

Michael Johnson

"Cain's Blood"

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Half of my blood is Cain's blood, half of my blood is
Abel
One eye looks to heaven and one eye looks for trouble

Sweet mother, she sang in the Sunday choir
On her head was a halo, she spoke brimstone and fire
Daddy lived by the bottle, Daddy died by the barn
Well he froze one night, Mama said serves him right
The devil can keep him warm

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One eye looks to heaven and one eye looks for trouble

Guess I always saw myself as a simple man
There's a man in the mirror I don't understand

Everyday I fight it but I know down deep
It's the secrets I've been keeping rising from their sleep

Now that you know me, do you still need me
Or just half the man
Deep in the darkness, do you still see the light
Will you take me as I am

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