

Deeexpus "Seven Nights"

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You're not much good to me,
Staring out to see, gracing your island
There's more to it you see,
My auburn queen repeat, your royal highness

I could be wrong,
Could 1 week be far too long
Should I stay, or should I fly away

For 7 nights

You're far too good to me,
Alive at 6 am waking your island.
But Mary can't you see,
That cocked and loaded gun might take your eye out

A lizard for life,
Everyday at least a mile.
I never played the guitar, in Carson's Bar

For 7 nights

And the pirates show their stolen gold
And threaten us with smiles
While the man that waalks his laden ass
Covers yet another mile

The CNC does cartwheels
In the blazing summer sun
And the Jeagermeister's calling me
To maybe try another one

As she throws a silver yesterday
Into tomorrows liquid blue
Her island smiles for one last time
At the start of something new

As the little blue Piaggio
Feels the rust begin to bite
He smirks his recognition
Like he has for 7 nights.

You're not much good to me,
Staring out to see, gracing your island

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