

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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