

# Bloodline / Difficult Things

Orla Gartland

Oh, here comes trouble

I think it's kinda fun to trace it  
Back to where it all began  
Back in Dublin, in the kitchen  
Up late talking to my mam  
She was standing by the oven  
A strong and stoic woman  
I saw her as an equal, as a friend  
And I saw myself inside her, a sobering reminder  
We all become our mother in the end

You can leave it all behind  
Skip a beat in the bloodline  
And you've been hiding all your life, it's time  
To skip a beat in the bloodline  
Oh, in the bloodline

I always feel like I'm the bad guy  
'Cause I'm the one that upped and left  
It kind of feels like living two lives  
And always tryna catch your breath  
Now I've gotta go my own way  
Talk about a cliché  
Remember to call home on the weekend  
The radio is blaring  
We turn into my parents  
And it goes dark, and then it starts, then it starts again

You can leave it all behind  
Skip a beat in the bloodline  
And you've been hiding all your life, it's time  
To skip a beat in the bloodline  
Oh, in the bloodline  
Oh, in the bloodline

That's a nice one  
Can I see the photograph when you take it?  
I might let ya  
Orla, happy face!  
Happy face!  
Who's going to the party?  
Orla, do your sad face, do your sad face  
Ah, Orla, you're really like  
I don't wanna run away  
But you, you don't get me  
I, I keep it all in  
'Cause we never talk about difficult things  
I don't wanna run away  
But you, you don't get me  
I, I keep it all in  
'Cause we never talk about difficult things

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