

Brother in the Night

The Weeks

Well I trace shapes and clouds and I saw things I never seen
We move renegades down in the states reload there magazine
Almost killed me in that city it was far to close to call
To put money in the bags with wanted posters off the wall
Say I'm wanted for a murder of a man I never seen
They say I shot him dead, one to his head, somewhere in holly springs
They have killed a man before not the one that they explain
They'll see the barrel of my gun before they ever see me hang Oh if my southern hearts still
pumping blood
Still pumping blood
Well ill bury my money in the mighty Mississippi mud
Oh and if my southern lungs wont let me breath
Wont Let me breath
Well ill wake up the cicadas and I'll let them push it out for me
Well death is always close there always fortress on my trail
And the inside of this hotels better than a prison cell
Well that southern whiskeys stinging singing words upon my breath
I was worried bout forgetting so I tattooed it on my chest
I'm a southern man forever like the wind inside the ponds
And my grandpa used to sing it oh to my brother and I
How I wish could get back the precious thoughts and newer skin
And we scurried out the window before the cops they busted in Oh if my southern hearts still
pumping blood
Still pumping blood
Well ill bury my money in the mighty Mississippi mud
Oh and if my southern lungs wont let me breath
Wont Let me breath
Well ill wake up the cicadas and I'll let them push it out for me
We were messages familians, we're a midnight mascaraed
We can walk away form all this as the town goes up in flames
As civilians in a war we can die right were we live
You can walk away from all this go back home to see your kids
I've got a knife inside my boot yes my brothers got one too
We can bring em all, lets have a ball, ive got nothing to lose
I got hearts and bended knees that shake no one that can see
No one here was coming faster, no one there will bother me Oh if my southern hearts still
pumping blood
Still pumping blood
Well ill bury my money in the mighty Mississippi mud
Oh and if my southern lungs wont let me breath
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