

Pumping Blood

Lou Reed & Metallica

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

If I pump out blood in the sunshine
Oil on the wheel
That is blasted and busted away
A nail or a little piece of glass
A little piece of glass
A little piece of glass
Swarming like bees over the air
Off the pump off the thing
The blood that I'm pumping away
Like bees over the air
Off the pump
Off the thing
The blood that I'm pumping away
Off the pump
Off the thing
The blood that I'm pumping away
If I pump blood in the sunshine
And you wear a leather box with azaleas
And I pump more blood
And it seeps through my skin
Will you adore the river
The stream, the trickle
The tributary of my heart
As I pump more blood
And it seeps through my skin
Will you adore the river
The stream, the trickle
The tributary of my heart
If I'm pumping blood
Like a common state worker
If I waggle my ass like a dark prostitute
Would you think less of me

And my coagulating heart
Waggle my ass like a dark prostitute
Coagulating heart
Pumping blood
Would you top me off
Would you top me off as I deepen a curtsy
While you yell out, "mercy"
We grow apart
Would you rip and cut me
Use a knife on me
Be shocked at the boldness
The coldness of this little heart
Tied up in leather
Would you take the measure
Of the blood that I pump
In the manic confusion of love
Supreme violation
Supreme violation
"Oh, ah, ah, ah Jack I beseech you"
"Oh Jack I beseech you"
Supreme violation
Blood in the foyer
The bathroom
The tea room
The kitchen, with her knives splayed
I will swallow your sharpest cutter
Like a colored man's dick
Blood spurting from me
"Oh Jack, Jack I beseech"
"Jack, I beseech you, I beseech"
In the end it was an ordinary heart
"Oh Jack I beseech you"
As I scream out my pain
In the end it was an ordinary heart
In the end, in the end, in the end
It was an ordinary heart
"Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack I beseech you"
Supreme violation . . . Oh
"Jack, Jack, Jack I beseech you"
I call out your name
Blood in the foyer, the bathroom,
The tea room, the kitchen
And knives splayed
I swallow your sharpest cutter
Like a colored man's dick

Blood spurting from me
Blood spurting from me
"Oh Jack"
"Oh Jack, I beseech ya"
In the end it was an ordinary heart
In the end it was an ordinary heart
Pumping blood

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