

Sage Francis, Bridle

Maze broken
Shes runnin
Feet swollen
Hes comin
Shes stolen
And before he even knows it shes gone.
Tea cups sittin on the hollow tree stumps
Hes dumped, and cant seem to swallow these lumps
The beat goes on

Same fire
New passion
Old flame
Trade it in for a summer fling
Theres nothing like that sweet old song

Tip over
Root the trees
Bend the leaves
Blend in with the open wound
The freeze frames keep him warm

The days frost is scraped off the weight loss
The new sign that says keep off
As he speeds off into the storm

Out of spite the lighting strikes him twice
Hes peeking out on the pike and cheatin life
Peeling out on the lawn

Now hes idling
His time is dwindling
In his mind hes figuring out lifes about the little things
And his labyrinth
And all his magnificence can only keep the mice trapped
The princess is innocent
She doesnt belong

(I never thought Id miss you)
They had a ceremony where he put her in a bridle, the headstall
She stopped to think for a minute, and in a split second went AWOL.
(I never thought Id miss you)
He draws in the chin as in a expression of resentment or scorn

Hes pullin on the reigns, the bridle, the shower the storm
The maze, the high tower, clouds are red raw
The reigns, the bridle, the shower, the storm
The maze, high tower, clouds are red raw
The reigns, the bridle, the shower, the storm
The maze, the high tower, clouds are red raw, clouds are red raw, clouds are red raw...

(I never thought Id miss you) repeat 3x