

Small Tales

The Stone

A boy fourteen, he loves to fight, feels the jungle beat
Friday night, out on the street, wants to use his knife
Unfortunated man with a bottle
Gets cold blade through the heart
A little expensive price for a half bottle of flat beer

True stories from our everyday life
Could you waste your brother, your sister or wife
Small tales from the neighbourhood
And everyone of them is true
You too know few who know story or two

Twenty-year old lovebirds trying to be a family
Living on a wellfare, two kids both taken away
Man gets jealous, he has to show her
The real and true love
Just laughing while stabbing her
Hundred and thirteen times

Three old men having a ball, drinks won't fall short
Happy guys are enjoying the night by bashing the kind host
Playing the noble dart game, using the man as a board
And finally setting him on fire, "I think he's dead now"