

# Blood Hands

## Royal Blood

Took a lonely feeling just to let them in and sing  
Like the sun goes down, never close to heaven  
Felt my feet were burning from the cigarette on the ground  
There's blood on my hands, there's blood on my hands  
Yeah, there's bloodIt's getting hot and listen when the clock is ticking  
Counting down the days gone by  
Praying for an answer to another question  
That only leaves you dry  
You won't understand with your head in the sand  
No, you won'tBut I'll kiss the ground where you kneel  
'Til I grow my hair to my heels  
So I'll go on and you'll whine  
But you'll waste my prayer this timeEvery time I drink and try to stop my thinking  
'Bout the things I've said and done  
Stop the world from turning faster  
Then I'm learning not to choose how to run  
You won't understand with your head in the sand  
No, you won'tLove came and went faster than a pencil bend in this hot machine  
Nowhere near the table, just somewhere in between you and me  
It's [?] to see meBut I'll kiss the ground where you kneel  
'Til I grow my hair to my heels  
Splash your water in your wine  
Yeah, there's blood on my hands, there's blood on my hands  
There's blood on my hands, there's blood on my hands  
Yeah, there's bloodThere's blood on my hands,  
Yeah, there's bloodTook a lonely feeling just to let them in and sing  
Like the sun goes down, never close to heaven  
Felt my feet were burning from the cigarette on the ground

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