

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