

# Bloodshot Days

The Crookes

She wed,  
Heartache and apathy in her bed  
All the voices in her head scream "run away  
We hold no more for you these days"

They try,  
To come between us, just hold tight,  
Voices bleed into the night  
Now you're the one  
You are the one for burning lights

We'll find a better way to spend our time alone  
The streets all know

Drop to your knees they say for  
oh these hap to be such bloodshot days  
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Still lovers always say  
It pains my heart to stray

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