

John Hiatt, The Trouble With Blood

I heard this poor town --'s daddy ---
like he was just some kind of crazy old fool
Maybe he is, maybe he ain't - hey, I don't know
But I know that boy loves his daddy
just about as much as he can stand
Cruel words get spoken and hearts get broken
It's hard to understand
That's the trouble with blood, your sons and your daughters
That's the trouble with blood, it's thicker than water

I heard his mama screaming at her daughter the other day
that she wished she'd never been born
All those tears welling up in both of their eyes
You know that mama never had more joy
than when that baby come into this world
The pain and the sorrow will be there tomorrow
It's hard to understand
That's the trouble with blood, your mothers and fathers
That's the trouble with blood, it's thicker than water
You can't wash it out, no, no
You can curse it you can swear it
That's the trouble with blood, you just gotta wear it
It's hard to understand...etc