

Emigrate

"40 Days"

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Yeah check one two ... now I've got the clue baby ... let's dance

This garden was full of boxes filled with my favourite toys

I never felt remorse when I provoked the winds that blew them all away

I'm creeping on all fours again I'm begging for rain
To wash all my sins away...crosscountry

Now it's time to use my brain because
For forty days I was caught in a room without a view
My head's spinning around from all my dirty thoughts
real filthy thoughts

I wanted to find peace of mind
But all I got was hate and self deception
In the prime of life the dead of winter has arrived
I'm feeling fagged shagged and fashed
Come on treat me with a little love
You know I like it hard and dirty

This garden was full of people
I should have kissed but know it's too late
The wind blew them far away crosscountry
That's the end of the line god bless and happy drinkin

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