

Kevin Devine, Tomorrow's Just Too Late

you drag your tigers paw across
your chapped & cracking lips
and open up a crimson slur
you spread each time you kiss

and the broken boy you bargain with
to turn back to the man
that you fell in love with once
but never saw again
is he in there?
do you think he drowned to death?
well it's his decision to show his face again

You grind your tired teeth
& curse the day that you were born
to a sunken line of irish wives a million miles long
devoted to the suffering they're certain they deserve
a husband, a cross to bare,
worry lines & a silver string of hair
come too early, come to steal your sainted youth.
but it's your decision to stay or else to move

& i'm not a man of faith, no gospel oak for me
but you wear a crucifix to broadcast your beliefs
and the god i've read about can't go where he's not asked to go

so you've got a choice to make
Shut him out, save yourself or sit and wait.
but you're waiting on a man who will not move.
so you must move for him and do what he can't do

Cause it's worth it, it's the one life you can't change
and i'm sorry sister but it has to end this way
Yeah, it's scary sister, tomorrow's just too late.

so stand up sister,
there's an albatrose to shake.