

Turin Brakes, Little Brother

Relax, relax, relax...my little brother
All that you'd been through...a lifetime
So cling on, cling on, cling on to me my little brother
And we'll laugh at the grand scheme of things...

Burned yourself down to the ground
You picked me out from a crowd
You're losing it, I couldn't tell
Till you hung yourself

You hurt yourself, you burned the bridge
mole-hills turned to mountains in your way
I've been there, in solitude
but i could never save you that day
You got lost in the grand scheme of things

Burned yourself down to the ground
You picked me out from a crowd
You're losing it, I couldn't tell
Till you hung yourself

But you are keeping me breathibg
Your voice is keeping me moving

There was a way out of this mess
Plenty of time, find a new place
Catch you some sunshine for you're face
We were running on..empty
You killed yourself, but i was sleeping...