

Lay Me Down

The Oh Hellos

Fire and brimstone fell upon my ears
As their throats of open graves recited fear
Like the bullets of a gun they drove my tears
And my feet to run the hell out of here
See, I was born a restless, wayward child
I could hear the whole world calling me outside
Of the masses I routinely sat behind
And Lord, I had to see with my own eyes
Take me home
I want to go
Down the road that will take me
To the living oak
And Lord, I know
That I'm a weathered stone
But I owe it to my brothers
To carry them home
Take me home
I want to go
Down the road that will take me
To the living oak
And Lord, I know
It's a heavy load
But we'll carry our brothers
Oh, we'll carry them home

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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