

40 Days

Emil Bulls

Yeah check one two ... now I've got the clue baby ... let's dance
This garden was full of boxes filled with my
favourite toys

I never felt remorse when I provoked the winds that blew them all away

I'm creeping on all fours again I'm begging for rain

To wash all my sins away...crosscountryNow it's time to use my brain because

For fourty days I was caught in a room without a view

My head's spinning around from all my dirty thoughts real filthy thoughtsI wanted to find peace of mind
but all I got was hate and self deception

In the prime of life the dead of winter has arrived

I'm feeling fagged shagged and fashed

Come on treat me with a little love

You know I like it hard and dirtyThis garden was full of people

I should have kissed but know it's too late

The wind blew them far away crosscountry

that's the end of the line god bless and happy drinkin

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