

## 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 stan-  
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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