

Blood Money

The Church

Blind with dollars
Mined in salt
And you pay for everything in cold, hard cash
Better read through the fine print, you sift through the ash

In the hand, blood money
In the sand, blood money

She's worth the ransom
He says, "Do you accept my card
Or can I pay for it now in cold, hard cash?"
I'm priceless, you're worthless, but it's not a bad match
And I know you understand it's blood money
There's such a big demand for blood money
A hundred and fifty grand, blood money
It's flowing under the land like blood money

He's worth the ransom
She says, "Why can't you get hot?"
Because you pay for this now in cold, hard cash
You make the front page, I'm gonna bring back the lash
Then I know you'll understand it's blood money
There's such a big demand for blood money
A hundred and fifty grand, blood money
It's flowing under the land like blood money