

Weekend Players

"Get A Little Taste Of You"

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A rifle sits behind your sleeping ear.
Echo on the cold wall,
closest neighbour couldn't hear.
We'd dug a hole in the fall,
so now it's a frozen burial.
And she's gone,
just before the new year.

Well, I'm gonna build a cross for a spot between the
trees
and stick it in firm so it won't sway in their breeze.
Well, you and I have trouble makin' up our half-assed
minds,
but she'd seen sixteen years of our kind.

What's it like when your memories start to freeze?

Oh, and I wonder
what it is about dogs and thunder,
what they hear
comin' over the field.
Back hall shelter, warm nights in summer,
shakin' the ground that you lie under.
Well, I know you're not here,
but at least you don't feel it anymore.

And I came to see you
on the day that it happened.
You said:
"Hey, sorry Sar, but I gotta go."
And I was trying to read
some sort of reaction,
but somethin' you just can't show.

Well, I guess it's time I go
across the snowy barnyard,
just past the drive-in shed.
Shadow of me in the moon,
well, I was in a movie in my head.
This pile of dirt on the ground
will sink when nobody's around.

Winter covers everything,
but everything's not dead.

Oh, and I wonder
what it is about dogs and thunder,
what they hear
comin' over the field.
Back hall shelter, warm nights in summer,
shakin' the ground that you lie under.
Well, I know you're not here,
but at least you don't feel it anymore.

Well, I know you're not here,
but at least you don't feel it anymore.

Well, I know you're not here,
but at least you don't fear it anymore

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