

# Blood on the Windshield

Glenn Campbell

Song #11

Moth er Moon rose twice on a South-ern night. She would swear to God what she  
saw al - right was the Doug las boy. Can't trust those eyes. 'Cause the  
sher iff said noth in' hap pened here Nos-y Nel-lie needs to know. It's a sim ple case of  
know-in' your place when the broth ers need to show there ain't no crime. He got  
blood on the wind - shield. Blood on the wheel. Blood on your hands, now  
how does it feel when all you can get is what you can steal, in bed with the Dev - il,  
mak in' a deal. Got a hel - ping hand from the Ku Klux Klan when both  
Earl and Dave from the feed lot store came a - round just to chat, all friend - ly like.  
Say in' no one here has ev-er took ex - cep - tion to the Doug-las fam - i - ly. If the  
youn ger mem-ber hit a lit-tle bump on his dad-dy's prop - er - ty, it's black and white:

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\_\_\_\_\_ There was-n't blood on the wind - shield. \_\_\_\_\_ Blood on the wheel.




<sup>51</sup> Blood on your hands, and blood in that field and blood in your hair and how does it feel? In



bed with the Dev-il, \_\_\_\_\_ mak in' a deal. \_\_\_\_\_ If I had a way I'd leave this town. There's a



dark-ness lur-king all a - round. Af-ter fif - ty years you'd re-al - ize for jus-tice here, you



close your eyes. \_\_\_\_\_ Moth er Moon rose twice on a South ern night, but she's not sure now in the



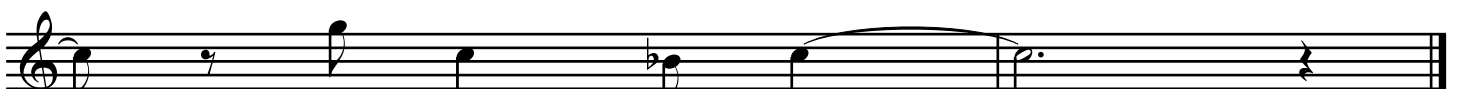
dark day - light, 'cause the sher-iff said no thin' happened here, and the law should know who would



dis-ap - pear. If there ain't no bod-y, there \_\_\_\_\_ ain't no crime. So there ain't no bod-y to \_\_\_\_\_



blame that time he got blood on the wind - shield. \_\_\_\_\_ Blood on the wind - shield. \_\_\_\_\_



\_\_\_\_\_ Blood on the wheel. \_\_\_\_\_