Mudbath

Kashmir

now I feel it again
it's the old silent friend
having a feast in my lungs

every now every then
there's a tickle within
and it scares me to death

you have heard it all before
you don't want to hear no more
'cause you know which way it goes

on my cold bathroom floor
I lay down 'till I'm sore
pouring mud on my skin

'cause I feel it again
it's the old cytoid friend
may he choke in the mud

you have heard it all before..

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!