She stopped to think for a minute, and in a split second went AWOL.
(I never thought I'd miss you)
He draws in the chin as in a expression of resentment or scorn

He's pullin' on the rains, the bridle, the shower the storm
The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war
The rains, the bridle, the shower, the storm
The maze, high tower, clouds are at war
The rains, the bridle, the shower, the storm
The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war, clouds are at war, clouds are a
t war...

(I never thought I'd miss you)
(I never thought I'd miss you)
(I never thought I'd miss you)