

Blood on Your Cool

Iggy Pop

Sun shinin' on my Rolls
Why living I don't know
Two-thirds habitual
One-third is ritual

How cool are the songs I sing
How cool is anything
Good sex, good shit, good sleep
I'm spyin'

That check was pretty big
I'll spend it pretty quick
My body's pretty shot
I'm dyin'

Everyday is a duel with the fool with the blood on your cool
Every night is a hee-hawing mule when there's blood on your cool
Everyone that you meet is a ghoulish when there's blood on your cool
Cruelty will be your school when there's blood on your cool
Blood of the cool

That check was pretty big
Grab gold and then grab more
Didn't have to look too far
I learned this from rock stars

Soul fights against the beast
Beast has a world for please
A world of cruelty
Doesn't do shit for free

Birds singing I am sad
Soul leaves but I'm not mad
Oh, fuck it, yes I am
It's either me or them

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Sun up, big see is blue
Not working how 'bout you?
Don't even fight the weather
That makes me feel better

Wide moon of memory
Big voice inside of me
Short time to live and die
Quick fading live of lies
I think about it when I get old
Payment for being bold

Might be a crown but still
I might get a fucking bill

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