

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
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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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