

Bad Veins

Woodbox Gang

Band: Woodbox Gang

Album: Drunk As Dragons

Bad Veins

VERSE 1

G#m B G#m

I don t have matching socks

G#m B G#m

I don t have a door that locks

G#m B

I live in cardboard box

G#m B

Sell a pint of blood for fifteen bucks

G#m B G#m

That s how a bum like me can get a drink

When the monsoon season came I escaped the rain

I hitched a ride on a railroad train

Well I went into that Illinois blood bank

Doctor said, "Son you ve got bad veins".

Now, how s a bum like me gonna get a drink?

It s like a brain surgeon who s gone insane

A one eyed assassin with bad aim

How in the hell is a bum like me supposed to get a drink

When the doctor says, "Son you ve got bad veins".

CHORUS

G#m B

You ve got bad veins (You ve got bad veins)

VERSE 2

Well I know my old veins may not be the best

You can slit my wrist over a bucket leave me the excess

I don t care if you stick a sump pump right through my chest

Give me the money I ll clean up the mess

And then a bum like me can get a drink

It s like a porn queen dying of AIDS

A Romeo telling Juliet he s gay

How in the hell is a bum like me supposed to get a drink

When the doctor says, "Son you ve got bad veins".

VERSE 3

Now I m broke and sober and I feel the pain

Of all the blood returning to my brain
My blood alcohol content is normal again
Good blood flowing through bad veins
But how s a bum like me gonna get a drink

It s like all of Jesus disciples cursing his name
All except for Judas who holds his head in shame
How in the hell is a bum like me supposed to get a drink
When the doctor says, "Son you ve got bad veins"•