## **Black Rose (feat. Danko Jones)**

## **Volbeat**

Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count alongFeeling rich, feeling poor,

feeling nothing more

Self destructive on

a rollercoaster fireballCut her tongue, don't believe a word she says

She's on a hunt, cooking cooking misery

Let my heart on the shelf for way too long

Sick and tried, picking up from the dirty floor

I saw the line of snakes that came to meSo innocent was the days

The taste of good memories

A bag full of hope that was

only for me and youNo more broken dreams

I feel like a loaded gun

Spring bullets at your armor

of mind controlCut her tongue, don't believe a word she says

She's on a hunt, cooking cooking misery

Cannot think, cannot talk, cannot feeling right

Can't call the doctor, he's as sick as you and I

I saw the line of snakes that came to meSo innocent were the days

The taste of good memories

A bag full of hope that was

only for me and youSo innocent was the days

The taste of good memories

A bag full of hope that was

only for me and youCounting days 'til it's over, my friends

'Til it's over, my friends, count along

Counting days 'til it's over, my friends

'Til it's over, my friends, count alongCounting days 'til it's over, my friends

'Til it's over, my friends, count along

Counting days 'til it's over, my friends

'Til it's over that thing called loveSo innocent were the days

The taste of good memories

A bag full of hope that was

only for me and youSo innocent were the days

The taste of good memories

A bag full of hope that was

only for me and youPlease let it grow,

where it belongs
There in the dark
where the shadows are born
Leave it alone I'm sure it will find its way
to redeem and blossom
'Cause I know, the black rose will find its home

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