

# Pull Me Through

Royal Blood

Miles from the surface  
I ride out and weather the war  
In a tin submarine where the seams couldn't hold back the shore  
On a bed made of "what have you done?"  
Tone-deaf with a headache for one  
Back to the water below  
Alone as I float like a stone

Sinking to the bottom, lost but not forgotten  
Down I go again, heart swinging like a punchbag  
Waiting on you  
To pull me through

Washing off the soft soap  
Sleeping on a tightrope  
Everything to prove, got nothing left to use  
Want the truth? I need you  
To pull me through

Far out of reach and a thread from coming undone  
Frayed as I pray, disarray's had its day in the sun  
On a bed made of "what have you done?"  
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So won't you pull me through?  
So won't you pull me, won't you pull me through?  
Through, through  
Won't you pull me, won't you pull me through?

On a bed made of "what have you done?"  
Tone-deaf with a headache for one  
Back to the water below  
Alone as I float like a stone