

Winterpills, Cranky

Cranky

All I know is that I'm true
To every single one of you
The best that I know how to do
I'm lost
I'm lost

Cranky is friend of mine
She puts away a glass of wine
Faster than the columbine
Falls off
In frost

So tell me cranky
What do I do
What do I do
There's miles more heartache
Yet to go through.
Yet to go through

How do you get rid of love
When its painted on you like a glove
And you're really not deserving of
Its grace

Cranky's got somewhere to go
Probably leaving with the coming snow
Somewhere south of Idaho
I'll miss
Her face

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Yet to go through.
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