

Ron Pope

"Cinnamon"

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Stale sweat and cinnamon
I guess she is frightened most of all
Loves to fly but she's scared to fall

She's got scars on the outside
Says they're the worst kind
And I don't ask
She turns the lights out and locks the door

If this is fate count me out
And never try
Please never try to hold her down

Broken home
Broken bones
She never told anyone but me
And everything seemed make believe

We both ran
You can't ever catch horizon
Guess that's why we've both been riding so damn long
She says she thinks of me as home

If this is fate count me out
And never try
Please never try to hold her down

Hands on hips and lips to lips
I don't know how much someone could take from her

Fourth of July
Watch the night sky
I'm wondering why the truth ain't so easy this time

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