

## Why Store

### "Twenty Minutes Of Pain"

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[Music & Words: T. Pack]

Well it was just another day,  
The napalm was fading away,  
And the Stench was hangin' in the air.  
Another round was comin' in,  
And I was huggin' the ground again,  
I could feel the heat of the fire.  
Then everything faded to black,  
And I was lyin' on my back,  
Blood runnin' down through my hair.  
Colors were runnin' in my head;  
Green, yellow, black and red.  
In the back of my throat,  
The taste of fear.  
[CHORUS:]  
And I've got twenty more minutes of pain.  
I hope that I can hang on!  
Time is closin' in, the needle is my only friend.  
Please give me a shot of Morphine!  
The clouds are lookin' grey, and I don't have much to  
say.  
I hope the ride don't last too long.  
The sound of the blade is cutting through the shade,  
And bodies scattered on the ground.  
Now I'm floating away,  
The chaplain, he's starting to pray.  
His voice is the only sound.  
[CHORUS:]  
And I've got twenty more minutes of pain.  
I hope that I can hang on!  
Time is closin' in, the needle is my only friend.  
Please give me a shot of Morphine!  
And I've got twenty more minutes of pain.  
I hope that I can hang on!  
Time is closin' in, the needle is my only friend.  
Please give me a shot of Morphine!

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