

Omnia - Black House

tom:

Intro: Dm Am Bb F C

There's a place called the black house
 It's a place I go when my spirits are low
 I can taste in the black house
 Forbidden fruit though it's evil I know

All the people in the black house
 I can see it in their eyes, there's no need to disguise
 My thirst in the black house
 This whiskey is real and it makes me feel

Like heaven in the black house
 All the women are angels, all the guys are swell
 And the music in the black house
 Oh it soothes my soul like a harp from hell
 (Dm Am Bb F C)

The boss of the black house
 He's a tall skinny guy in a long black cape
 And he smiles on the black house
 With the skeletal grin of his white skull face
 Raise my glass in the black house
 You can tell me that it's wrong
 Too much whiskey, too much song
 Kiss my ass, I'm in the black house
 This is where I belong
 Give me whiskey, give me whiskey
 All night long
 Give whisky all night long
 Give me whiskey, give me whiskey
 All night long
 Give me streams of whiskey
 All night long

Acordes

