

# Come On

## Fury In The Slaughterhouse

I guess we know each other now for seven years  
Why has it always to end up with tears?  
A little problem and soon discussions start  
We bang our heads and we always forget our hearts  
Somehow, somewhere  
I guess I had this all before  
Somehow, somewhere  
I guess I had this all before  
Come on, come on let's go home  
Give the sinking ship a drink  
I think it's better if we go  
Somehow my thoughts are running slow  
Will feel sorry when I awake  
So, you better give me a break  
Take your brown eyes and put 'em in a glass  
Put some ice cubes in and watch the rotting mess  
Look in my blue ones and you know I never lie  
Give me a drink and I say to you let's have another try  
Somehow, somewhere  
You better give me a break  
You better give me a break

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