1936

PHOX

Her blood is our blood, too, I know
And I feel all of it, too, you know
You know1936 breathing
Garnet her stone, ever gleaming
And Edith's hope is for love
But she doesn't hear of her grandchildren grieving, noEldest raised by Al Ringling
Spirit granted from Sing Sing
All of her heart is for drugs
And she doesn't care that everyone is leavingHer blood is our blood, too, I know
I feel all of it, too, you know
Her blood is our blood, too, I know
I feel all of it, too, you knowHalfway in the hour, toward the mid of the night
We met our hands despite our wicked fight
Then we will sort our way around
This awful mess that all our genes has thrown aroundHer blood is our blood, too, I know
I feel all of it, too, you know
Her blood is our blood, too, I know
I feel all of it, too, you know

Songwriters
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