

# 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 me I'm not her son  
When it hits my blood I've never felt this good before,  
I've never been at peace inside my mother's a pill fiend  
My girlfriend cut the rope, burned the sail  
Step on it yourself, man  
Drive down to fla. and bail when it hits my blood  
I'm not her son  
I'm the son of a flower that grows on afghani bluff I've never felt this good before,  
I've never been at peace inside

Songwriters  
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