

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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