

Colorbloods

Brooke Waggoner

One teaspoon of howlin' at the moon
Two cups full of morning gloom
A pinch of thought
My heart is wracked and rot
Gently blend, you wish that you had not
Oh you wish that you had not
you wish that you had not

Colorbloods, that's what we were
Sparkling ones, that's what we were

A half a pound of fever-lovin' bound
A single ounce of wiltin' in the ground
Salt from tears for heartache through your years
Mix and stir, you wish you would not fear
Oh you wish you would not fear
you wish you would not fear

Colorbloods, that's what we were
Sparkling ones, that's what we were

Colorbloods we were
Oh yeh, colorbloods we were