

Kris Delmhorst, Juice June

Look at how the twilight's fading, all the nightbirds serenading,
And I'm helpless to that thin & hopeful tune, you know

The lightning bugs & the whiskey make tonight a little risky
I might stare at you and so I'll keep my eyes a little low

I know there's so much in the way, but I just want to stay right here anyway

Because in the night the church bell's ringing, and now my foolish heart is singing
Though god knows I've told it time & time again to be slow

(solo over verse)

I know it's only juice & june that makes me sing this tune, and it's all too soon,

But if the night was never-ending, there'd be no more sense pretending
And perhaps there'd be no space between our hands at all
Then perhaps there would be nothing else to do but fall
Just fall