

It's a beautiful thing, family
I don't mean blood, you know what it means

When you burn, I burn
When you hurt, I hurt
So please don't go

It's the sweater that sticks
It's the Sunday sermon
Opposition is sick
But it's so important

And nobody gets it, and neither do you
All we know is the pain that it's put you through

Like when you burn, I burn
When you hurt, I hurt

I spend most of my time just praying you'll win this fight
And I know you know I love you
So, I'll say it one more time
Just think of me, think of life
Try to see the butterflies

When your pain is too much, and you need to shut it up
So, you feel overly numb and feel it all at once
Just try to imagine what it'd be like to know
That you felt it right, and you just had to let it all go
You felt it right, and you just had to let it all go