

Brother's Blood

Kevin Devine

My brother's blood boils in my arms
It balls my fingers into fists
It bubbles blisters burns my palms
It floods with fury, fights, and fits
It's got the good guy in me hiding
It kicks my humble heart around
It's got me fiendin' for the fire
That could finish off this town
It's got me goodIt's my brother's blood on a cherry tree
It stains the bark from branch to root
It puddles thick with pits and leaves
It strains the sweetness from the fruit
It's got me lookin' for communion
A hidin' spot off underground
An open plot I could climb in to
A lighting promise in my mouth
A blackout oath I swore and meant, but couldn't conjure up again
I don't know one thing about my brother's blood
No,I don't know one thing about my brother's bloodIt's my brother's blood
In my dirty lungs
In my crooked mouth
On my swollen tongue
On my father's gun
On each stranger's face
Across the bluebird sky
On every hand I shake
Night after night
With each chuckled prayer
Such sweet relief
My fists full of hair
With each desperate drive for elusive peace
With every endless night
With each wasted weekAll that dialogue doublin' back on me
All that tangled talk
All my growling need
It's my brother's back
It's my father's arms
It's every twisted fact
In my sorry heart

My sorry heart, my sorry heart

Songwriters

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