

Bad Blood (Acoustic)

Crooked Fingers

Went to see my fortune teller
To see which way the winds were blowin'
She said you'll probably get the cancer
She said you'll surely die alone It seems so far away and so long
Ago to, do any harm
To draw the same bad blood out of you
Went to see my fortune teller I'll take my chances on the hustle
I'll cut my losses and keep movin'
Double-cross'll cost you double
But you got nothing left for losing So won't you tell me fortune teller
Which way the chilly winds are blowin'
Blow me down I got no future
Don't blow me back I got no home And if I call my name
In your arms
Cutting you
In my love To draw the same bad blood out of you
Years rolling by eye for an eye
All I can see now is the damage done
If what you do comes back to you We've got a lot to be afraid of
It seems so far away and so long
Ago to, do any harm
To draw the same bad blood out of you And if I call my name
In your arms
Cutting you
In my love To draw the same bad blood out of you

Songwriters

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