

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Come On

I guess we know each other now for seven years
why has it always to end up with tears
a little problem and soon discussions start
we bang our heads and we always forget our hearts

somehow, somewhere
I guess I had this all before
somehow, somewhere
I guess I had this all before

come on, come on let's go home
give the sinking ship a drink
I think it's better if we go
somehow my thoughts are running slow
will feel sorry when I awake
so you better give me a break

take your brown eyes and put'em in a glass
put some icecubes in and watch the rotting mess
look in my blue ones and you know I never lie
give me a drink and I say to you let's have another try

somehow, somewhere...

you better give me a break
you better give me
you better give me a break...