

John Miles, Bad Blood

You're a stranger in this town where do you come from,
Tell me what's your plan.
You've been on the road you can't remember how long,
You're a lonely man.

Now you can't find what you always thought was easy,
And in my mind you found out too late believe me,
'Cause you got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You better get out of here.

So tomorrow one more town is far behind you,
You could use a friend.
But it won't take long before someone reminds you,
And it starts again.

It was so sad like so many other places,
You would be glad just to hide away the traces,
'Cause you got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You better get out of here.

You got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You better get out of here.

Tell me now I've said these things I should be sorry,
I can't take the blame.
And my best friend as a child still makes me worry,
When I hear your name.

But you can't stay, you can't lose your reputation.
What can I say in a different situation?
'Cause you got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You got bad blood,
You better get out of here.