

The Church, Blood Money

Blind with dollars,
Bought and sold.
And you pay for everything in cold, hard cash.
Better read through the fine print, you sift through the ash.
In the hand, blood money.
In the sand, blood money.
She's worth the ransom.
He says, "Do you accept my card,
Or can I pay for it now in cold, hard cash?"
I'm priceless, you're worthless, but it's not a bad match.
And I know you understand, it's blood money.
There's such a big demand, for blood money.
A hundred and fifty grand, blood money.
It's flowing under the land, like blood money.
He's worth the ransom.
She says, "Why can't you get hot?"
Because you pay for this now in cold, hard cash.
You make the front page, I'm gonna bring back the lash.
Then I know you'll understand, it's blood money.
There's such a big demand, for blood money.
A hundred and fifty grand, blood money.
It's flowing under the land, like blood money.