

Your Spell

John Moreland

Well you know I used to love you, but now I don't think I can
And it ain't you, it's just that feeling's more than I can stand
I guess 9 or 10 years of failure will do that to a man
I hope you understand

We were 18 years of anger, bitter as the cold
And baby, we knew emptiness like a panhandle road
We'd pretend that we were dying, trying to survive
And make it through those high school nights alive

Remember the prom kings and queens
Praised from afar
And how the lights inside the high school
Made them look like movie stars
Well you were the queen of my condition
I was the king of the ignored
You talked just like East Texas
Looked like an angel from the lord
I thought we'd bust out of Broken Arrow
Holding hands on our way to hell
You always did have me under your spell

And all those pretty girls who looked like movie stars
They look pretty ordinary, 28 years old
Checking out at Walmart with babies in their arms