Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Jericho

Its ok for today
Lets meet again tomorrow
But for now
I guess Ive had enough
Call me up and then
Well talk about the sorrow
From the pistols
The things are half as tough

The wall you built around you Is impossible to climp And every time Ive tried it I fell on my face Ive tried to look into you Believe me that its true Just like a slick You slipped out my emprase

I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet And then I'm learning how to blow When Ive got it Ill blast down your walls of Jericho I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet And then I'm learning how to blow When Ive got it Ill blast down your walls of Jericho

Last year in September
I remember when we met
Things were easy
Back up we were too
Believe me when I tell you
I can smell you making problems
Lock your heart
And I can hear the tune, babe

I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet
And then I'm learning how to blow
When Ive got it
Ill blast down your walls of Jericho
I'm gonna buy myself a trumpet
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When Ive got it
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