

# Countdown

Gamma Ray

The businessmen got a job to do  
The Eastenworld is waiting too.

They're sittin' on a bloodstone calling you a beggar,  
Waitin' for another deal in open cars.  
The presence of the men gives a bad vibration,  
They're countin' dollar bills, and they're workin' on  
The final countdown

Countdown

I'm sitting all around and I'm waitin' for the lyrics  
they gotta be cool, gotta satisfy the critics.  
"Sigh of warning all across the edges"  
maybe too pathetic ... and my pencil scratches,

Meanwhile X is comin' from Miami  
Another perfect deal was made in open cars.  
I don't care 'cos I'm much too busy,  
I have to write my lyrics  
And I'm waiting for the final countdown,  
Countdown.

It's jut a matter of time  
We're only waitin' for the end of the world  
And we got nothing to lose  
We're only servants of the monsters we curse.  
It's just a matter of time  
We can be sure we'll be doin' our worst.  
And we're waiting for the countdown.

We're sittin' all around and we drink our lage,  
Thanks to God we got no embargo.  
What is left to do when you're looking for pleasure,  
Somehow we gotta lose the pressure.

We're sittin' on a blood stone, worker, boss and beggar.  
I don't give a damn  
I want my open car.  
God has turned to money, Jesus is a Liqueur  
I'd rather get my record done and party for the final,  
COUNTDOWN, COUNTDOWN.

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We're only servants of the monsters we curse.  
It's just a matter of time  
We can be sure we'll be doin' our worst.  
And we're waiting for the countdown.