

Belgian Blues

Big Scary

I see your home in my head, and the tower in flames
I'll sing a song of the dead, the chanson sane
It's drilling holes in my pocket
I'll never ever stop yet
Fill my soul with your docket and your calm frame

You know I (x 4)

The cold wind blows you it's kisses
The darkness takes them away
Just a slave to it's wishes
Just a slave to it's ways

So go and do your dirty dishes
Lay restless and suspicious
Be the prey amongst the hunters that killed your dishes
Go sing a song of light and hope
But never believe both
Go turn the injured to the mains
With your calm frame

You know I (x 4)

The cold wind blows you it's kisses
The darkness takes them away
Just a slave to it's wishes
Just a slave to it's ways

The cold wind blows you it's kisses
The darkness takes them away, oh
Just a slave to it's wishes, oh
Just a slave to it's ways