

# For the Record

[Kathleen Edwards](#)

My blood is thick but it still runs  
Every time I was taught to bite my tongue  
It's been years and the letters they still come  
Still come So hang, hang me up on your cross  
For the record, I only wanted to sing songs  
Hang me out to die in the sun  
For the record, I only wanted to sing songs Raise me up when I was number one  
Make a story of, of a story that was spun  
Strong enough to carry both my sons  
My blood is thick but it still runs So hang, hang me up on your cross  
For the record, I only wanted to sing songs  
Hang me out to die in the sun  
For the record, I only wanted to sing songs

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