

# New Blood

Robert Cray

Got a real bad case of restless  
As I pace around my room  
The old urge has started stirring  
Must be the power of the moon Been feeling, oh, so nervous  
Since my loving's turned to mud  
And I hear that night wind howlin'  
It's time to find new blood, new blood It's been a year, three days ago  
Not a letter or a call  
This room has been my prison cell  
I know every crack on every wall My locked-up desires boiling  
Tensions rising to a flood  
Now the streets are calling me, people  
I've got to find new blood, new blood There's a woman out there somewhere  
A woman starved for love  
A member, just like I am  
Of the, "Lost your lover's club" And now she can't control it  
And the fever starts to burn  
I know we're bound to come together, ooh  
'Cause she's lookin' for new blood, some new blood Oh, people, don't you hear me howl?  
Cryin', I'm lookin' for new blood, oh, oh, oh

Songwriters

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