Cup ‘O Blood Man

By
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Throw another log on the fire
‘Cause I need the light a little higher,
For this story I’m about to tell
Needs fire light to tell it well.
Somethin happened in these woods
That I’d forget if I could,
But since we’re here I’ll tell you
‘Bout Cup ‘O Blood Man—and it’s true!
There was a man camped near here
Who didn’t listen—he had no fear.
He walked around with no shoes
And mosquito net he never used.
Late one night the bugs were bad
He had more bites than he ever had.
His blood drained out; he went white!
He died on the spot from those bug bites.
The air turned cold and fog rolled in
And that’s when things changed again.
The dead man’s heart began to beat.
He got right up! Stood on his feet!
He craved blood like mosquitoes do
And that is why I’m warning you
If you feel a prick on your skin
It’s Cup ‘O Blood man a diggin in!
Drops of blood go in his cup
He raises it high and turns it up.
He drinks that blood, don’t you see?
He lives his life through you and me!
Each drop of blood makes him strong.
Sometimes he drinks all night long.
So if you sleep or go get some air,
Cup ‘O Blood Man just may be there.
Drops of blood give him power;
He’s always walkin at midnight hour.
Listen now for his footsteps
And if you sense somethin wet
Dripping down your back bone
Old Cup ‘O Blood is takin a loan!
He takes some blood from you and me
To keep himself a walkin you see.
If he stops he can’t stand up
He needs that blood drippin in his cup.
So watch yourself and your friends,
And if you feel a prick on your skin
Scream out loud, “Cup ‘O Blood Man!”
Move toward the fire fast as you can.
That blood sucker can’t take the heat.
He drinks blood and likes ice to eat.
So in the night if you hear a thud,
It just may be Old Cup ‘O Blood!