

eels, Efiles' God

Efiles 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 back 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
Efiles good
Don't tell me that I can 't do this
As if you don't know
How efiles good