

Kris Delmhorst, Just What I Meant

You find me clenched and crumpled like a letter I wrote but never sent
You pull me up and shake me out and now I can stand here and say just what I meant
This is just what I meant. this is just

September rolling like a hurricane and I'm leaning over the rail
I dance a turn with a thundercloud and I'm surprised when I find I'm still
Alive and telling the tale
I am telling the tale

I am telling you, like I always do, I am telling you

June bugs bump into the ceiling and the headlights are sweeping the wall
You take my breath so far away that I have to say that I don't miss it at all
I don't miss it at all
I don't miss it at all