

Bad Blood

Babybird

Touch thumbs and it becomes, two bright suns in the same sky.

Bad blood lighting the flood with red dye, spreading so slowly over God's eyes.

And it never dries it keeps on going, never slowing, 'til it's showing in every multiplex across the country (kiss your country).*

Bad blood's everywhere, it's in the flex of ten fingers,

like the singers on the Larry Grayson show.

It'll run and run like red snow, until the world blows, splitting LCD's into pop songs that put the atom back where it came from.

Bad blood, what's wrong with the bridge from here to Hong Kong,
with the bridge from here to Hong Kong,
with the bridge from here to Hong Kong?

Bad blood, bad blood, bad blood. Bad blood, bad blood, bad blood.

Tom X steals a million wheels, to cut paddy fields into big deals,
like boiled onions and jellied eels,
gets the country onto an even keel.

Bad blood like love is a good feel with an asbestos glove run along the thigh containing bad blood.
Cries out for love because all you believe in is love.
Cries out for love because all you believe in is love.

Bad blood in a white dove flies way above the shovel and spade.
I'm not afraid of bad blood.

Bad blood buried in the ground like a sound you'll never hear again.
Bad blood in your ink pen writes the words 'not now but when?'

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