

## Cinnamindy

Carbon Leaf

She longs for Peace  
Its her revenge  
She's a stark-white Pale Horse Rider  
And Hell's just around the bend  
She's kids to raise  
She's got bills to feed  
And her pride is a higher horse  
Than some bum of a man upon a steed  
The handle's rough,  
She works it smooth  
Hardened by the pace  
The hands get tough and it transfers through  
Before the lines can reach her face

She flies like a kite held at the other end  
Tuggin; dont on her cinnamon threads  
Shes shreddin' in the wind

But she reads The Bible  
She believes in the light  
She thumbs through the pages  
Til the Good Book smolders and ignites  
She cries late at night  
No one to hold her tight  
Like she should be.. Cinnamindy

Hoarse and sore, her scratchy voice  
Saws thru a song like a rusty cello  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
Lights out, time to dream  
Her days are fine  
She makes everybody smile  
With her raspy laugh  
The days are long  
But she blows it all off  
With a wink and a little sass

She flies like a kite...