Bangkok

Mi6

"gotcha!""hey sucker let me outa here!"
"hey, man!"Bangkok on a sunny day
The rain has washed the blood away
Thousand of veins left in the streets
But I can't wash away the red points
On the sheets of the hotels
And the cheap rooms
Of the cheap whores
Under palm trees
Under palm treesMy brain is running in circles now
I gotta cure the pain somehow
There's a coloured cloud in front of sun
And a face is trying to cheat me
And to take away the funAnd the killer troups of the dea
Have just brought my friend away
In the stuff that dreams are made ofIn the stuff that dreams are made of
Stuff that dreams are made of
Hey, hey, hey!Stuff that dreams are made of
Stuff that dreams are made of
Hey, hey, hey!
Stuff
Stuff that dreams
Are made of...

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