

I think about light, I think about lifting
That brick off your mind, it's making you ill.
I know it's not quite the custom in this country
But if you never try then you'll never know, no you won't.

Therefore you saw a pint somewhere in your forearm
Bleed the vein dry, fill up your bowl.
Head out in a hearse, set up like a circus
so it's sinister at first, but there's dancing girls

It's just me and my brother giving blood on the street tonight
We are not messiahs, ours is not the blood of christ
Don't think for a second what you want might never, might never
arrive.

So, so, don't be scared, don't be too shy, to give out your good blood.
Oh, drive round town with an idea, spilling your guts love.
and you know two shots do you want 'em in the first place?
Might just come your way in a shape you could not expect.

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We are not messiahs, ours is not the blood of christ
Don't think for a second what you want might never arrive.

It's just me and my brother giving blood on the streets
go go girls in the back seat
yeah we're drinking meat
We're thirsty like a murderer who's just been released
You should paint things red when you're this close to death
It's running in your veins and there's people in need