

Black Rose (feat. Danko Jones)

Volbeat

Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, Count along Feeling rich, feeling poor, feeling nothing more
Self destructive on a rollercoaster fireball
Cut her tongue, Don't believe a word she says She's on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking
misery Let my heart on the shelf for way too long
Sick and tried, picking up from the dirty floor
I saw the line of snakes that came to me So innocent was the days
The taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you
No more broken dreams
I feel like a loaded gun
Spring bullets at your armor of mind control
Cut her tongue, Don't believe a word she says
She's on a hunt, cooking cooking cooking misery Cannot think, cannot talk, cannot do it right
Can't call the doctor, he's as sick as you and I
I saw the line of snakes that came to me So innocent was the days
The taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over, my friends, count along
Counting days 'til it's over, my friends
'Til it's over that thing called love
So innocent were the days
The taste of good memories
A bag full of hope that was only for me and you
Please let it grow, where it belongs
There in the dark where the shadows are born
Leave it alone
I'm sure it will find it's way to redeem and blossom
'Cause I know, the black rose will find it's home

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>