

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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