

The Raconteur

The Wedding

Boys, set your sails, grab your arms,
Tell the stories you were born to tell
And tell them well
My soul, my soul...

Can you brave the worst of my love?
Be the ones who testify, not the ones who've given up.
If you wait 'till stars align, you miss the cry
For history does not bend or ever break towards you and
I.

Boys, set your sails, grab your arms,
Tell the stories you were born to tell
And tell them well, my soul,
Why can't I say that with my whole, my whole heart?

Can you save me from what I've become?
I waste my time, I waste any good of kingdom come.
When the painted dark arrives, I come to find
We're not learning how to live, we're just learning how
to die.

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And tell them well, my soul,
Why can't I say that with my whole, my whole heart?
My heart,
My whole heart,
My heart,
My whole heart,
My heart,
My whole heart,
My heart.

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