

# Bloodshot

## Youngblood Brass Band

She walks to the mailbox each morning at nine  
Every day she begins, she's always one day behind  
At least when it comes to the mail  
She sits on the balcony paying the bills  
Her letters just hashing her cigarettes onto the sill  
Every breath a little more pale  
And the hill's still left to climb  
It's just so high and I'm so tired  
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes  
The clouds are all on fire  
It's just so high and I'm so tired  
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes  
The clouds are all on  
He sits in his basement from midnight 'til four  
Painting pictures that nobody sees from his days in the war  
The canvass is painted bright red, red  
He heats up the shower, he paces the hall  
He'll scrub for an hour or more but he won't get it all  
The paint in his fingernail beds  
The hill's still left to climb  
  
It's just so high and I'm so tired  
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes  
The clouds are all on fire  
It's just so high and I'm so tired  
Come on look up at the bloodshot sky  
The clouds are all on fire  
The clouds are all on fire  
The clouds are all on  
We wait in valleys while the clouds come in  
We see no shadows 'cause the shadows all there is  
And we climb and we climb!  
But it's just so high and I'm so tired  
Come on look me in my bloodshot eyes  
The clouds are all on fire  
It's just so high and I'm so tired  
Come on look up at the bloodshot sky  
The clouds are all on fire  
The clouds are all on fire

The clouds are all on, the clouds are all on fire  
The clouds are all on fire

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