

Pitchshifter, Eight Days

Eight days of the week cant believe my eyes.

Insurrection in the streets so we stay inside.

Go, its coming.

Eight days of the week were dead on our feet,
take me aside just shoot me.

No black and white, black and white,
wish we could drive right through you.

Tired of wishing things were different I can sympathise.

Lately things dont seem so easy theres no black and white.

Go, its coming.

Eight days of the week were dead on our feet,
take me aside just shoot me.

No black and white, black and white,
wish we could drive right through you