

Can't Look Away

The Wood Brothers

There's a sweet little farmhouse in Virginia
Full of guns and ammunition
In the driveway there's some pickup trucks
With shotgun racks and camouflage paint
Down a path to the river
There's some good ole boy just drinkin' and fishin'
And when the shit hits the fan, you know just who to call
Or who to blame

And you can try
And you can try
But you can't look away

You can't look away
You can't look away
You can try
But you can't look away

She steps out of the bathtub, barely covers up with a towel
And gets the front door
It's the college boy from up the street
Here to cut the grass while her husband's away
And the neighbors they peaked through the blinds
'Cause they know her man's overseas, lost in the war
She fixes her hair up, lets the boy inside
For lemonade

Yeah you can try
And you can try
But you can't look away

Yeah you can't look away
You can't look away
You can try
But you can't look away

And it's a colorful sight
It's got the dark and the light
It's never just black and white
Or even grey
You can't look away

There's a sweet little girl with a folded up flag
On the foot of her bed
Red white and blue turns to black suits and dresses
And headlights in the rain
She doesn't notice the headstone and the white bouquets
And the leftover last respects
It's just the one purple wildflower
Coming up from the dirt on the grave

It's a colorful sight
It's got the dark and the light
It's never just black and white
Or even grey

You can't look away

You can't look away
You can't look away
You can try but you can't look away

Oh you can try but you can't look away
You can try but you can't look away
You can try but you can't look away
You can try but you can't look away
Try but you can't look away
You can try but you can't look away
Try but you can't look away
Try but you can't look away