

## The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

### "Numbered Days"

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Royal Oil, come on bubble and boil  
Stabs like a dagger, make you stagger  
On the hot tin foil Mind your mind or  
it will surely spoil then you sleep down in the soil  
Nothing comes from nothing, come on Royal Oil  
When you smoke or poke the poison  
You lose the chance to be tomorrow  
Look out on the horizon And see the  
sadness, the pain and the sorrow I can't say enough  
about the stuff Or what it has in store  
When you smoke or poke the poison  
You won't be anymore Royal Oil,  
come on bubble and boil Stabs like a dagger, make you  
stagger On the hot in foil Mind your mind or it will  
surely spoil Then you sleep down in the soil  
Nothing comes from nothing, come on Royal Oil  
Royal Oil has cut many down to size  
Spikes gonna strike the weak and strong alike  
And then forever, and ever close those eyes  
Make up your mind to keep your mind up  
And to your life be loyal Nothing comes from nothing,  
come on Royal Oil Royal Oil, big trouble brewing  
Long, lonely road, long road to ruin  
Wrong path to take, great big mistake  
And then you sleep down in the soil  
Nothing comes from nothing, come on Royal Oil

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