Bright

Microwave

There ain't a drop left in my cup.
They had my heart all riled up.
"We own this town. There ain't a damn thing that could pull us down."
And when we left the bar that night, I saw the devil he was smi ling.
I looked into her Hazel eyes.
I made her promise she would always be beside me.
"Cause for the past few years, something hasn't felt right.
I watched your face get dark. You used to be so..."
That phrase had such a ring, "We own this town.
And there ain't a damn thing that could pull us down."
God please forgive me.
I won't remember this in the morning.
I'm not getting better.
We took a trip to that lonely apartment a ways outside those ne on lights,
Where we spent our quiet mornings after those deafening nights.
Outside the devil stood he came to claim what he loaned.
Outside the devil watched he came to take what he owned.
That phrase had such a ring, "We own this town.
And there ain't a damn thing that could pull us down."
God please forgive me.
I won't remember this in the morning.
I'm not getting better.
That fog, that ice.
If I were sober I'd have known.
Such a beautiful night, but she never made it home.

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