

Keren Ann

"Blood On My Hands"

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I was the darling no one could defeat
Grand hotel suites were my home
Men at my feet, limousines in the street
First class to Paris and Rome

He walked unannounced through my dressing room
door
And then from a case, if you will
He pulled out a Winchester pre-64
And said, "Are you ready to kill?"

Then there was blood on my shoes
There was blood on my makeup
There was blood on the ceiling
There was blood on the piano

There was blood on my microphone
There was blood on my fans
There was blood in my whiskey
Now there's blood on my hands

So I went on the run to win nobody's heart
Got into a terrible fix
He was tall, unattractive and living apart
But he carried a .30-06

Then there was blood on my shoes
There was blood on my makeup
There was blood on the ceiling
There was blood on the piano

There was blood on the bartender
There was blood on the band
There was blood in my whiskey
Now there's blood on my hands

Now there is blood on my shoes
There is blood on my makeup
There is blood on the ceiling
There is blood on the piano

There is blood on my microphone

There is blood on my fans
There is blood in my whiskey
And there's blood on my hands

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