

## Blood On My Hands

Those Poor Bastards

Darlin', darlin', darlin'  
I got blood on my hands  
I hope it ain't from you  
I hope it ain't from you

Vultures circle around  
every place that I go  
I beat'em off with a stick  
I beat'em off with a stick

Sometimes my mind goes blank  
and I just can't think straight

I took up drinkin' whiskey  
'cause it made me feel sick  
it made me feel sick  
oh, it made me feel sick

Now it is the only thing I drink anymore  
drink anymore,  
oh, I drink anymore

I stole all the money  
I could fit in my pockets  
I stole it for you  
yeah, I stole it for you

Then I went to find you  
but you weren't around  
you weren't around  
oh, you weren't around

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