

# Bloodtype

Coin

Baby I was born in the USA  
But I didn't start the fire  
Spent a lot of time keeping fear at bay  
But I'm not blaming Jesus Christ  
But I don't even know my own blood type

Little bit of love at seventeen  
Been downhill ever since  
You better watch your mouth  
When you're talking to me  
Because it goes in the back of my head  
And I won't even look you in the eyes  
I don't even know my own blood type

Made a few friends in Tennessee  
But I'll die in West Virginia  
Convince myself I'm a communist  
But I take and I take  
And I take you for granted  
Cleaning corners of my mind  
But I don't even know my own blood type

You see straight through crooked lines  
Of hotel keys and sugar highs  
You cut right to the truth

Hold me down with common sense  
Christmas trees and chain link fences  
You cut right to the truth  
You're slowly getting through