

# Too Rich For My Blood

Patricia Barber

I've got a brain that's black and blue  
a waking state that feels like slumber  
can't find guitars that scream like you  
a raw desire that pulls me under  
This is too rich for my blood

Inside the cold of small success  
the chilling glare of younger failure  
a stranger turns away the rest  
and finds in me a well-worn savior  
This is too rich for my blood

A heart that's torn, a sun still shines  
a broken man finds strength to labor  
a memory that's past it's prime  
will burn my frozen nights forever  
This is too rich for my blood