

Bloodsimple

"Whiskey Bent And Hellbound"

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Lookin' out upon the highway, already 250 miles gone.
I take my first taste of freedom and I've never felt so
alive. Yeah.

And out of the corner of my eye I see a woman,
Well she was more radiant than I ever could have
imagined.
And she was singing: "what's wrong with you!"

What is the problem with drinking whiskey and smoking
weed.
Live within the system, if you don't like it then fucking
leave.

Well get me back, get me back on the road.
I met the devil and I sold my soul.
'Cause everything and everyone is old. (hey hey hey)
I cut my lung out, I need a fix.
You're my puzzle and my pieces fit
'Cause everything and everyone is old. (hey hey hey)
The nights in the desert paint pictures that aren't
always what they seem.
The dust kicking up all around, it makes this shit come
on like a whirl wind.
And she stands up on the hood of my car
And she screams to all my team and says:
"MURDERER!"

I wanna see chaos, wanna see victims be one with the
pain.
The power of our redemption supresses the memories
of tragedy.

Oh, give me what I need.
Let me drift away.

Where are the troubles, all my troubles are so far away.

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You're my puzzle and my pieces fit
'Cause everything and everyone is old. (hey hey hey)
Everyone is so compromised, that they will never be
(the chosen ones)

You all feel like you've been put down. You've all been
fuckin' compromised. You've all been sold. Your soul is
ruined.

How does it feel to be numbered? And to be one in a
million? Just another statistic in failure.

Once again you are compromised, enslaved, spineless.
Cut off from something else, someone else. Living off
somebody else's dream. Somebody else's hard work.
The one that compromised.

How does it feel? How does it feel to be numbered?

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