

Courthouse

Iwan Rheon

Call off your guards
While we slide away
Let all your sins
Come stumbling in
Tell all your friends
That we are sliding away
Leave all that's been
In sweet history

From courthouse to crackhouse, baby
I'll follow you blindly, let me
Let all your sins
Come stumbling in

Kiss me with those tired lips
Let us stumble and fall
It's cold I know
Just keep holding on
These moments like sticks and stones
Break your bones and draw your tears
These words, they'll hold
And let time unfold

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