

Cory Branan **"Spoke Too Soon"**

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Something's dead and spilled on my childhood street
Just out past the garden wall
I could smell it cooking on the July breeze
That lifted all those Sunday dresses
I thought that i had seen everything
Under this white-knuckled fist of moon
But i spoke too soon ...

I need you here, man i ain't even kiddin'
Girl i need you here
You left the bed covered in blood and sunshine
Mostly sunshine
I thought that i had seen everything
Under this white-knuckled fist of moon
But i spoke too soon ...

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