

Sage Francis "Bridle"

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Maze broken

She's runnin'

Feet swollen

He's commin'

She's stolen

And before he even knows it she's gone.

Tea cups sittin' on the hollow tree stumps

He's dumped, and can't seem to swallow these lumps

The best goes on

Same fire

New passion

Old flame

Trade it in for a summer fling

There's nothing like that sweet old song

Tip over

Root the trees

Bend the leaves

Blend in with the open wound

The freeze frames keep him warm

The day's frost is scrapped off the weight loss

The new sign that says keep off

As he speeds off into the storm

Out of sight the lighting strikes him twice

He's peeking out on the pike and cheatin life

Peeling out on the lawn

Now he's idling

In his mind he's figuring out life's about the little things

His time is dwindling

And his labyrinth

And all his magnificent can only keep the mike straps

The princess is innocent

She doesn't belong

(I never thought I'd miss you)
They had a ceremony where he put her in a bridle, the
headstall
She stop to think for a minute, and in a split second
went a wall.

(I never thought I'd miss you)

He draws in the chin as in a expression of resentment
or scorn
He's pullin' on the rains, the bridle, the shower the
storm

The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war

The rains, the bridle, the shower, the storm

The maze, high tower, clouds are at war

The rains, the bridle, the shower, the storm

The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war, clouds
are at war, clouds are at war

(I never thought I'd miss you) " repeat 3x

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