

Efils' God

Eels

Efil's good and the time is right
I'll bundle up and slip away
The count is down and the drip is up
It's time to split this hunk of clay Now you can bring back my suitcase
But you can't bring me
And you can have all the money
'Cause you say that you must
But if you think that it matters
Take a look at me
And don't close your eyes as I turn into dust Efil's good Don't tell me that I can't do this
As if you knew
But you don't know
How Efil's good

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