

Siphon

Zola Jesus

You write a note, we write a eulogy
You drain it out, we clean it up for free
Anything you need, we're at the door
Just call our name and we're at the floor
Waiting for the call 'Cause we'd rather clean the blood of a living man
We'd rather lean over, hold your warm, warm hand
We'd love to clean the blood of a living man
We'd hate to see you give into those cold, dark nights inside your head
Was it a lie or did I see the light in your
eyes across the table?
Or did you play the part of the listening?
We just want to save you
Pull you from those dark nights
We just want to show you there's more to life
'Cause we'd rather clean the blood of a living man
We'd rather lean over, hold your warm, warm hand
We'd love to clean the blood of a living man
We'd hate to see you give into those cold, dark nights inside your head
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you
bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out 'Cause we'd rather clean the blood of a living man
We'd rather lean over, hold your warm, warm hand
We'd love to clean the blood of a living man
We'd hate to see you give into those cold, dark nights inside your head, inside your head, inside your head
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
Won't let you bleed out, can't let you bleed out
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