Carousel

Catfish and The Bottlemen

Almost home
When I missed the bottom stair
You were braiding your gray hair
It had grown so long
Since I'd been gone

And the perfect girls
By the pool, they would protest
The cross around their necks
But our sons were overseas
And we all know about the hive and the honey bees

Almost home
With an olive branch and a dove
You were beating on a Persian rug
With your bible and your wedding band
Both hidden on a TV stand

And the cruel wind blew
Every city father fell
Off the county carousel
While the dogs were eating snow
All our sons had sunk in a trunk of Noah's clothes

Almost home
We got lost on our new street
While your grieving girls all died in their sleep
So the dogs all went unfed
A great dream of bones all piled on the bed

And the cops couldn't care
When that crackhead built a boat
And said, "Please, before I go
May our only honored bone
Be the kinship of the kids and the riot squad"

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