

# Last Blues For Bloody Knuckles

## La Dispute

Last Blues For Bloody Knuckles :  
My precious wife, I am in shambles  
I am crumbling, I am  
Was it something I did  
Bid the tide to climb so high that it ripped our shore up  
I can fix it, I swear  
If you trust me  
I am old and I am rusting but I care  
I care  
My precious wife, we made a promise  
Pledged our flesh to be one  
How can you doubt a love that stood so proud as we raised our children  
I believe in it still  
It has faltered and it has faded  
But I know it's there  
How'd it change  
The way you thought of me  
How strange to think we once were lovers  
Now we've wrapped the past up in broken glass  
And when you speak my name you shudder  
Oh precious wife, believe I'll save this  
I'll revive it, I will  
We've built a family from this marriage

Why would you tear it apart  
Oh speak now, precious  
Your silence screams  
You're giving in to failure  
Hear me, the promise that you made was meant to live forever  
Until our deathbed, you're not allowed to change your mind  
Was there nothing in that promise  
Are you listening to me  
Oh husband, I could not control it  
Husband, I could not abstain  
One cannot stop the wind from blowing  
Nor refuse the falling rain  
Love stirred up a storm inside me  
Wrapped its arms around my waist  
I failed you dear, I'm sorry, oh I'm sorry

There was nothing I could do  
No, there was nothing I could  
Sure as the rain will fall  
Some love just fails without reason  
There is nothing you can do  
There is nothing you can do  
There is nothing you can do  
There is nothing you can do

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