

## 40 Days, 40 Fights

Badly Drawn Boy

You look a lot, lot better tonight  
You and I should go out for a fight  
We need a holiday  
But not today, another day

You need eyes in the front of your head  
And a spine with a built in bed  
I don't want anybody else to know  
So I won't be telling them  
I love you, for all the things you do  
But I can't even recall your name  
Something beautiful about it though

Well good luck to your lady tonight  
I took a piece of her heart, well not quite  
She stole a piece of mine  
Chewed it up and threw it back  
I need help to get over pain  
But the memories still remain

I loved her friendly eyes  
The way they looked at each other  
It moves me to tears, like a horror film  
And I don't even recall her name  
There's something beautiful about it though

Now there's a good, good feeling tonight  
Just a feeling that something is right  
We can minimise the pain  
Forget that it was ever there

Look at all the possibles  
Throw answers out to the world  
It's hard, it's hard, it's hard  
It's hard, it's hard, it's hard  
It's hard when you don't know how  
But I'll be here to throw you some clues  
Don't even have to know your name

Something beautiful about it though  
Forty days and forty fights  
Forty days and forty fights