

# Brother's Blood

Kevin Devine

My brother's blood boils in my arms  
It balls my fingers into fists  
It bubbles blisters burns my palms  
It floods with fury, fights, and fits  
It's got the good guy in me hiding  
It kicks my humble heart around  
It's got me fiendin' for the fire  
That could finish off this town  
It's got me goodIt's my brother's blood on a cherry tree  
It stains the bark from branch to root  
It puddles thick with pits and leaves  
It strains the sweetness from the fruit  
It's got me lookin' for communion  
A hidin' spot off underground  
An open plot I could climb in to  
A lighting promise in my mouth  
A blackout oath I swore and meant, but couldn't conjure up again  
I don't know one thing about my brother's blood  
No,I don't know one thing about my brother's bloodIt's my brother's blood  
In my dirty lungs  
In my crooked mouth  
On my swollen tongue  
On my father's gun  
On each stranger's face  
Across the bluebird sky  
On every hand I shake  
Night after night  
With each chuckled prayer  
Such sweet relief  
My fists full of hair  
With each desperate drive for elusive peace  
With every endless night  
With each wasted weekAll that dialogue doublin' back on me  
All that tangled talk  
All my growling need  
It's my brother's back  
It's my father's arms  
It's every twisted fact  
In my sorry heart

My sorry heart, my sorry heart

Songwriters

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