

Bloodline

Monkey Swallows the Universe

These years of mine run red like a bloodline
If I was the last son
Prostrate, I wait but silence is not for me
I'll shout 'til they come Oh, stop leaving my heart on the ground
Oh, stop needing my eyes to follow you 'round
Oh, stop leaving me behind 'Cause someone's got to come
And take us all out of here
Before there's nothing left
Someone's got to come
And take us all out of here These years of mine beat fast as a heart line
Getting faster with everyone
And you might think it's foolish
Sometimes I think it's foolish
So what? So what? And it's not all we've got
It's not all we've got
It's not all we've got
But it feels like it sometimes 'Cause someone's got to come
And take us all out of here
Before there's nothing left
Someone's got to come
And take us all out of here

Songwriters

Nat Johnson Published by

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