

## The 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  
romancers.  
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 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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