

I Can Feel Your Pain

Manchester Orchestra

Well, I watched your black tied family
Rise up from graves near cemeteries
That I have not been to since your goodbye And I drank another simile
And compared your Jesus to a thief
He took my bones and He turned them into bread 'Cause I can feel your pain
In my bones, in my bones I was scared to call your mother
For news that you weren't getting better
Well, my God, what the hell am I supposed to do? And I ran off and ran on to something
That I swore was everything but beautiful
I only say that word for you 'Cause I can feel your pain
In my bones, in my bones
And I can feel your pain
Deep in my bones, deep in my bones And ha, Hallelujah to the one in our bones
And Hallelujah to the one that we love

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