

Heave

The Maccabees

Heave another heave another sigh
We're the last sons
Thought our heads had locked
Heads have parted ways
So headstrong we're the last sons

Are we so
are we so
are we so different

We're night and day
still the same
In the garland frame

Though we left a mark upon a cherub face
Signs of love waste it all on the young

Are we so
Are we so
Are we so different