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, â€œSon you ve got bad veinsâ€•
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, â€œSon you ve got bad veinsâ€•

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, â€œSon you ve got bad veinsâ€•

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, â€œSon you ve got bad veinsâ€•