

Drunk On The Blood

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster

Fingers aren't fingers, but I've got my plan
Mind's like an ocean, and there's no solution
I don't like drinking but that's what I do
I don't like my life but that's what I do

I sweat, I have fevers, and in the night terror
Error I've stolen them from my own mother
Pressure, I'm popping the pills from the doctor
Numbness is numbness is numbness to me

If only I could see, the way back to my youth
If only I could be, back on the road truth
If only I could see, the way back to my youth

Darling my darling, now what should I do
No love from my father, because I'm the daughter
Didn't choose this life but this life chose me
Feel uninvited and now I can't leave

I feel like a flower in eternal winter
Wish I could drown in this foul tasting bitter
Drunk on the blood
Forty days and nights knowing
Red is the only colour that I see

If only I could see, the way back to my youth
If only I could be, back on the road truth
If only I could see, the way back to my youth

Sinking
Goodbye
If I breathe
I'll die

Sinking (sinking)
Goodbye (good bye)
If I breathe (if I breathe)
I'll die

If only I could see, the way back to my youth
If only I could be, back on the road truth
If only I could see, the way back to my youth, my youth