

Cinnamindy

Carbon Leaf

She longs for peace, it's her revenge
She's a stark white pale horse rider and hell's just around the bend
She's kids to raise, she got bills to feed
And her pride is a higher horse than some bum of a man upon a steed
The handle's rough, she works it smooth
hardened by the pace
The hands get tough and it transfers through
Before the lines can reach her face
She flies like a kite held at the other end
Tuggin' down on a cinnamon thread, she's shreddin' in the wind
But she reads the Bible, she believes the light
She thumbs through the pages 'til the Good Book smolders and ignites
She cries late at night
No one to hold her tight like she should be cinnamindy
Hoarse and sore, her scratchy voice soars
Through her song like a rusty cello
Now I lay me down to sleep, lights out, it's time to dream
And days you'll find she make everybody smile with a last good laugh
The days are long but she blows it all off with a wink and a little sass
She flies like a kite held at the other end
Tuggin' down on her cinnamon thread, she's dragged in the wind
But she reads the Bible, she believes the light
She thumbs through the pages 'til the Good Book smolders and ignites
She cries late at night
No one to hold her tight like she should be cinnamindy
But she reads the Bible, she believes the light
She thumbs through the pages 'til the Good Book smolders and ignites
She cries late at night, mama just down the hall
She cries late at night, mama curled up like a wrecking ball
She cries late at night
There's no one to hold her tight like she should be
But by the morning light the cinnamon's on her cheeks
But by the morning light she's back to being cinnamindy

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