

# Bellyache

## Echobelly

Impotence, the price of a dark affair

It's more than a bellyache

There's something alive in hereWhat do I, what do I care, now that it's over

What do I care I, what do I care, now that it's overSplinters, shatter my one track mind

I lie on a sea of nails and thorns

Spitting out the same old lineOh, what do I, what do I care, now that it's over

What do I care I, what do I care, now that it's overNow you shoot me down

Serenade my ears, my heart, I'm falling, falling

Echoing your soundWinter's breath all fall down

Spin me out and spin me round

Enter darkness enter lies, oh noWhat do I, what do I care, now that it's over

What do I care I, what do I care, now that it's over

Now you shoot me down, serenade my ears, my heart

I'm falling, falling, echoing your sound

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