

Lost Art Of Murder / The Good Old Days

Babysambles

Roll a four, roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise
Just like before you didn't mind someone else washed up in paradise
Every day

What a nice day for a murder
You call yourself a killer but the only thing you're killing is your time
There's nothing absurder
than a bird that's a burden to your heart, soul, body, spirit and mind.

Don't look at me like that she won't take you back
Said too much been too unkind
Get up off your back, stop smoking that
Change your life, just might change her mind, her mind.

Roll a four, roll a nine
Find yourself washed up in paradise
All the fours or all the nines
I lost my phone in paradise
Pay as you go

What a nice day for a murder
You call yourself a killer but the only thing you're killing is your time
There's nothing absurder
than a bird that's a burden to your heart, soul, body, spirit and mind.

Don't look at me like that she won't take you back
Done too much been too unkind
Get up off your back, stop smoking that
Change your life, think it'll change her mind.

Don't look at me like that she won't take you back
Said too much been too unkind
Get up off your back, stop smoking that
If you change your life

Do you think they'll change their minds.

If Queen Boadicea is long dead and gone
Still then the spirit
In her children's children's children
It lives on

If you've lost your faith in love and music
Oh the end won't be long
Because if it's gone for you then I too may lose it
And that would be wrong

You know I've tried so hard to keep myself from falling
Back into my bad old ways
And it chars my heart to always hear you calling
Calling for the good old days
Because there were no good old days
These are the good old days

It's not about, tenements and needles
And all the evils in their eyes

And the backs of their minds
Daisy chains and school yard games
And a list of things we said we'd do tomorrow
A list of things we said we'd do tomorrow

The arcadian dream has all fallen through
But the Albion sails on course
So lets man the decks and hoist the rigging
Because the pig mans found the source
And theres twelve rude boys on the oars