

Six Lonely Days

Psychopunch

I don't remember - son of a bitch I don't remember much after 2006

There ain't a lot to do - now who the f**k are you Telling me to pretend - well this is the end

I hear you cry out - in anger and pain I hear you calling my name again and again

But I'm out of touch - I don't believe in much So I start to pretend that this is the end

Six lonely days and I can't take it anymore Six lonely days - now I'm back I come around with dead flowers in my hand Six lonely days and now I'm back

So now you see me - now you don't Don't ever leave me - just give me what I want

There ain't a lot to do - now who the f**k are you Telling me to pretend - well this is the end

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