

Something More

Kim Richey

A hot sticky ... in the after-noon
We love coming in on the 4th of june
Under a red sky, eyes setting on
We were going nowhere, nowhere like home

[Chorus]

And I'm sitting in the middle of the wrong place
With a drink in my hand and alarmed face
Keeping track of all the hours that I can't sleep
In the dark flippin channels on the tv
I'm still hoping that there's something more

Bless your heart child, ain't that the truth?
You don't miss it much till you cut it loose
It wasn't long before I refelt
Threw all our money down the wishing well

[Chorus] x 2

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