

Cinnamon

Ron Pope

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

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