

# Bad Blood

Fred Thomas

Bad blood saturating the sheets and the blankets  
Good god, there are ghosts floating up from the pavement  
They flip over the houses, blood runs out from the basements  
In it's unholy flow

You remember this whimpering, thick, nauseous feeling  
From your step-brother chasing you around with a staple gun when you were young.

It was fun and then suddenly pain became a very real thing

Do you remember that feeling?

Similarly, this isn't fiction.

Well, actually mostly it is

Or a series of IRL moments cloaked in the vagueness that songs give

But when there's nothing to say and you've got to say something

Fuck, I don't even know.

We pass on the street and say "hi" cause we have to

Even though both of us are clearly just like "I FUCKING HATE YOU"

So stilted and silent, not awkward just angry

Hey I gotta go, but I'll see you at the show

It's that song everybody loves, but the lyrics are garbage

And it stresses me out how often you're mentioned

It's like everyone we know collectively vomited up a pile of brown sweaters or something and were so  
impressed with the results

That they put them on the wall

And I'm so sad you're in my head

And I'm so sorry it's so venomous

Especially because we've got like maybe four or five words ever spoken between us

But I can't heave my heart into my mouth

I can't tell you

I can't stop you

I don't want to

This first day of school shit just seems to keep happening

Everybody says "Man, it's so cool. We're so glad you're doing your own thing!"

But worse than disdain is colossal indifference

The smiles are so big

And there's no one at the gig

I'm either deep in the woods or on TV for everyone

And I know- it's disgusting how much I think about myself in relation to nothing

The things that aren't gonna stay just aren't gonna stay

Like; I was getting a tooth pulled in the free clinic in Portland in 2007

The dentist turned out to be this dude, a drummer whose band I'd recorded, and somehow that was comforting

Then the Novocaine block kicked in  
It closed up my throat and I was ready to go home  
Maybe once this record comes out then I can stop drinking  
That might look good on a press release or something  
If they even still do those,  
Wait, I'm certain they still do those  
And then the summer comes and then the fall comes  
And then the winter comes and then the spring comes  
And then the summer comes and then the fall comes  
And then the winter comes and then the spring comes  
And then the summer comes and then the fall comes  
And then the winter comes and then the spring comes.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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