

Johnathan Rice, Break So Easy

Late in the summer children run without clothes
Chill of the winter not far down the road
And in the windows are silhouettes of husbands and wives
Watching in silence till the evening arrives
And there all around insects scream in the trees
The promise of rain can be heard on the breeze

Oh lord we break so easy
Oh lord we shatter like glass

The headlights glow and the sky will soon be black
The freeway riders are rolling and heading back
They're heading back home

A dark haired woman is driving the roads
Breathing deeply she doesn't mind being alone
Her shaking hands holding fast to the wheel
She sees things and knows they ain't real

Oh lord we break so easy
Oh lord we shatter like glass

There is a song that bleeds through the night
Bouncing off stars and the satellites
I spend my nights in the reservoir
Saying prayers for all the passing cars