

Cory Branan

"Crackerjack Heart"

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It's the way you always did those little things
That set me up and tore me down
When you raised hell in the Burger King
'cause they stopped making those
Cardboard crowns
It's the way you look in these photographs
I can't bring myself to throw away
You're still a rush of color on the tilt-o-whirl
It's just the background that's turning gray
Something i needed in that shot
Something i need
Girl i miss your crackerjack heart
And the fake tattoos that say 'Forever Yours'
I could tear this town apart
Looking for a toy, but that's not the point
When all i'm after is a simple surprise

It's the way you taste like a storm
Rolling in across the bed
The way you answer me with those eyes
Speaking volumes about things unsaid
The way your dumbest joke finds a laugh
That's been welling in my darkest place
Ever since i was an atom or a star
Smiling like i had a face
Just waiting for that stupid joke
Waiting for you
The way you walk out of a room
And leave me wonderin' what i'm doing there
In the same way just one Northern-bound train
Turned this whole damn town into nowhere
I'm a bit shy of lonesome
Far cry from you

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