

Punch Brothers

"The Blind Leaving the Blind: 4th Movement"

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I'm coming back my friends
From the deep and bitter end
Where I was so concerned
That we would be the ones who burned
The more scared the safer
The more grateful for the grape juice
And the wafer

I sound done
And I feel done
But I'm not done
Unless he'd give up on a lost son

I need to hear him say
You and your friends can come in
Your thoughts and that girl can come in
Your parents and brothers are here
I let them in
Who told you I wouldn't let you all in
You are my children

Heaven shine through the stars
The city lights and the nearest bar
Where I'll be with my friends
Hiding from the bitter end
The armor and the weapons
Were a strange way to show them my affection

I sound done
And I feel done
But I'm not done
Unless you'd give up on a lost son

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