

Who Invited The Russian Soldier?

Every Time I Die

Wait until they send your son home in a box
See if you're dancing when water is everywhere
Anguish is endless but deaths unambiguous
Wave as it carries him off And pose while it fits you in hospital gowns
Flirt with the men dressed in white
Slip into bed with the fire that consumes our house Sing on your surveillance tape
Smile in your autopsy photo for once
Phone up the boys that have buried your bones Where do you get off loving life?
As if it's done any of us any good, oh You're going to wish you were me
When the unsuspecting are dragged to their graves
And you're standing on the edge holding a rose Dead where we stand
And you concern yourself with such things
As your status and what's in fashion Don't say you can't be this bothered
Death becomes us all, you've got some nerve
Having hope in this ghost town port of call Someday your insides will turn themselves out
Tell me what purpose our efforts have served
When we end up in the ground
More acts will follow the roles we have played And everything loved will expire
I've seen it all and I'm worse off because of it
Good men have died in my arms
I've been everywhere yet we'll end up at the same depth
What's the point? You're gonna wish you were me
When the unsuspecting are dragged to their graves
And you're are standing on the edge holding a rose
Standing on the edge holding a rose Don't say you can't be this bothered
Death becomes us all, you've got some nerve
Having hope in this ghost town port of call There's nothing to see here and nothing gazes back at me
There's nothing to see here and that nothing looks back at us
There's nothing to see here and nothing gazes back at me
There's nothing to see here and that nothing looks back at us

Songwriters

JOSH NEWTON, KEITH BUCKLEY, MIKE NOVAK, JORDAN BUCKLEY, ANDY WILLIAMS Published

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