

# 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  
Wont Let me breath

Well ill wake up the cicadas and I'll let them push it out for me

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