

# Blue Blood

## Whores.

You've got the blood on your hands, I think it's my own  
We can go down to the streets and follow the shores  
Of all the people, we could be two  
Then I bite my nails to the clip, run back home  
You've got the blood on your hands, I know it's my own  
You came at me in the middle of the night to show me my soul  
Of all the people, I hoped it'd be you  
To come and free me, take me away  
To show me my home  
Where I was born  
Where I belong  
You've got the blood on your hands, I want you to know  
I hoped that you'd come and take me away, back to my home  
Of all the people, it had to be you  
Then I bite my nails to the clip, run back home  
You showed me where to go  
To my home, to my home  
So take me through the roads  
That you know to my home  
You've got the blood on your hands, I know it's my own  
You came at me in the middle of the night to show me my soul  
You showed me where to go  
To my home, to my home  
So take me through the roads  
That you know to my home  
  
Come and help me accept it, affect it, protect it  
Come and help me accept it, it's always my home  
Come and help me accept it, effect it, protect it  
Come and help me accept it, it's always my home, to my home  
You showed me where to go  
To my home, to my home  
So take me through the roads  
That you know where you know  
You know  
To my home  
So take me through the roads  
That you know where you know  
You showed me where to go

To my home, to my home  
Come and help me accept it, affect it, protect it  
Come and help me accept it, it's always my home  
Come and help me accept it, effect it, protect it  
Come and help me accept it, it's always my home  
You've got the blood on your hands, I know it's my own  
We can go down onto the streets and follow the shores  
Of all the people, I hoped it'd be you  
You showed me my way back home  
To where I was born  
Where I belong  
Where I belong

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