

Kris Delmhorst

"Juice+june"

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Look at how the twilight's fading, all the night birds
serenading
And I'm helpless to that thin and hopeful tune, you
know
The lightning bugs and the whiskey make tonight a
little risky
I might stare at you and so I'll keep my eyes a little low

I know there's so much in the way
But I just want to stay right here anyway

Because in the night the church bell's ringing
And now my foolish heart is singing
Though God knows I've told it time
And time again to be slow

I know it's only juice + June that makes me sing this
tune
And it's all too soon
But if the night was never-ending
There'd be no more sense pretending

And perhaps there'd be no space between our hands at
all
Then perhaps there would be nothing else to do but fall
just fall

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