

# Criminal

## The Winery Dogs

Somebody planted the seed of love  
But the vines are killin' me.  
Make you feel so good to know  
But it's bad, bad, bad...

I guess by now I should know the score  
It's like somebody put some voodoo on me.  
And I don't want it in my head.  
I can't take it no more.

I feel like a wanted man.  
I'm not a criminal.  
You've got me in your hands.  
And I got nothin' at all.

You've got me believin'  
You're someone I'm needin'  
But I'm a brick in your wall.  
And I'm in your hands  
And I'm runnin'  
Got me runnin' like a criminal.

I'm on the streets in the dead of night.  
I'm wakin' up in the woods.  
I'm feelin' dirty inside my soul.  
I need somebody who can help me come clean.

I'm at the border down by Mexico.  
I don't know which way I should turn to next.  
Should I give it up?  
Should I take it all the way?  
All the way down down down down?

I feel like a wanted man.  
I'm not a criminal.  
You've got me in your hands.  
And I got nothin' at all.

You've got me believin'  
You're someone I'm needin'  
But I'm a brick in your wall.  
You got me in your hands  
And I'm runnin'  
You got me runnin' like a criminal.

I'm a broken man that maybe be fated  
And I don't know the time I'm facin'.  
And the line is off my dime is up and I'm facin'  
Facin' the devil.  
I gotta leave it all behind...

I feel like a wanted man.  
I'm not a criminal.  
You've got me in your hands.  
And I got nothin' at all.

You've got me believin'

You're someone I'm needin'  
But I'm a brick in your wall.  
You got me in your hands.  
Oh and it's criminal.