

## 40 Days

Emil Bulls

Yeah check one two ... now I`ve got the clue baby ... let`s dance

This garden was full of boxes filled with my favourite toys  
I never felt remorse when I provoked the winds that blew them all away  
I`m creeping on all fours again I`m begging for rain  
To wash all my sins away...crosscountry

Now it`s time to use my brain because  
For forty days I was caught in a room without a view  
My head`s spinning around from all my dirty thoughts real filthy thoughts

I wanted to find peace of mind  
but all I got was hate and self deception  
In the prime of life the dead of winter has arrived  
I`m feeling fagged shagged and fashed  
Come on treat me with a little love  
You know I like it hard and dirty

This garden was full of people  
I should have kissed but know it`s too late  
The wind blew them far away crosscountry  
that`s the end of the line god bless and happy drinkin