

Karl Mohr	Artist	<input type="text"/>	BPM	<input type="text"/>	Key
Thirst For You	Title	<input type="text"/>	:	<input type="text"/>	Duration
<input type="text"/>	© / Publishing Info	<input type="text"/>	2009/03/25	Modified	

On that cool Devil's Day.
 You took me out to the park to play.
 We negotiated our sweet temptation, threw the rules and our cares away.

Gbm Dm Bb F

1. Come on my mystery, come on to my side.
 Take these weary boring bags and fill me full of sucotash.
 Listen my captivator, all the words I know.
 Trembling for the/like the first time, spread like diamonds out for you.

Ch: I have this thirst for you which fills me as it shouldn't do.
 Warm and smokey tendrills as you follow sleep and make of me a king.

2. Be a queen for me, take me by the crown.
 Catch this spilling, falling water. Catch me as I burst.
 Listen to my blooming flowers, all the time I have.
 Trembling each and every time, spread like carpet, wrapping/out for you.

B. It's part of this golden life, to have these treasure lights,
 like wolves upon the air fields, these daring lovers might do.
 It's on this delicate line, that we dance like tainted/aged wine
 and rage into the airfields with the storming eyes of time.

F, Gm with shots.

If I could throw myself at the black of your eyes and swallow the juice of your life in
 good time.

I'm trying to prepare for death by writing music from the other side. The music heard
 by the tortured in hell, the glorious in heaven and the grey neverending lifeless ones in
 purgatory. It's my life's mission. How else can I live this life?