

## Kevin Coyne

### "Brother's Blood"

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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  
O it's got me good

It'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 looking for communion  
A hiding spot off underground  
An open plot I could climb into  
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 brothers blood  
No, I don't know one thing about my brothers blood

It's my brother's blood  
In my dirty lungs  
On my crooked mouth  
On my swollen tongue  
On my fathers gun  
On each strangers face  
Across the bluebird sky  
On every hand I shake  
Night after night  
On each chuckled prayer  
Such sweet relief  
A fistful of hair  
And each desperate try for elusive peace  
And every endless night  
And each wasted week

All that dialogue doubling back on me  
All that tangled talk

All my growing needs  
It my brothers back  
It's my fathers arms  
It's every twisted fact in my sorry heart  
My sorry heart my sorry heart

Spit and scream what's done is done  
Go make your peace with everyone  
They don't need to know about my brothers blood

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