

## Boilermaker

Royal Blood

I was looking for some kind of saviour  
Someone still counted on my worst behaviour  
Knew there would be trouble  
With ever mass of with magic hands

I'm all mixed up  
Hell, I'm a cocktail shaker  
Living in a house like an old bodega  
Got your eyes looking in my favour  
Standing in the bottom of a boilermaker

So keep your feet on the ground  
And listen to the sound of a real money-maker

Something's twisted up right inside me  
I want you to use it up, so when you do leave  
Take me to the edge and let me show you what was on my mind  
So put all your money on me, 'cause you and me are two of a kind  
You're on my mind

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