

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 day You 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 though Well 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 remain I 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 though Now there's a good, good feeling tonight

Just a feeling that something is right
We can minimize the pain

Forget that is was ever there Look 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 name Something beautiful about it though

Forty days and forty fights
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