

# Blood

## Dispatch

One old man a ten hour day  
And not a dime to spare  
Playin' on his pawn shop horn  
And breathin' into the air  
I've got more coal to fire  
And another soul to feed  
Little old lady left the scene  
About an hour ago  
Her purse was filled  
All her silver unsold  
Little old lady had a mouth  
But nothing to say  
Despite her allegiances  
She has found a way

Even a bling squirrel needs a nut yea  
Do rebut that  
And if you open up your mouth  
You better shut that  
It's never ever gonna go away  
"I'm homeless, God bless, good day"  
Would that I were you  
Would I be free  
And would that you were me  
Would you burn or flee  
The blood is on your hands  
You've got it on your feet  
Your first is in the air  
And somewhere in between

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