

Superstition

Jon Bryant

In my youth, I was reckless
You can't fear what you don't know
Until you stop and see the wreckage
I steered my heart where it shouldn't go
I steered my heart where it shouldn't go

Holy roller, superstition
Keep me guessing, keep me wishing
Lay me down in sweet submission
'Til I get over this superstition
I wanna feel that young again
Oh, I wanna have you 'til it ends

I put my faith in four leaf clovers
I carved our names into that tree
I picked the leaves before they wavered
I bit my tongue like it wouldn't bleed
I held my breath 'til I couldn't breathe

Holy roller, superstition
Keep me guessing, keep me wishing
Lay me down in sweet submission
'Til I get over this superstition
I wanna feel that young again
Oh, I wanna have you 'til it ends

And if I fall, I could be certain
I'd bring it all into the light
But I'm afraid of what my tough is
So let's keep it out of sight

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