

Browncow "Bolander"

Visit "[Bolander](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

bolander

Â© per bronco karlsson

Now I open the door to the buried and the dead like to
know what a journey might bring
In the wall I throw the wall between the floor and the
homestead to make way for my mind to get in
Give this a thought don't you mind what you ought
what you owe let it blow let insanity show
Lose the control of your soul and fall into this hole

Here comes the words talking out of it's prison this is
the game in the garden of Jesus
Walking in pain down my stomach and listen to words
without shame because nobody sees us
Don't miss this chance for a paper and pen dance
people will blame you but they never try
You can stop here and live in a lie or go on and get
high

Rhyme without reason will sigh in it's sign of the
crime of the run out of time and will die in it's cry of
don't try to get high in a cell cause we're all in this
square on the stairway to hell
Move over honey let's spend all your money on beer
and on drugs which will mess up your face
And heaven and hell has the same taste all over this
place

The crowd will be screaming out classical music when
Mozart and space travel is how they'll use it
These will be days in the space of inside which only the
blind face of outside can hide
Then we'll cry alone in houses and homes and screw
the discovery out of our heads
Climbing the wall as we lie in the cold of our beds

You look so good in the light from your lamp you look
good in beginning of cramp when your neck is
stretched into a moonlike paralyzed air in your chair
from which you never can rise
Be Don Quijote till the daylight has brought a

sharpsounding signal to chase you out of bed
Open the door to the world and forget that your are
dead

Visit [Browncow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.