

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "It's A Death Curse"

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In loving memory of Joseph Felix O'Brien.
Dying midwestern like a black and white movie.
On the shore, carved by the Mississippi, and the St.
Croix.
This park bench commemorates the love for Marion L
"an unfailing prize far beyond her weight in pearls"
To all who knew her.
Underground springs that replenish themselves.
The history trickles down through the pebbles and
stone.
Carefully floating out to sea,
Through the plains of a nation.
Jackson meadows gives birth to a new way of life.
White houses and black roofs.
Rooms that appear to be empty,
But are filled with imagination.
Picture your love.
Inhabiting this lonely chair.
This is where they come to die,
And the first place they've really lived.
Frayed photos of riverboats with rolling smoke.
Barges that carry this year's crop.
These letters fleeting.
Read in whispers on rainy days.
The message remains.
Lingers on lips, and sleeps in the lines on our face.
Ready to be awoken on our departure.

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