

Brother In The Night

The Weeks

Well I trace shapes in clouds and I saw things I never seen
We move like renegades down in the states, reload that magazine
Almost killed us in that city it was far to close to call
So we put money in the bags, ripped wanted posters off the wall
Say I'm wanted for a murder of a man I never seen
They say I shot him dead, one to his head, somewhere in Holly Springs
I may have killed a man before not the one that they exclaim
They'll see the barrel of my gun before they ever see me hang

Oh if my southern heart's still pumping blood
Still pumping blood
Well I'll bury my money in the mighty Mississippi mud
Oh and if my southern lungs won't let me breath
Won't let me breath
Well I'll wait for the cicadas and I'll let them push it out for me

Well death is always close, there's always vultures on my trail
And the inside of this hotel's better than a prison cell
Well that southern whiskeys stinging singing words upon my breath
I was worried 'bout forgetting so I tattooed it on my chest
I'm a southern man forever like the wind inside the pines
And my grandpa used to sing it oh to my brother and I
How I wish could get back the precious thoughts and newer skin
And we scurried out the window before the cops they busted in

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We were messengers for millions, we're a midnight masquerade
We can walk away from all this as the town goes up in flames
As civilians in a war we can die right where we live
You can walk away from all this go back home to see your kids
I've got a knife inside my boot, yes my brother's got one too
We can bring 'em all, let's have a ball, I've got nothing to lose
I got hearts and bended knees that shake no one that can see
No one here was coming faster, no one there will bother me

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