

# Voxtro, Four Long Days

Lights are fading, the feeling is back  
This is the closest thing to disaster  
Keep on fading, snow white into black  
The kind of thing you laugh about after

And we were stuck, stacking misery  
Four long days, in an ugly town  
We pretend to know about misery  
And never felt the cold sun beating down  
But you will soon

Watching TV, and flirting with fate  
He drank my cold soul under the table  
Fame and fever, to risk and to lay  
You shouldn't cry you're willing and able

I have locked, in a great image here  
Avoiding the cop, in an ugly stare  
And staring back, it's what you bargained for  
You never felt the cold sun beating down  
But you will soon  
You had this family to support  
One house and three young children, biting at your hands  
I don't pretend to understand  
But listen, listen, listen, I, I, I, I, I  
Have never liked that look in your eyes  
And I, I, I, I, I  
Am still shouting "please, please, forgive me  
for what I've done"  
What have I done?  
Why is this taking so long?

The love is cold but  
The engine is warm  
I think of home, I think of the sweet life  
Of sweat and sunshine, and sandals and shorts  
We had to feel my sprain on the hi-fi

We got bored, in our own living room  
So we got stuck with an ugly fix  
That kills your days, and makes you forget a lot  
And then you feel the hot sun beating down, and you start to cry