

Juneberry

nowhere man and a whiskey girl

Do you believe I'm drunk again on turpentine?
Do you believe how far I've made you fall?
Do you believe those quiet little voices in your head?
Do you believe in anything at all?

There were far too many miles
For a miracle to walk
Too much silence to talk,
I think I walked away

Formaldehyde came knockin' on the door today
Run-and-hide came sneakin' in the back
Recklessness, I wear this trait
Just like a necklace
Concentration -
something that I lack.

There were far too many miles
For a miracle to walk
Too much silence to talk,
I think I walked away

Raspberry sweet wine,
Daddy's mercantile
on the front porch
peddlin' a wide momma's smile
Grab two peppercorns
Throw 'em on the fire
All the while, Mr. Hothands
talkin' with his file
Juneberry Blue lives
East of the Western Big Horn
Corn-fed kitchen wives
North of southern Long Horn

I woke up underneath the bed again today
I woke up too careless to complain
If you believe those quiet little voices
In your head

then you would surely be the same and

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Daddy's mercantile
on the front porch
peddlin' a wide momma's smile
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Too many not-enoughs yet
plenty useless Redhorns
Here the yellow
red corn
tastes the same as...

Lyrics Submitted by Kaya Kismet

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