

IN THE COLON

(text:marcel klein / melodie: in the ghetto)

C
As the cold moon rise,
E
On a cold and lonely streetart night,
F G7 C
a loud empty warriors stomaage cries, in his colon.
C
And nobody cries.
F C
Cause if there`s one thing this warrior knows
is that he doesn`t want his eyes to close without no colon.
G F C
People, don`t you understand nobody needs no warrior hand.
F G7 C
or you will end up to be a human racing to die.
G F C
So take a look at cold war 2 and 3, are we too blind to see,
F d G7
or do we simply turn our depts and tell another lie.
C
While our world passed by.
E
Nobody with no bleeding nose,
F G7 C
while a streetight as someone blows into his colon
C
this silent orange burns.
F G7 C
And he starts to roam the highways at night,
he learns what to write and prepare for a fight calming his colon down.
G F C
One rainy day in desperation this old man someone found.
F E dm
He sold his liver and got asleep, just a little shiver,
G7
nevermore highwayspeed,
C
loved the rat that he kepted.
E
As nobody comes around the sound,
F G7 C
Everyone knows about the black crow down in his colon.
C
And as that old man died.
E
On a cold and lonely streetart night
F G7 C
no empty stomaage nevermore have to cry, while the moon is rised.