

# Wednesday 13, Too Much Blood

I've got a shotgun  
A bottle of Jack  
Going to hell and I ain't ever coming back  
Last call for alcohol  
I'll tell you when I'm done  
Wanted in ten states  
A motherfucker on the run  
Now let's go

So tell me when did drinking become a crime  
Your whining and complaining  
Is cutting into my drinking time

I've got too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my alcohol system

I'm whisky bent and I'm feeling fine  
Well, I've been up and down  
It happens every time  
Broken bottles don't mend broken hearts  
Home wrecker 101  
Now where do we start  
Now let's go

So tell me when did drinking become a crime  
Your whining and complaining  
Is cutting into my drinking time

I've got too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my  
Too much blood in my alcohol system

On your mark  
Get ready and  
Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink

So tell me when did drinking become a crime  
Your whining and complaining  
Is cutting into my drinking time

I've got too much blood in my  
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