

Knives of New Orleans

Eric Church

Yeah, I'd give this last wrinkled dollar
In my pocket that I earned
With a hammer and vice
If I could undo some things
And grow me some wings
Fly out of this quarter tonight

Yeah, tonight, every man with a TV
Is seeing a man with my clothes and my face
In the last thirty minutes
I've gone from a person of interest
To a full-blown manhunt underway

I did what I did
I have no regrets
When you cross the line
You get what you get

Tonight, a bleeding memory
Is tomorrow's guilty vein
Your auburn hair on a faraway sea wall
Screams across the Pontchartrain
I'm haunted by headlights
And a crescent city breeze
One wrong turn on Bourbon
Cuts like the knives of New Orleans

I'm a ghost dodging bullets
In all of these alleys
Just looking for my getaway keys
Wrapped up in the night
Hiding out in plain sight
But this grip's getting tight around me

Ain't no getting out
That I can see
They'll take me dead
If they ever take me

Tonight, a bleeding memory
Is tomorrow's guilty vein
Your auburn hair on a faraway sea wall
Screams across the Pontchartrain
I'm haunted by headlights
And a crescent city breeze
One wrong turn on Bourbon
Cuts like the knives of New Orleans
Of New Orleans

What I wouldn't do
For just one more kiss
I'm all out of time
Honey, it's come down to this

I'm haunted by your hazel eyes
And this crescent city breeze
One wrong turn on Bourbon

Cuts like the knives of New Orleans
Of New Orleans

I did what I did
I did what I did
I did what I did
I did what I did