

Brother's Blood

Kevin Devine

My brother's blood boils in my arms
It balls my fingers into fists
It bubbles blisters burns my palms
It floods with fury, fights, and fits
It's got the good guy in me hiding
It kicks my humble heart around
It's got me fiendin' for the fire that could finish off this town
O it's got me good

It's my brother's blood on a cherry tree
It stains the bark from branch to root
It puddles thick with pits and leaves
It strains the sweetness from the fruit
It's got me looking for communion
A hiding spot off underground
An open plot I could climb into
A lighting promise in my mouth
A blackout oath I swore and meant, but couldn't conjure up again
I don't know one thing about my brothers blood
No, I don't know one thing about my brothers blood

It's my brother's blood
In my dirty lungs
On my crooked mouth
On my swollen tongue
On my fathers gun
On each strangers face
Across the bluebird sky
On every hand I shake
Night after night
On each chuckled prayer
Such sweet relief
A fistful of hair
And each desperate try for elusive peace
And every endless night
And each wasted week

All that dialogue doubling back on me
All that tangled talk
All my growing needs
It my brothers back
It's my fathers arms
It's every twisted fact in my sorry heart
My sorry heart my sorry heart

Spit and scream what's done is done
Go make your peace with everyone
They don't need to know about my brothers blood