

Birds of a Feather

The Civil Wars

Where she walks, no flowers bloom
He's the one I see right through
She's the absinthe on my lips
The splinter in my fingertips

But who could do without you?
And who could do without you?

She the sea I'm sinkin' in
He's the ink under my skin
Sometimes I can't tell where I am
Where I leave off and he begins

But who could do without you?
And who could do without you?

Oh, aren't we a pretty, pretty pair?
Yes, we are
All, all the king's horses
And all of his men
Couldn't tear us apart

Dancing with a ball and chain
Through it all we still remain
Like butterflies around a flame
Till ashes, ashes, we fade away