

cinnamon

Ron Pope

Stale sweat and cinnamon
I guess she is frightened most of all
Loves to fly but she's scared to fall
Shes got scars on the outside
Says they're the worst kind
And i don't ask
She turns the lights out and locks the door
If this is fate, count me out
And never try
Please never try to hold her down
Broken homes
Broken bones
She never told anyone but me
And everything seemed make believe
We both ran
You cant ever catch horizon
Guess that's why weve both been riding so long
She says she thinks of me as home
If this is fate, count me out
And never try
Please never try to hold her down
Hands on hips and lips to lips
I don't know how much someone could take from her
Fourth of July
Watch the night sky
Im wondering why the truth ain't so easy this time

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