

Bombshell

Ashley Monroe

I could wait until you're sleeping, you'd never hear me leaving
Go without saying a word
I could write it in a letter; maybe it'd be better
Who knows? It could make it worse
Save it for a rainy day
Baby, either way, I'm damning it straight to Hell

Ten to three, you're half past nine
It'll never be a good time to drop a bombshell

If I did a little drinking, may numb me into thinking
I could tell you face to face
If I harden my heart, I'd tear us apart
So I wouldn't have to carry this weight
Here on my shoulder
I'd tell you it's over 'stead of keeping it to myself

Morning or midnight, it'll never be a good time
To drop a bombshell

I can't love you
I can't love you anymore
I can't love you
I can't love you anymore

Driving through the smoke, out of the ashes
Looking for a place to land
All that I know is I can't go back, so I'm driving fast as I can
Picking up pieces, praying to Jesus
Lord, I'm gonna need your help

It ain't the easy way
There's always a price to pay for dropping a bombshell
Ten to three, you're half past nine
It'll never be a good time