

# The Knife

## Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

We were close but we never made it home  
We could see what we had and we let it go

Now it's miles away and cast in stone  
Now we're miles away and casting stones  
There's a fire, there's a fire on the road  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

It's a place we can never call our own  
It's a falling wind that calls our souls  
It's a cruel world that lets us go  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

It's a fool alone that carries gold  
He'll find his own when he finds alone

Now it's miles away and cast in stone  
Now he's miles away and casting stones  
There's a fire, there's a fire on the road  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

It's a place we can never call our own  
It's a falling wind that calls our souls  
It's a cruel world that lets us go  
It's a cruel world that lets us go

So where are they now to let us know?  
So where are they now to let us know?  
So where are they now to let me know?

Falling through what's left of the fractions  
(I'm gonna to catch them)  
Gonna to catch them, never let go  
(I'm gonna to catch them)  
Waking up the silence passing  
(I'm gonna to catch them)  
Gonna to catch them, never let go  
(I'm gonna to catch them)

Holding on to something you can't lose  
(I'm gonna to catch them)  
Gonna to catch them, never let go  
(I'm gonna to catch them)  
Waiting for a sign of passion  
(I'm gonna to catch them)  
Gonna to catch them, never let go  
(I'm gonna to catch them)

Where are they now?  
Where are they now?  
Where are they now?  
Where are they now?