

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

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