

# Band Of Annuals, Blood On My Shirt

Well, I don't know how I ever got here  
Leanin' against this wall  
A blindfold stretched from ear to ear  
as I hear her yell out the call,

"Boys steady your rifles high,  
and use a steady eye.  
Put that bullet right through his heart  
Let his soul watch him die."

And if the whiskey don't kill me,  
I bet that my heart did.

A series of bangs and a lot of smoke  
left me lying in the dirt.  
Booze on my breath and blood on my shirt  
but for some reason it didn't hurt.

I knew right then that they had missed,  
but they shot me in the chest.  
Had no conclusions, no not one guess  
for the marksmen were the best.

If the whiskey don't kill me,  
I bet that my heart did.

Then they left me thinking that I had died,  
Lying there on my side.  
Giving your heart - it is suicide,  
But this time, it kept me alive.

So she stole my heart and rode away.  
That's how the story goes.  
She still has it to this day,  
But I still don't think she knows.

And if the whiskey don't kill me,  
I bet that my heart did.