Kevin Devine, Tomorrow's Just Too Late

you drag your tigers paw across your chapped & Damp; cracking lips and open up a crimson slur you spread each time you kiss

and the broken boy you bargin with to turn back to the man that you fell in love with once but never saw again is he in there? do you think he drowned to death? well it's his decision to show his face again

You grind your tired teeth & Description & Samp; curse the day that you were born to a sunken line of irish wives a million miles long devoted to the suffering they're certain they deserve a husband, a cross to bare, worry lines & Description & Samp; a silver string of hair come too early, come to steal your sainted youth. but it's your decision to stay or else to move

& i'm not a man of faith, no gospel oak for me but you wear a crucifix to broadcast your beliefs and the god i've read about can't go where he's not asked to go

so you've got a choice to make Shut him out, save yourself or sit and wait. but you're waiting on a man who will not move. so you must move for him and do what he can't do

Cause it's worth it, it's the one life you can't change and i'm sorry sister but it has to end this way Yeah, it's scary sister, tomorrow's just too late.

so stand up sister, there's an albatrose to shake.