

John Vanderslice

"When It Hits My Blood"

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I stole from my mother
To hock her TV
She locked herself in the bathroom
She locked herself away from me

I'm not her son
When it hits my blood
I've never felt this good before
I've never been at peace inside

My mother's a pill fiend
My girlfriend cut the rope, burned the sail
Step on it yourself, man
Drive down to FLA and bail

When it hits my blood, I'm not her son
I'm the son of a flower that grows on Afghani bluff
I've never felt this good before
I've never been at peace inside, inside

When it hits my blood, I'm not her son
I'm the son of a flower that grows on Afghani bluff
Never felt this good before
Never been at peace inside, inside

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