

Carl Barat

"Carve My Name"

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Love is a graveyard
For nostalgia and trouble
Wickedness and trouble
Forgive me love

And I carved my name on the livers of my lovers
The hearts of all my brothers
Forgive me love

So take away the poet's pen, and never speak of love
again
Break the hands that made a pair
And never will I need to care

Anyway

And I've cast my stones at all the guilty others
A rubble tomb above us
Of my design

And I mark my kills with scratches on the bedpost
The bloody sheets and dirty clothes
Are English flowers across the floor

So take away the poet's pen, and never speak of love
again
Break the hands that made a pair
And never will I need to care

Anyway

And I've carved my name on the livers of my lovers
The wives of all my brothers
Forgive me love

So take away the poet's pen, I'll never speak of love
again
Break the hands that made a pair
And never will I need to care

Anyway

Never speak of love again
Never speak of love again
Never speak of love again
Never speak of love again
Never speak of love

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