

Family

To Kill a King

When you go and the wind blows you home
You were wrong and the fault was your own
We were always gonna end up back here
Friends who stayed, ones who raged and wrote and appeared

The difference between a rut and a grave is an inch
Caught in between the earth and a rock like a pinch

I don't sit so well
On the banks of Boston

You are in my blood
You are in my blood

And you hung up to dry and you're strange
You're strange god knows, but you're loved, loved, loved

You resolve that you're never looking back
You were young, far too young for words like that
We were always gonna end up back here
Friends who stayed ones who rage and wrote and appeared

The difference between a rut and a grave is an inch
Caught in between the earth and a rock like a pinch

I don't sit so well
On the banks of Boston

You are my blood
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You're hung up to dry and you're strange
You're strange God knows but you're loved, loved, loved

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