

Black July

Joshua James

I will miss the sunshine.
I will miss the moon.
I will miss the snowfields that put sparkles in your shoes.
But I am gone, I am gone.
If this road leads to destruction, it's hell that I call home.
I could kiss you darlin, but these hands are stained.
I could beg forgiveness, but it can't bring me home again.
No, my love. No, my love.
If this road leads to destruction, it's hell that I call home.
You could throw me out, you could burn my boat and I ain't one to wonder why.
But you brought me here to lay my stone-my love, my love-on this black day in July.
You could call me sinner, you could call me saint.
Yeah, you can call me what you will, but this home's about to break.
Oh, my love, I never I wanted it this way.
Well, you know I loved you darlin, but it's in hell that I must stay.
You could throw me out, you could burn my boat and I ain't one to wonder why.
But you brought me here to lay my stone-my love, my love-on this black day in July.