

The Civil Wars "Birds Of Afeather"

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Where she walks no flowers bloom
He's the one I see right through
She's the absinthe on my lips
A splinter in my fingertips

Chorus

But who could do without you?
And who could do without you?

She's the sea I'm sinking in
He's the ink under my skin
Sometimes i can't tell where i am
Where I leave off and he begins

Chorus

Bridge

Oh we're a pretty, pretty pair
Yes, we are
All, all the king's horses
And all of his men
Couldn't tear us apart

Dancing with a ball and chain
But through it all we still remain
Butterflies around a flame
Til ashes, ashes we fade away

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