

# John Hiatt, The Trouble With Blood

I heard this poor town --'s daddy ---  
like he was just some kind of crazy old fool  
Maybe he is, maybe he ain't - hey, I don't know  
But I know that boy loves his daddy  
just about as much as he can stand  
Cruel words get spoken and hearts get broken  
It's hard to understand  
That's the trouble with blood, your sons and your daughters  
That's the trouble with blood, it's thicker than water

I heard his mama screaming at her daughter the other day  
that she wished she'd never been born  
All those tears welling up in both of their eyes  
You know that mama never had more joy  
than when that baby come into this world  
The pain and the sorrow will be there tomorrow  
It's hard to understand  
That's the trouble with blood, your mothers and fathers  
That's the trouble with blood, it's thicker than water  
You can't wash it out, no, no  
You can curse it you can swear it  
That's the trouble with blood, you just gotta wear it  
It's hard to understand...etc