

Tommy Stinson, Not A Moment Too Soon

So tell me what's wrong
Your pretty white knuckle's bout to bleed
You're holdin on for dear life now
You ain't holdin on to me
And I saw this magic piece of clay
And you saw a burning at the stake
They're both up on the same wall now
I saw you start to shake

We fall apart
We fall together
We're getting worse
We're getting better

Not a moment too soon

See these skies of blue
Can't you see the flowers smile at you
There's clouds inside your eyes now
Where everything there is dying too
I want to hold you if I can
Like there's nowhere else to stand
But you're nowhere to be found now
And there's nowhere you can land

We fall apart
We fall together
We're getting worse
We're getting better

Not a moment too soon

There's things I wish I could say to you
And days I wish I didn't think they were true
There days I wish I'd never met you
And days I wish there were more of you
That weren't slippin from my view

Not a moment too soon