Black Rose

Volbeat

Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count alongFeeling rich, feeling poor, feeling nothing more
Self destructive on a rollercoaster fireball
Cut her tongue, don't believe a word she says
She's on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking miseryLeft my heart on the shelf for way too long
Sick and tired, picking up from the dirty floor
I saw the line of snakes that came to meSo innocent were the days
The taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and youNo more broken dreams I feel like a loaded gun
Spitting bullets at your armor of mind control
Cut her tongue, don't believe a word she says
She's on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking miseryCannot think, cannot talk, cannot do it right
Can't call the doctor, he's as sick as you and I
I saw the line of snakes that came to meSo innocent were the days
The taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you oh oh ohSo innocent were the days
The taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you oh oh ohCounting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends count alongCounting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over that thing called loveSo innocent were the days, the taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and youSo innocent were the days, the taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you
(Oh oh oh oh)Please let it grow, where it belongs
There in the dark where the shadows are born
Leave it alone
I'm sure it will find its way to redeem and blossom
'Cause I know, the black rose will find its home

Songwriters
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