When It Hits My Blood

John Vanderslice

I stole from my mother
To hock her TV
She locked herself in the bathroom
She locked herself away from meI'm not her son
When it hits my bloodI've never felt this good before,
I've never been at peace insidemy mother's a pill fiend
My girlfriend cut the rope, burned the sail
Step on it yourself, man
Drive down to fla. and bailwhen it hits my blood
I'm not her son
I'm the son of a flower that grows on afghani bluffI've never felt this good before,
I've never been at peace inside

Songwriters
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