

Bangkok

Sacred Cowboys

"gotcha!""hey sucker let me outa here!"

"hey, man!"Bangkok on a sunny day

The rain has washed the blood away

Thousand of veins left in the streets

But I can't wash away the red points

On the sheets of the hotels

And the cheap rooms

Of the cheap whores

Under palm trees

Under palm treesMy brain is running in circles now

I gotta cure the pain somehow

There's a coloured cloud in front of sun

And a face is trying to cheat me

And to take away the funAnd the killer troupes of the dea

Have just brought my friend away

In the stuff that dreams are made ofIn the stuff that dreams are made of

Stuff that dreams are made of

Hey, hey, hey!Stuff that dreams are made of

Stuff that dreams are made of

Hey, hey, hey!

Stuff

Stuff that dreams

Are made of...

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