

The Sundays, Blood On My Hands

When people say it's sad
You know it can't be bad
And on any other day I'd be soul destroyed
But now I can't afford to listen to a word they say
And of all the times we had
Oh the ultimate late night
Didn't taste right

True words that I should know
Blood on my hands
When you looked around I couldn't be found
A crime's a crime, I'll have to pay

Now I find that I'm thigh deep
Too young for the worst of my mind
You whispered behind me
"If I may make so bold"
Call it young and wild
But I ran a mile in a minute and there's no going back

True words that I should know
Blood on my hands
When you looked around I couldn't be found
A crime's a crime, I'll have to pay

True words I said to myself
As the wind chilled my bones
"Home alone, you call that a late night?"

When people say you're dead
You know you caught their eye
And on any other day I'd be soul destroyed
But that's just not the way now
I don't mind telling you
Nothing is quite what it seems

True words that I should know
Must have been blood on my hands
When you look around I couldn't be found
A crime's a crime but I don't mind
True words that I should know well
But surely by now I could say to myself
"The days are getting longer so I better get stronger fast"
Surely by now?