

Blood Thirsty Bastards (Acoustic)

Dirty Pretty Things

The world seems out of touch now
I don't get out so much
I don't feel the same
In these bones anymore
My heels are all worn down
My loyalties are torn
I'm finding different paths now
I never saw before
And it hurts less every day
The paths lead me away
Lead me away from those
Blood Thirsty Bastards
Making plans for no one
But themselves
In this world of disaster
I just need someone
For myself
All the sycophants and vampires
Well I packed them off to hell
Oh I've been up for days now
I hope no one can tell
I do my bit oh yes
To cleanse my hands from lies
Im feeding up the zombies
Hatched from their own eyes
And from these eyes
The weary eyes-cum shadows
Of a very different man
Blood thirsty bastards making plans for no one
but their own
I got to be my own master
get away from these braggards, tricksters, foolish clones
Oh look at how they laugh at you now
What did you do to make this bad become true
For heavens sake
such a silly mistake
You're a legend in your mind
But a rumour in your room
They all followed me down here

To an alleys dirty end
Oh I had nothing to give them
I just thought they were my friends
Doesnt matter now
I'm angry anyhow
So its the best way I can deal with
Blood thirsty bastards
making plans for no one
But their kind
Only now do I see it
I know I don't need it, no
I pay them no mind
Blood thirsty bastards making plans for no one
But themselves
In this world of disaster
I just need someone
To myselfBy GumoÂ®

Songwriters

Barat, Carl / Powell, Gary / Hammond, David Jonathan / Rossomondo, AnthonyPublished by
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