Broken Horse

Craig B

October's got those orange eyes
But somehow I still lost sight
When you lifted the lid off of my pumpkin head
And kissed me goodnight
Should it be a thorn in my side
We never quite broke that horse
She slept in the cul-de-sac rye
Seven miles from my front porch
Bundle up and come with me now
Down the road to the burnt down barn
We could make a blanket of coats
And breathe our souls into the neighbours front lawn
But oh god that look in your eye
Trouble that does not search words
It sprung from the biblical vine
And are waiting to return to the dirt
The stitches in your winter clothes
Your cello bows
We stole your hair to make them
We're sorry for the iron shoes
We nailed to you
And stuck you in the rain alone
You sprinted away, sprinted away

To where I don't know
God's moving in your bloodstream
Where the cross beats aren't so slow
You swept all the red from my cheeks
I didn't hear you come back inside
And light up the gas in the den
And stand there in the thin winter light
But oh god that curve in your spine
A question mark
A doctor sign was framed by the windowsill
And you saw something I did not in the night
You saw something I did not in the night
The stitches in your winter clothes
Your cello bows
We stole your hair to make them

We're sorry for the iron shoes
We nailed to you
And stuck you in the rain alone
You sprinted away, sprinted away
To where I don't know
(God's moving in your bloodstream
Where the cross beats aren't so slow) x3
(It's moving in your bloodstream
Where the cross beats aren't so slow) x3

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/