

A Bowl Collecting Blood
Emmy the Great

It s almost there, enjoy.

D **Bm**
Home is where I thought I was,
G
I must have been asleep,
A **D**
I saw you picking fists of red and green,
Bm
And some of them you keep,
G
And some you throw away,
G
You always were a waste,
A
You take more than you need.

D
Now I m,
Bm
Afraid to close my eyes,
G
The air is full of ice,
A **D**
Reminds me of the winter in your smile.
Bm
You looked for what was his,
G
Took what he would give,
G
Played til you were tired,
A
And when you d had enough,

G **A**
You threw him out in the cold like a hair coming off of a brush,
D **Bm**
When you were finished you know he was nobody else s to love,
G **A**
And I remember he told me every time you touched,

Your skin was like a bowl collecting blood.

D
I know he s gone,
Bm

I know he went away,

G

I know he couldn't take,

A

D

The sight of all those bodies in your wake.

Bm

You're pretty like a snake,

G

You're pretty like the ground,

cause once you pull them in,

A

You know they're never coming out,

So shake another hip,

D

And then you take another scalp.

G

A

And they go out in the cold like a hair coming off of a brush,

D

Bm

When you were finished you know he was nobody else's to love,

G

A

And I remember he told me every time you touched,

D

Your skin was like a bowl collecting blood.