

Raising the Dead

Johnny Flynn

Your old man's in the kitchen
He's a smile short of laughing
And the radio's beaming
From the stars that are coughing up
The change in his pockets
And the shrug of his shoulders
And the blood from his fingers
And the love that I hold for him

Oh oh, raising the dead,
raising the dead Raising the dead
Oh oh, raising the dead,
raising the dead Raising the dead

And those old songs are twitching
With the knees that are pitching
And the fair world's grinning
And the old got it spinning
To the place where he lived
And the room that he died in
There's a new song playing on the radio that night

Oh oh, raising the dead,
raising the dead Raising the dead
Oh oh, raising the dead,
raising the dead Raising the dead

He operates on a low frequency

To take down the pillars of our society
Walking out of sadness, walking out of grief
He's walking out of badness and walking like a thief

Oh oh, raising the dead,
raising the dead Raising the dead
Oh oh, raising the dead,
raising the dead Raising the dead

I collaborate with spirit
I helped it find its way back to me
Where I've been with myself on my way
On my way to the old man in the kitchen on my way
To the fiery broken-hearted people who all who say

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