

Blind Willie McTell

"You Owe Us Blood"

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Slide
Burn
Everybody
Come to the dance floor
Carry on to the fire-match
Come to the chocker's game
Burn
Tied up on comebacks to tun again
The Future may not be bleak enough
Tied up on western welfare
Tied up on waking to burn
Burn, burn
Tie you up by your sore
Standing up, you slide
The Evil burn spreads love
Standing up, you slide
Hidden in the ghost of the slash
Then comes the ghost in you
Locked in comic novels shows
Tied up on leaking to burn
You owe us blood
'Cause you still have it
Well, everybody
Come dance to the brim
Have a go into the deep
Now, in your sleep
From the cup where shortcuts are dying
Go, into the deep
Drink, soak up your sleep
About now we'll glaze over life
Tie you up by your sore
Standing up, you slide
The Evil burn spreads love
Standing up, you slide
The Evil Burn spreads love
Standing up, you slide.

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