

Bridle

Sage Francis

Maze broken
She's runnin'
Feet swollen
He's comin'
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 scraped off the weight loss
The new sign that says keep off

As he speeds off into the storm...Out of spite the lightning strikes him twice
He's peeking out on the pike and cheatin life

Peeling out on the lawnNow 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 magnificence can only keep the mice trapped

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 scornHe's pullin' on the reigns, the
bridle, the shower the storm

The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war...

The reigns, the bridle, the shower, the storm...

The maze, high tower, clouds are at war

The reigns, the bridle, the shower, the storm...

The maze, the high tower, clouds are at war, clouds are at war, clouds are at war...(I never
thought I'd miss you) - repeat 3x

