

Metallica

"Pumping Blood"

Visit "[Pumping Blood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"If I pump out blood in the sunshine
Oil on the wheel
That is blasted and busted away

A nail or a little piece of glass
A little piece of glass
A little piece of glass
Swarming like bees over the air
Off the pump off the thing
The blood that I'm pumping away

Like bees over the air
Off the pump
Off the thing
The blood that I'm pumping away

Off the pump
Off the thing
The blood that I'm pumping away

If I pump blood in the sunshine
And you wear a leather box with azaleas
And I pump more blood
And it seeps through my skin
Will you adore the river
The stream, the trickle
The tributary of my heart

As I pump more blood
And it seeps through my skin

Will you adore the river
The stream, the trickle
The tributary of my heart

If I'm pumping blood
Like a common state worker
If I waggle my ass like a dark prostitute
Would you think less of me

And my coagulating heart

Waggle my ass like a dark prostitute
Coagulating heart
Pumping blood

Would you top me off
Would you top me off as I deepen a curtsy
While you yell out, "mercy"
We grow apart
Would you rip and cut me

Use a knife on me

Be shocked at the boldness
The coldness of this little heart
Tied up in leather
Would you take the measure
Of the blood that I pump
In the manic confusion of love

Supreme violation
Supreme violation
"Oh, ah, ah, ah Jack I beseech you"

"Oh Jack I beseech you"
Supreme violation

Blood in the foyer
The bathroom
The tea room
The kitchen, with her knives splayed

I will swallow your sharpest cutter
Like a colored man's dick

Blood spurting from me
"Oh Jack, Jack I beseech..."
"Jack, I beseech you, I beseech..."
In the end it was an ordinary heart

"Oh Jack I beseech you"
As I scream out my pain
In the end it was an ordinary heart

In the end, in the end, in the end
It was an ordinary heart

"Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack I beseech you"
Supreme violation... Oh

"Jack, Jack, Jack I beseech you"
I call out your name

Blood in the foyer, the bathroom,
The tea room, the kitchen
And knives splayed
I swallow your sharpest cutter
Like a colored man's dick
Blood spurting from me
Blood spurting from me

"Oh Jack"

"Oh Jack, I beseech ya"
In the end it was an ordinary heart

In the end it was an ordinary heart
Pumping blood"

Visit [Metallica](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.