

John Moreland - Cleveland County Blues

tom:

My baby is a tornado
 In the endless Oklahoma sky
 Spinning devastation
 And singing me a lullaby
 And you're wrecking all the rooftops
 When April turns to May
 It wouldn't make a difference
 If I could or couldn't stay
 I fall back into love
 And look up and then you're gone
 But I still feel you storming in my bones

When I touch the hands of time
 They won't mind what and where I've been
 Woke up in Cleveland County

And you're picking up my pulse again
 And we'll be tearing through your sheets
 Or through the streets of this old town
 Looking for the answers
 To these doubts we drag around
 And babe I never learned
 You'll say the word and then I'll break
 But I'll still feel your old familiar ache

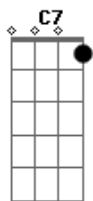
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So we're covered up in fiction
 Chasing something true
 But darling damn the luck
 And damn the consequences too
 I could bury all the memories
 I could patch up all the holes
 But I'd still feel your fingers on my soul

Acordes



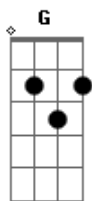
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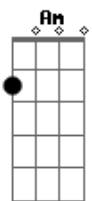
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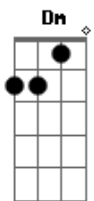
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