

Echobelly "Bellyache"

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Impotence, the price of a dark affair
It's more than a bellyache
There's something alive in here

What do I, what do I care, now that it's over
What do I care I, what do I care, now that it's over

Splinters, shatter my one track mind
I lie on a sea of nails and thorns
Spitting out the same old line

Oh, what do I, what do I care, now that it's over
What do I care I, what do I care, now that it's over

Now you shoot me down
Serenade my ears, my heart, I'm falling, falling
Echoing your sound

Winter's breath all fall down
Spin me out and spin me round
Enter darkness enter lies, oh no

What do I, what do I care, now that it's over
What do I care I, what do I care, now that it's over
Now you shoot me down, serenade my ears, my heart
I'm falling, falling, echoing your sound

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