

## Tism

### "40 Years - Then Death"

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All that's good, all that's right;  
Everything hot, all that's tight;  
Women, men, pubescent girls,  
Never again to finger their curls  
On their heads so exquisite -  
Never again to visit  
The palace, the palace of love.

Chorus

Forty years of livin' - then death,  
That's all that's left;  
Forty years - then death.  
Forty years - all that's left.

The work, it is just beginin'  
As my hair, it begins thinin';  
Pleasure is past, the end  
Of all that's dear, as friend  
And foe alike disappear -  
Never again to visit  
The palace, the palace of love.

Perfume! The smell of perfume  
Is forgotten, and the shape of the room  
And the sheets on her bed  
Disappear forever from my head.  
No more the sudden thrill  
As I dip into the swill -  
Never again to visit  
The palace, the palace of love.

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