

To Kill A King

"Family"

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When you go and the wind blows you home
And you were wrong and the fault was your own
We were always gonna end up back here
Friends who stayed, and the ones who disappeared
The difference between a rut and a grave is an inch
Caught in between the earth and a rock like a pinch

I don't sit so well
On the banks of Boston

And you are my blood
You are my blood

And you're hung up to dry and you're strange
And you're strange God knows, but you're loved,
loved, loved

You resolve that you're never looking back
You were young, far too young for words like that
We were always gonna end up back here
Friends who stayed, the ones who raged and wrote and
appeared
The difference between a rut and a grave is an inch
Caught in between the earth and a rock like a pinch

I don't sit so well
On the banks of Boston

You are my blood
You are my blood
[x4]

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And you're strange God knows, but you're loved,
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