

# **And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead "Eight Days Of Hell"**

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Wasting away the better part of the day  
In the bus on the docks of the UK  
We walked down the street on that all Hallows Eve  
But couldn't wait to get back to the US of A

The torture of eight days straight  
Without sight of your face is so frightening  
Hoping to make it straight  
Or find signs of a bite that won't fade like poison

In London we played half an hour a day  
For a house full of neds who are wanting us dead  
In Glasgow and Leeds we find signs of relief  
An escape from our grief with a fistful of E's

Eight day hell  
You're in an eight day hell

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