

Aberdeen - © Jan 2020 written by: Candace Lacina & Mike Little

Morning's cold in Montana
It's not the same dust in the storm
I'm still thinking about you
and the way we were before

Under weight and under pressure
Every parade, in every town
If I asked you for a reason
You never let me down

You're the lightning over water
You're the fire and kerosene
You're the heartbeat in the thunder
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You knew the words of the prelude
I felt your breath that brought the end
We moved together in the whispers
but we'd never run again

Can't cry anymore about it
With every year that's goin by
Wish you'd come back to the races
I miss the wild in your eyes

You're the lightning over water
You're the fire and kerosene
You're the heartbeat in the thunder
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Now I'm standing in the downpour,
I taste the cinders in my sleep
I'll be waiting at the fence line
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Won't you meet me at the fence line
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