

# Young Blood

Norah Jones

I'll pretend my heart's not on fire  
If you steal my true love's name  
Broke down subway in this city of spires  
Tape your picture over his in the frame

We'll imagine we're sleeping revolvers  
Shotgun wedding in a strange SoHo  
Our chambers hold silvery collars  
Gun down werewolves wherever we go  
We gun down werewolves wherever we go

Midnight phone calls in the back of a Mustang  
Creased white pages torn right from the spine  
Kissed my neck with a crooked, cracked fang  
You always hoped one day you'd be mine

Threw our fathers on funeral pyres  
I'm not sure we were playing a game  
Busted gasket in a field full of liars  
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame  
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame

Young blood, young bone  
Old ghosts go home

Band of gold with a diamond implied  
You wrote letters that you never sent  
I made promises I'll always deny  
Now we'll never know what the other meant

Watch is ticking like a heartbeat gone berserk  
Lost the chance to wind the key  
Roosters are nothing but clucking clockwork  
Our fears are only what we tell them to be  
Our fears are only what we tell them to be

Drown the last of our matches  
Burn the rest of each other  
You were strongest when I ached for breath  
Through the thick of smoke we'll finally smother

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