

Fresh Blood

[Steve Swindells](#)

Sun down on the sorry day
By nightlights the children pray
I know you're probably gettin' ready for bed
Beautiful woman, get out of my head I'm so tired of the same old crud
Sweet baby, I need fresh blood
Whoo, howl The moon shines in the autumn sky
Growin' cold, the leaves all die
I'm more alone than I've ever been
Help me out of the shape I'm in After the fires, before the flood
My sweet baby, I need fresh blood
Whoo, howl Whatever trepidation you may feel
In your heart, you know it's not real
In a moment of clarity
Summon an act of charity You gotta pull me out of this mud
Sweet baby, I need fresh blood
Whoo, howl, whoo, howl

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