

Family Tree

The Builders and The Butchers

Lord, Lord
Please don't tell
Don't tell, don't tell,
Lord, Lord,
Please don't tell.
Don't tell, Don't tell,
I'll tell you what I did,
My brother's on the railroad tracks,
Looking at the golden leaves,
Cabel tied around his hand and knees,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Right back into the ground,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Down.
(...)
Lord, Lord
Please don't tell
Don't tell, don't tell,
Lord, Lord
Please don't tell
Don't tell, don't tell,
I'll tell where my Daddy's been,
All deep into the still of the night,
Burns his candel into the whisky of sin,
Momma's been broken all over again,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Right back into the ground,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Down.
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Right back into the ground,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Down.

And what my Lord what is the lifespan of a tree?
My Lord,
(The devil only knows)

And how long must i spend down on my knees,
My Lord,
(The devil only knows)

I crawled all through all the cracks and the bottels,
I crawled through all the cracks,
I spilt my blood at the foot of the alter,
And then I broke my back,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Right back into the ground,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Right back into the ground,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Right back into the ground,
And my family tree,
It goes straight,
Down.

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

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