Young Blood (Stripped-Down Version)

Norah Jones

I'll pretend my heart's not on fire
If you steal my true love's name
Broke down subway in this city of spires
Tape your picture over his in the frameWe'll imagine we're sleeping revolvers
Shotgun wedding in a strange SoHo
Our chambers hold silvery collars
Gun down werewolves wherever we go
We gun down werewolves wherever we goMidnight phone calls in the back of a Mustang
Creased white pages torn right from the spine
Kissed my neck with a crooked, cracked fang
You always hoped one day you'd be mineThrew our fathers on funeral pyres
I'm not sure that we were playing a game
Busted gasket in a field full of liars
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflameYoung blood
Young bone
Old ghosts
Go homeBand of gold with a diamond implied
You wrote letters that you never sent
I made promises I'll always deny
Now we'll never know what the other meantWatch is ticking like a heartbeat gone berserk
Lost the chance to wind the key
Roosters are nothing but clucking clockwork
Our fears are only what we tell them to be
Our fears are only what we tell them to beDrown the last of our matches
Burn the rest of each other
You were strongest when I ached for breath
Through the thick of smoke we'll finally smother[Repeat x5]
Young blood
Young bone
Old ghosts
Go home

Songwriters
Jones, Norah / Martin, MikePublished by
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