

Bad Blood Better

Bob Mould

Early cloudy Sunday morning
A somber letter I did write
To let you know the status of this
Alcoholic madness, we have landed hard

You deny that there's a problem
You left your hand print on my face
You sent an instant message
With the hardest of intentions

My will imposed on you
You flail and crack my skull
All thoughts flood to the floor
Bad blood better no blood at all

Used me up without permission
The taste of last night's sex in my mouth
My breath is blood and sweat
Choking like a tourniquet

Soulless feeling deep desire
Destructive answer and call
Break me break me over and over
Bad blood better no blood at all

Fucked up in my own head
Cross myself and hope to God I die happy
Making my escape as quiet as I can
I'm leaving you now

I contemplate the situation
And pray for change upon my fate
Something tells me it ain't changing