

Spoke Too Soon

Cory Branan

Something's dead and spilled on my childhood street
Just out past the garden wall
I could smell it cooking on the July breeze
That lifted all those Sunday dresses
I thought that i had seen everything
Under this white-knuckled fist of moon
But i spoke too soon ...
I need you here, man i ain't even kiddin'
Girl i need you here
You left the bed covered in blood and sunshine
Mostly sunshine
I thought that i had seen everything
Under this white-knuckled fist of moon
But i spoke too soon ...