

Handful of Flies

Quill

Send in the sinners, saints and clowns
Get in the ring to face forgiveness, this is holy ground
Cause you are giving up nothing, just the ghetto you plead
Well my tortured blue became a pair of black, yeah

You get it all for free

I don't mind to do it myself
I don't mind does anybody else
How does it feel, down under ground
I don't mind
To set it all right

Get me some sugar, I give a handful of flies
I think I've got you wrapped around my finger, a bad moon will
rise
Flying into forever into the centre of mind
Here is my blessing and my curse well hide away from light

When time has come
What's left undone
Under this dark and weary skies
Why carry on
When everything's gone
But a handful of flies

You get it all for free

I don't mind to do it myself
I don't mind does anybody else
How does it feel, down under ground
I don't mind
To set it all right
Well I won't regret it now