Blood on My Hands

The Sundays

When people say it's sad
You know it can't be bad
And on any other day I'd be soul destroyed
But now I can't afford to listen to a word they say
And of all the times we had
Oh the ultimate late night didn't taste rightTrue words that I should know
Blood on my hands
When you looked around I couldn't be found
A crime's a crime, I'll have to payNow I find that I'm thigh deep
Too young for the worst of my mind
You whispered behind me
If I may make so bold
Call it young and wild
But I ran a mile in a minute and there's no going backTrue words that I should know
Blood on my hands
When you looked around I couldn't be found
A crime's a crime, I'll have to payTrue words I said to myself
As the wind chilled my bones
Home alone, you call that a late night?
(Listen to my love, listen to my love)When people say you're dead
You know you caught their eye
And on any other day I'd be soul destroyed
But that's just not the way now
I don't mind telling you
Nothing is quite what it seemsTrue words that I should know
Must have been blood on my hands
When you look around I couldn't be found
A crime's a crime but I don't mindTrue words that I should know well
But surely by now I could say to myself
The days are getting longer so I better get stronger fast
Surely by now?

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