

## Brooke Waggoner

### "Colorbloods"

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One teaspoon of howlin' at the moon  
Two cups full of morning gloom  
A pinch of thought  
My heart is wracked and rot  
Gently blend, you wish that you had not  
Oh you wish that you had not  
You wish that you had not

Colorbloods, that's what we were  
Sparkling ones, that what we were

A half a pound of fever-lovin' bound  
A single ounce of wiltin' in the ground  
Salt from tears for heartache through your years  
Mix and stir, you wish you would not fear  
Oh you wish you would not fear  
You wish you would not fear

Colorbloods, that's what we were  
Sparkling ones, that what we were

Colorbloods we were  
Oh yeah, colorbloods we were

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