

Thea Gilmore "Instead of the Saints"

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The night is growing old veined with threads of early
dawn

So deal the deck, c'mon Red, c'mon my friend

The colour of fire

The colour of fury

And we will bear this together

We will wear this together

We will bear this together

Together

I'm digging up my gold

No fortune, no fate and no religion

I'll stick to my story instead of the saints

Cos where were they when I was torn?

And we will bear this together

We will wear this together

We will bear this together

We will wear this together

Together

Together

Together

This city is dying of slogans

Dripping neon

A murdered town

Oh, that, that's how I am

Oh, that's how I am

And we will bear this together

We will wear this together

We will bear this together

We will wear this together

Together

Together

Together

Together

Together

Together

