

Kris Delmhorst, Too Late

Good friday came early, some might say that's just as well
It's a wreckingball afternoon, leave everything where it fell
And the things that were said still ring in your head.
You'd give anything to be wrong
But there's no turning back, too late's come + gone

Now it's somerville avenue rain and the night's coming down
And you're looking for someone to blame in an innocent town
On the road all alone, getting further from home,
Every step that you take feels so long
But there's no turning back, too late's come + gone

I remember the light in your eyes put the neon to shame.
And the smoke hidden deep in your throat when you'd whisper my name.
Oh the road is so rough, it's all been enough,
I got no idea how we go on.
But there's no turning back. too late's come and gone.

Hallelulia.