

Blood

Charlie Simpson

Blood
Blood's on your hands
Blood is no good without a heart to move 'round
Blood
Blood's on your conscience
And it won't come off easy, so just take your time
For all of the days that you asked to keep me under
I never thought you would
Well I never knew what to say but you never listened anyway
My my, you told me that you tried
But looking at you now I think we know that that's a lie
Well oh no just walk away slow
I'm praying for the rain to come back
So long, we have to move on
The harvest was so weak we lost the cotton and the corn
A dry spell, no water in the well
And I am still so weak
From all of the tears I've weeped
Blood
Blood's on my hands
Blood is my treasure of which I must pay
Blood it's filled with deceit
Each time we meet and give ourselves away
Blood is on our hands
And all can do is just wait
For you to come round
And save me
Blood is on our hands
And all can do is just wait
For you to come round
Praying for the rain to come back
Blood is on your hands
And all can do is just wait
For you to come round
And I'm still so weak
And all I can do is weep

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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