

Allred "Superstitions"

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I always feel that I'm the one that's missing out.
You know I'm always stumbling over cracks outside
your house.

Rock, paper, scissors, I've broken two years and 7
years times 7 runs me dry.
It's too late for you, it's too late for me, the love we
knew was hide and seek.

I always feel that I'm the one coming up short.
You know I'm always running in and out the same back
door.

Rock, paper, scissors, I've broken two mirrors and 7
years times 7 runs me dry.
It's too late for you, it's too late for me, the love we
knew was hide and seek.
It's too late for you, it's too late, somehow the luck we
had has all run out.

And suddenly, I can see, these superstitions got the
best of me.
Suddenly, I could see, and I believe.

It's too late. It's too late. It's too late for me.
It's too late for you, it's too late for me, the love we
knew was hide and seek.
It's too late for you, it's too late, somehow, the luck we
had has all run out.
(Has all run out).

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