40 Days 40 Fights

Badly Drawn Boy

You look a lot, lot better tonight
You and I should go out for a fight
We need a holiday
But not today, another dayYou need eyes in the front of your head
And a spine with a built in bed
I don't want anybody else to know
So I won't be telling them
I love you, for all the things you do
But I can't even recall your name
Something beautiful about it thoughWell good luck to your lady tonight
I took a piece of her heart, well not quite
She stole a piece of mine
Chewed it up and threw it back
I need help to get over pain
But the memories still remainI loved her friendly eyes
The way they looked at each other
It moves me to tears, like a horror film
And I don't even recall her name
There's something beautiful about it thoughNow there's a good, good feeling tonight
Just a feeling that something is right
We can minimalize the pain
Forget that is was ever thereLook at all the possibles
Throw answers out to the world
Its hard, its hard, its hard
Its hard, its hard, its hard
Its hard when you don't know how
But I'll be here to throw you some clues
Don't even have to know your nameSomething beautiful about it though
Forty days and forty fights
Forty days and forty fights

Songwriters
Gough, Damon MichaelPublished by
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