

# Bridle

Sage Francis

Maze broken  
She's runnin'  
Feet swollen  
He's commin'  
She's stolen  
And before he even knows it she's gone.  
Tea cups sittin' on the hollow tree stumps  
He's dumped, and can't seem to swallow these lumps  
The beat goes on

Same fire  
New passion  
Old flame  
Trade it in for a summer fling  
There's nothing like that sweet old song

Tip over  
Root the trees  
Bend the leaves  
Blend in with the open wound  
The freeze frames keep him warm

The day's frost is scrapped off the weight loss  
The new sign that says keep off  
As he speeds off into the storm

Out of sight the lighting strikes him twice  
He's peeking out on the pike and cheatin' life  
Peeling out on the lawn

Now he's idling  
His time is dwindling  
In his mind he's figuring out life's about the little things  
And his labyrinth  
And all his magnificent can only keep the mike straps  
The princess is innocent  
She doesn't belong

(I never thought I'd miss you)  
They had a ceremony where he put her in a bridle, the headstall  
She stopped to think for a minute, and in a split second went AWOL.  
(I never thought I'd miss you)  
He draws in the chin as in a expression of resentment or scorn

He's pullin' on the rains, the bridle, the shower the storm  
The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war  
The rains, the bridle, the shower, the storm  
The maze, high tower, clouds are at war  
The rains, the bridle, the shower, the storm  
The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war, clouds are at war, clouds are a  
t war...

(I never thought I'd miss you)  
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(I never thought I'd miss you)