

Bless Your Tombstone Heart

The Low Anthem

Bless your gilded tombstone heart
What's yours is mine
Bless the seams that came apart
What's yours is mine

Bless the time that made us grow
Right out the dragon's fiery door
Bless the toll the monster soars
What's yours is mine and mine is yours

Bless the drinks we younger raised
And bless the debts our hearts must weigh
Bless the toy guns in their slings
The boys have thought of everything
Bless the weary homebound horse
What's yours is mine and mine is yours

You replaced and I remained a sheltered page
No nevermind,
What's mine is yours and yours of course is mine

Bless your helpless drunken cry
What's yours is mine
Bless the fire warm and bright
What's yours is mine
Bless the words that meant farewell
The winds that finally filled your sails
Bless those tethers when they tore
What's yours is mine and mine is yours