

Royal Blood, Pull Me Through

Miles from the surface and right outta rebels of war
In a tense submarine where the seams couldn't hold back the shore
On a bed made of "What have you done?"
Tone deaf with a headache for one
Back to the water below
Alone, as I float like a stone
Sinking to the bottom, lost but not forgotten
Down to go again hard, swinging like a punchbag
Waiting on you
To pull me through
Washing off the soft soaps
Sleeping on a tightrope
Everything I prove, got nothing left to use
Want the truth?
I need you to pull me through
Far outta reach and a thread come-coming undone
Prayed as I prayed, disarray's had its day in the sun
On a bed made of "What have you done?"
Tone deaf with a headache for one
Back to the water below
Alone, as I float like a stone
Sinking to the bottom, lost but not forgotten
Down to go again hard, swinging like a punchbag
Waiting on you
To pull me through
Washing off the soft soaps
Sleeping on a tightrope
Everything I prove, got nothing left to use
Want the truth?
I need you to pull me through
So won't you pull me through?
So won't you pull me, won't you pull me through?
Through, through
Won't you pull me, won't you pull me through?
On a bed made of "What have you done?"
Tone deaf with a headache for one
Back to the water below
Alone, as I float like a stone