

## Family

## To Kill a King

When you go and the wind blows you home  
You were wrong and the fault was your own  
We were always gonna end up back here  
Friends who stayed, ones who raged and wrote and appeared

The difference between a rut and a grave is an inch  
Caught in between the earth and a rock like a pinch

I don't sit so well  
On the banks of Boston

You are in my blood  
You are in my blood

And you hung up to dry and you're strange  
You're strange god knows, but you're loved, loved, loved

You resolve that you're never looking back  
You were young, far too young for words like that  
We were always gonna end up back here  
Friends who stayed ones who rage and wrote and appeared

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Caught in between the earth and a rock like a pinch

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You are my blood  
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You're hung up to dry and you're strange  
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