

# Murder In the City

**Brandi Carlile**

If I get murdered in the city  
Don't go revenging in my name  
A person dead from such is plenty  
There's no sense in getting locked away  
And when I leave your arms  
The things that I think of  
No need to get over alarmed  
I'm coming home I wonder which us is better  
Which one our parents loved the most  
I sure did get in lots of trouble  
And they seemed to let the other go  
A tear fell from my father's eye  
I wondered what my dad would say  
He said, "I love you and I'm proud of you both,  
In so many different ways" If I get murdered in the city  
Go and read the letter in my desk  
Don't bother with all my belongings  
Pay attention to the list  
Make sure my wife knows that I loved her  
Make sure my daughter knows the same  
And always remember there is nothing worth sharing  
Like the love that let us share our name  
Always remember there was nothing worth sharing  
Like the love that let us share our name

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