

Staffan Hellstrand

"Living On 45"

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Sun rise in the valley of the stinking dead.
I'm lonely lonelier instead
The lady Muskoka shines her waves and still life carries
on

Well I remember snow flakes and exports on the floor
I remember day break like I've never been here before
When you're living on forty-five

Late nights driving with the boys
I know that yes they're thinking of me
I'm worried thinking bout the way life goes and still life
carries on

Well I remember snow flakes and exports on the floor
I remember day break like I've never been here before
When you're living on forty-five

Walking Yonge Street smelling all I need to know
I'm worried thinking bout my mother
I'm worried thinking bout the way life goes, still life
carries on

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