

# 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 don'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