

# Bad Cash Quartet, This Night Or Next

Give us everything, good or bad,  
cause the people we loved are now living dead.  
Everything, good or bad cause I think of you my love.

No the sun won't shine here anymore.  
No the sun won't shine here anymore.

This night or next I'm out of here,  
Cause my heart is aching and my legs are too weak.  
This night or next I'm out of here,  
cause I think of you my love.

My blue, blue eyes is going with you.  
My blue, blue eyes is going with you.

No the sun won't shine here anymore.  
My blue, blue eyes is going with you