

## Providence

### The Love Language

In the red July  
When we bit the dust on Providence  
All tangled in our not-so-common sense  
I heard you say  
You'd never sleep again  
'Til the bed was made  
You lied, you lied, you lied, you lied

Dancing around with all the ghosts in empty homes  
You sang and you sounded like you knew it was your own  
Rang out a shot in the dark, some things are best to let fall a  
part  
And you knew, oh, how you knew

In the red July  
When we bit the dust on Providence  
Oh, tangle me up, tangle me up  
And on the last hurrah  
We'd better make it hurt  
'Cause our time is spent  
We lied, we lied, we lied, we lied

Dancing around with all the ghosts in empty homes  
You sang and you sounded like you knew it was your own  
Rang out a shot in the dark, some things are best to let fall a  
part  
And you knew, oh, how you knew