

# Bad Blood

Herman Brood

People come & go  
Broken hearted  
O.D. on poison  
Take a dry dive  
Get loaded on smack  
& locked up in the john  
For the rest of their life

Businessman gonna keep on pushin'  
For good ol' green back dollar bill  
Mama's doin' the black cat walk  
& daddy's poppin himself  
Right over the hill

Too much grass & y're prone to gas  
See you on the corner of needle avenue  
You better take a good look  
Down this road  
See if it's bright enough for you  
Bad Blood

You can pretend everythin's cool  
Even force some winky kinda smile  
Don't wanna see the tears in y'r eyes  
Since y're gonna find out  
I'll be gone for a while  
Bad Blood

Competition is the name of the game  
Gotta clean out my system  
Do the milkcow cure  
Hide out in the jungle  
Gotta be pure

Peter is a poet  
Shootin' jivetalk all over the sidewalk  
Ain't no big money for Pete  
At the corner of the street  
Bad Blood  
Peter is a poet up to his neck in the shit  
It ain't no use to strike if you can't hit

Gonna puke cause I wanna be pure  
Blood on the tracks  
Grinnin' straight faced  
Ssssteps you in the back  
Bad Blood  
Don't fear the devil  
Ain't gonna beg for a place in heaven  
Messin' with the best in me  
Squeezin' the soul right out of me  
Bad Blood

Too much grass & y're prone to gas  
See you on the corner of needle avenue  
You better take a good look  
Down this road

See if it's bright enough for you  
Bad Blood