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
Hang, hang me up on your cross
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