

# Blood

Charlie Simpson

Blood  
Blood's on your hands  
Blood is no good without a heart to move 'round  
Blood  
Blood's on your conscience  
And it won't come off easy, so just take your time

For all of the days that you asked to keep me under  
I never thought you would  
Well I never knew what to say but you never listened anyway

My my, you told me that you tried  
But looking at you now I think we know that that's a lie  
Well oh no just walk away slow  
I'm praying for the rain to come back  
So long, we have to move on  
The harvest was so weak we lost the cotton and the corn  
A dry spell, no water in the well  
And I am still so weak  
From all of the tears I've weeped

Blood  
Blood's on my hands  
Blood is my treasure of which I must pay  
Blood it's filled with deceit  
Each time we meet and give ourselves away

Blood is on our hands  
And all can do is just wait  
For you to come round  
And save me

Blood is on our hands  
And all can do is just wait  
For you to come round  
Praying for the rain to come back

Blood is on your hands  
And all can do is just wait  
For you to come round  
And I'm still so weak  
And all I can do is weep