

Horse Feathers, In Our Blood

There are things you tend to say when you're alone.
There are tones you tend to take when you're at home.
Let me be that thorn, thistle, or key.
Let me prove you'll unlock just for me.
It's in your eyes we fail to even try.
It's in our blood to watch each day go by.
It's in our times young men they're living on dimes.
It's on our minds to put our hands to throats.

There are things you tend to say when you're alone. There are tones you tend to take when young
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