Break So Easy

Johnathan Rice

Late in the summer children run without clothes
Chill of the winter not far down the road
And in the windows are silhouettes of husbands and wives
Watching in silence till the evening arrives
And there all around insects scream in the trees
The promise of rain can be heard on the breezeOh Lord,Oh lord we break so easy
Oh Lord,Oh lord we shatter like glassThe headlights glow and the sky will soon be black
The freeway riders are rolling, heading back
Heading back homeA dark haired woman is driving the roads
Breathing deeply she don't mind being alone

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