

# Gimme Some Blood

The Struts

I gotta wicked tongue that's like a storm in rage  
And my heart's always said I had balls bigger than my brains, my brains  
I had a lot of dreams walking down these streets  
But ambition never said I had shoes bigger than my feet, my feet

Angel wings, romantic swings  
Coffee cups and OK magazines  
But baby, I need more

Doctor, gimme some blood  
I'm all out of love  
You gotta help me out  
Sister, give me some medicine  
I've been a gentleman  
Gotta help me out

So I'm dealing all my business up on Primrose Hill  
Money is my weapon and my bullets are dressing to kill, yeah I kill 'em babe  
Been cutting all my profits on the tabletop  
Turning on the tap but the water never stops flowing, where the hell am I going?

Silhouettes, TV sets  
Looking like a young, starved suffragette  
But baby, I need more

Doctor, gimme some blood  
I'm all out of love  
You gotta help me out  
Sister, give me some medicine  
I've been a gentleman  
Gotta help me out

My bloody knuckles are swinging in my self defense (In my self defense)  
Life sometimes is a big joke and I laugh at my expense (Laugh at my expense)  
You can write it on a napkin in a cocktail bar  
I can walk you back to Heaven but it's just too far  
Here it comes, the rain and sun  
The what I was and what I have become, yeah

Doctor, gimme some blood  
I'm all out of love  
You gotta help me out (You know I'm not alright)  
Sister, give me some medicine  
I've been a gentleman  
Gotta help me out (Gimme, gimme, baby, baby)

You gotta help me (Everyone needs time)  
Help me (But I ain't got enough to give it)  
You gotta help me out (You gotta help me out)  
You gotta help me (Everyone needs time)  
Help me (But I ain't got enough to give it)  
You gotta help me out (You gotta help me out)  
You gotta help me  
Help me  
You gotta help me out  
You gotta help me

Help me  
You gotta help me out