

# Tom Odell, The Blood We Bleed

I walk back home  
You're all alone  
The ivy's grown  
It's Christmas eve  
I brought some wine  
It tastes like shite  
But it provides  
The spark we need  
Come on, let's fight  
Don't be polite  
You know the knife  
That cuts me deep  
You treat me tough  
We call it love  
But it's your blood  
I'm gonna bleed

I draw a crowd  
I sing so loud  
To make you proud  
But you don't see  
I show my flaws  
The crowd applauds  
But I'm not sure  
It's meant for me  
I have become  
My father's son  
You always wanted  
Me to be  
I treat you tough  
We call it love  
But it's my blood  
You're gonna bleed

Now I'm all grown up  
And I'm all tough  
Is it your love that I still need?  
'Cause it's your blood  
It's your blood  
It's your blood  
That I still bleed