

# Josh Rouse, Somehow You Could Always Tell

Blood absorbed into the bread of man  
Grows heavy on the plate  
If bread were eaten with every meal  
It wouldn't taste so great  
In every kitchen in every house  
On good days or in bad  
Content or bitchin' you turn to the light  
That falls on the things you had

And it's always something  
Else you had in mind  
And you always notice  
When something isn't right  
Let the fork fall from your right hand  
Your hand  
Your hand

Behold the rock and roll its mossy ass  
Over on its side  
Look to see the grubs and little silverfish  
Scurry from the light  
A child is playing with the volume knob  
And the radio goes dead  
A father speaks and then an ambulance  
Is heard outside your head

And it's always something  
Else you had in mind  
And you always notice  
When something isn't right  
Let the stone fall back again  
Again  
Again