

# 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?