

Bright Bulbs & Sharp Tools

Fair to Midland

now heaven knows i got one short damn fuse
so come sit down a spell while i light up the room
if walls could talk they'd be know-it-alls
so we live in the sticks
and aren't some fish you can catch and it makes my skin crawl
i'm not the sharpest tool in the shed, so what's the use?
she knew he flights like hell because he wants to glow
and would tackle the sun to be a bright bulb
i wonder if he'll wake us up in time he's gray and has to hide somewhere in between black and white
'cause it's safe, but never was brave
before it's over
i hope he takes you too they say attack can be your best defense
and i got mother's smile
and both my dad's fists
if john doe escapes, carry his name
and when it's time to sign
ask where not why and it makes my blood boil
those black letter days
all their mail just winds up lost he's gray and has to hide somewhere in between black and white
'cause it's safe, but never was brave
before it's over
i hope he takes you too you'll see whispers in the winter
my temper doesn't laugh
and every spring, i hear them sing
oh every spring, i hear them sing if he's goin' down
if he's goin' under the ground
i hope he takes you too
you too

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