

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Sixpack Full Of Hap

Driving down the freeway heading towards southern bridge
at her no one waits for me
and that includes my empty fridge
and while I travel in the sunshine all my dreams come true
the time is ripe
so ripe

Boats cruise in the harbour everyone enjoys his day
and all the troubles that I had
they seem so far away
thousand miles to queenstown seems like yesterdays
the time is ripe
so ripe

And if you ask me how I feel
I'm not able to describe
somehow too good to be real
and too bad to be right
I just not know that it will heal
all the wounds I have
the time is ripe
so ripe

Listen to the radio it plays my favorite song
I got a sixpack full of happiness and nothing can go wrong
my baby smiles and says she loves me
love can be so great
the time is ripe
so ripe

I chose a place for dinner find a motel for the night
I just need a kingsize bed and my baby holds me tight
and with the sound of breaking waves
I softly fall asleep
the time is ripe
so ripe

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I'm not able to describe
somehow too good to be real
and too bad to be right
I just not know that it will heal
all the wounds I have
the time is ripe
so ripe
the time is ripe
so ripe

And no one waits for me
but the sun shines and no stop signs as far as I can see
listen to the radio it plays my favorite song
I got a sixpack full of happiness and nothing can go wrong
the time is ripe
so ripe
the time is ripe
so ripe

A sixpack full of happiness and nothing can go wrong