

# Black Lines

Richard Ashcroft

Who put those black lines under your eyes?  
Let me replace them with a smile  
Letters from lovers that you don't read  
Toys for children you've not conceived  
Yes it's real life  
Sometimes it gets so hard  
You wonder why you try  
Makes no sense at all  
So you just turn out your light  
Try to figure out  
What's going on in your mind  
Makes no sense at all, oh  
You know and I know too, ah  
You gotta see it through until the morning  
I can wait until the morning  
So you close your eyes  
You think of death  
Nothing left in your head till the morning  
Can you wait until the morning?  
Sweet bird of fortune I had to let you go  
This gilded cage yeah, couldn't hold that soul  
So who put those black lines under your eyes?  
Let me replace them with a smile  
Yes it's real life  
Sometimes it gets so hard  
You wonder why you try  
Makes no sense at all  
So you just turn out your light  
Try to figure out  
What's going on in your mind  
Makes no sense at all  
Yes it's real life  
Sometimes it gets so hard  
You wonder why you try  
Makes no sense at all  
So you just turn out your light  
Try to figure out  
What's going on in your mind  
Makes no sense at all  
Oh, you know and I know too  
Oh gotta see it through till the morning

I pray until the morning  
So you close your eyes  
Think of death  
Think of yourself somewhere better in the morning  
Still praying for the morning  
I can wait until the morning  
Let's wait until the morning  
Still praying for the morning  
I can wait until the morning  
I can wait until the morning  
I can wait until the morning  
Ooooooh ooh ooh ooh  
Ooooooh ooh ooh ooh  
Ooooooh ooh ooh ooh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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