

# 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