

**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.