

# Volbeat, Say Your Number

It makes me feel like I'm going crazy  
And suddenly you don't think good of me  
Constant volume  
Buy the lady a drink my friend  
Spread out the night stand spirit team

Now listen here  
The mark to greet the masquerade is here  
Violating lovers for their aim  
And plead for something more  
The cannot see  
It makes no different kind of sense  
That helps me to forget

Say 81, the cure for the seventeen kills  
Mind escaping  
It brings them through the dead  
So sorry to be

It makes them feel like going crazy  
For they maim the way you see them think  
Remember your life before they take you in  
Dressed up in white and gone on pills

Now listen nurse  
The bottle is empty and I'm feeling worse  
What's the time and let me see  
The light of day  
The night stand spirit team is near  
You too are welcome, take a face/mask

Here's what she said to me

Tray 81, the cure for the seventeen kills  
Mind escaping  
It brings you through the day  
So sorry to be..

Like a shark who is seeking for it's trade  
He sit there dreaming of a woman's scent  
What is left is in front of his hand

Tray 81, the cure...