

# 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/>