

Bastard Sons Of Dioniso "Nothing To Talk About"

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It seems to me that this time there is nothing to talk
about
It must have been that ice-cream. I won't sleep for the
nights to follow
Why don't we bind them on those big wood roots
before hearing their shouts?
It seems to me that this time there is nothing to talk
about.

I'll do it by myself, by myself, by myself, on my own
I'll do it by myself, by myself, by myself, on my own
I'll do it by myself, by myself, by myself, on my own
I'll do it by myself, I don't care 'cause I'm sure I won't
fall

Everything would be better for you if you follow the
golden rule
"do it to the others or the other will do it to you"
You didn't give me the celery, you ripped it, you
chopped it, here you
Are!
Everything would be better for you if you follow the
golden rule

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I'll do it by myself, I don't care 'cause I'm sure I won't
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