

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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