

## **Fury In The Slaughterhouse** **"Nada Es"**

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When the sun cast no shadow  
You better not move  
The only fool on here was the drummer  
Who was looking for the group  
Don't worry bout tomorrow  
Drink as much as you can stand  
Cause there is rock'n roll rule number seven  
The producer wakes the band

Nada, nada es mi huijo  
Como la vida  
En El Cortijo

I have a suspicion  
That Anita will fatten us till we're round  
Cos I know they sell stuffed gringos  
On the market day downtown

So we party with the devil  
And we sing with God  
And we trust in our company  
Cause they pay a lot

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