

Too Late

Kris Delmhorst

Good Friday came early, some might say that's just as well
It's a wrecking ball afternoon, leave everything where it fell
And the things that were said
Still ring in your head

You'd give anything to be wrong
But there's no turning back, too late's come and gone

Now it's Somerville Avenue rain and the night's coming down
And you're looking for someone to blame in an innocent town
On the road all alone
Getting further from home

Every step that you take feels so long
But there's no turning back, too late's come and gone

I remember the light in your eyes put the neon to shame
And the smoke hidden deep in your throat when you'd whisper my
name
Oh, the road is so rough
It's all been enough

I got no idea how we go on
But there's no turning back, too late's come and gone

Hallelulua