

# Forty Days

## Funk Como Le Gusta

And it's been forty days  
I've tried forty ways  
You will never quite leave your sins behind  
They'll haunt you, taunt you till the day you die  
You will never really go  
You'll think about it much, but you need to know  
How the story ends, so you sit around, even though you should just go  
Tell your friends what you have earned  
Show them all the lives unlearned  
And when you really go  
You will really know  
You were never meant for Earth  
What's it worth?  
If we're gonna break it down with any logic, it's absurd

Well, no matter where we go  
We are not alone  
When the silence turns to cries of "WHY?"  
What a way to begin  
We inherit sin  
And nobody's gonna quench your thirst when the well runs dry, the well runs dry  
And nobody's gonna hold your hand on the day you die

I've tasted seven sins  
But they won't let me in  
I knock, knock, knock 'til my knuckles are bruised and raw  
Stuck in the middle with my blood in a puddle on the floor  
We made our beds  
We'll judge ourselves  
And only then and there  
Will we disappear  
To our final resting place  
What a waste  
So many decent people at the gates

Well, no matter where we go  
We are not alone  
When the silence turns to cries of "WHY?"  
What a way to begin

We inherit sin  
And nobody's gonna quench your thirst when the well runs dry, the well runs dry  
And nobody's gonna hold your hand on the day you die

And no matter who you know  
You will be alone  
When the silence turns to cries of "WHY?"  
What a way to begin  
We inherit sin  
And nobody's gonna quench your thirst when the well runs dry, the well runs dry  
And nobody's gonna hold your hand on the day you die

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