

## Efils' God

Eels

Efils good and the time is right  
I'll bundle up and slip away  
The count is down and the drip is up  
It's time to split this hunk of clay

Now you can bring my suitcase  
But you can't bring me  
And you can have all the money  
'cause you say that you must  
But if you think that it matters  
Take a look at me  
And don't close your eyes as i turn into dust

Efils good

Don't tell me that I can't do this  
As if you knew  
But you don't know  
How efils good