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Hope

Reference number PT0940

ULRIKA

Sometimes I feel such a mixed up girl,
tough is life and it makes me hurl.
Pain is the devil we fight with sticks,
but how, but how, but how to get a fix?

I know a way to kill him, that devil knowed as pain.
I keep it in my suitcase and sometimes in my brain.
I'll share you with my secret, my brother to me learned
when I'm feeling low my depression grow there's a thing that can
be burned...

I'm smoking hope and it smells real good.
When there's shitty stuff, baby, take a puff.
I believe in hope so you should.

Hard to believe but they say it's wrong.
"That is what life, girl, it's hard and long."
They are the cynics who pay the tax,
I want, I want, I want to break their backs.

I know there are flowers what quick the days what pass.
I breathe in like a goldfish the perfumed smell of grass.
The world has too much beauty, the trees and birds I've knowed.
It is nature's way for a happy day as it makes my lungs explode.

I'm smoking hope, come and share with me.
What are you waiting for? Not against the law.
Let its crazy smell set you free.

Yes, there is the people who want to dull my mood.
I say to these people, you are not so good.
I say to these people see into my world,
light it up, breathe it in, all the happy people buys
why God don't they legalise it?

I'm smoking hope what amazing rush!
Please to tell me why will these feelings die?
My throat's on fire.

I'm smoking hope, watch me suck it down,
bye to disappoint round this crazy joint.
I'm getting higher, such a flyer,
make it legal, be an eagle.
Hope!