

## Blood Brothers

### "1, 2, 3, 4 Guitars"

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Let's sling our rain slicks over February's fantastic  
antlers  
Sprouting from the foreheads of world famous  
necromancers  
The winter's looming like a bloodthirsty bird of prey  
And I guarantee by spring we'll either be world famous  
or goddamned dead  
Guitar one fastens languid years to busty bones like  
dust and skin on a dull antique moon  
Guitar two's touch keeps ruining lovers for other lovers  
Like jokers concealed in trick decks in our laps  
There's a train tumbling down torn paper tracks while  
weeds blossom from heartbeats that lack  
Guitar three's dancing even though her song stopped  
playing ages and ages ago  
She's at an empty dance club suspended in the middle  
of a rambling sentence  
Guitar four says, "If you still believe in the grace of  
man,  
Let me introduce you to greedy greedy greedy hands."  
Let's sling our rain slicks over every single second  
To the rapture dripping from clocks ticking all our  
misadventures  
The winter left town with some seventeen-year-old  
waitress  
And spring's laying in a pile of all the moments of our  
misadventures

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