

Civil Wars, The "Birds of a Feather"

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Where she walks no flower bloom
He's the one I see right through
She's the abcess on my lips
Splinter in my fingertips

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

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

Oh how we're a pretty, pretty pair
Yes we are
All, all the king's horse 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 the flame
Til ashes, ashes we fade away

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