

Cold Damn Vampires

Zach Bryan

Them damn cold vampires been keeping me awake
Tryna build an empire off things that they can take
But don't let 'em steal your hope, child, and turn it something green
Damn you and damn all your ties to this machine
Your ties to this machine

You moved to the city, girl, to make something of yourself
But them vampires are groping you every night on East and 12th
So every night you carry a knife and some spray
To keep them bloodsuckers at least a four-inch blade away
A four-inch blade away

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So you wanna be an artist, make something that makes sense
'Cause them vampires will take every ounce of the blood that you can give
Never let 'em speak and don't let 'em tell a lie
Let 'em know that you're walking alone to a warm home tonight

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But there's hope for the mortal, to stay clear and stay true
So look out for the vampires, that are on the hunt for you
Cause they're on the hunt for you

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