

King Blues, The "Blood on My Hands"

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

'You're listening to the sound of The King Blues
The conscious rude boy ska from London town
So get up off your seat for the baddest sound around.
Hey.'

The job centre is handing out bullet proof vests,
For years you've been telling me
I'm trouble making scum, now I can be the best.
Well, if you love England with all your heart,
she'll take you to the grave.
If I can truly be the best then I'll never be your slave.

But I won't give my life away
To a government that oppressed me.
No, I won't have blood on my hands
For the sake of the economy.

But I won't give my life away
To a government that oppressed me.
No, I won't have blood on my hands
For the state of the economy.

Everyday the same, all of them-ah newspapers they
read,
I see them pushing racism and difference of creed.
They try to claim that they are fightin' for God.
Re-write all them school books saying that oil is thicker
then blood.

But I won't give my life away
To a government that oppressed me.
No, I won't have blood on my hands
For the sake of the economy.

But I won't give my life away
To a government that oppressed me.
No, I won't have blood on my hands
For the state of the economy.

