

Snake Eyes

The Milk Carton Kids

swing low, swing low
for to carry me home
in fire the skies of red my breath's gone cold
a kiss from the coal
a blanket of snow overhead slow, holy roller
it's just rock and roll hold your tears
where they've hung all these years
down from the heavens above old snake eyes
you had better disguise
all that appears of thee pray for love
from the heavens above
laid in the ashes below

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