

## 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