

Unrung

Turnpike Troubadours

Well I can tell you she's a bad idea
For the good it would do
You got a Chevrolet as old as her
Hey you bought it new

(Mmm hmmm, nice to meet you ma'am)

Well I'll be damned if she won't let you
Leave her line of sight
With her left hand closed on a yellow rose
Dying in the neon light

(Mmm hmmm, she's something right?)

There's a thousand things that I could say
But I just bite my tongue
And listen as the last note fades away
That bell can't be unrung

He's a hero of mine you know honey
They don't make 'em like that no more
He's a hero of mine you know honey
As if he wasn't before

Oh a thousand things that I could say
But I just bite my tongue
And listen as the last note fades away
That bell can't be unrung

Well I could tell you she's a bad idea
For the good it would do
I could tell you she's a mixed up girl
Hell she's 22

She's hanging on every word you say
Like a song yet to be sung
So we listen as the last note fades away
That bell can't be unrung
So we listen as the last note fades away
That bell can't be unrung