

B&W

Dick Prall

Black and white will make a number
Maybe you could stop and call her up
To ask her what she thinks of this
 Maybe she?ll be into it
 You may never know

?Cause you don?t have control
 Of all your long division
 Counting down by small incisions
Sound helps the body leave the ground
 Sound helps you leave the ground

Policies in miles of ribbon
Turn a pretty head that?s given in
To systems managed long before
 You could ever reach her door
 The comedy wears thin

Attempting to begin
 A state of indiscretion
 She could use another lesson
 Now her body hits the ground
Sound helps you leave the ground

You don?t corner markets how you live
Dockets show you?re not the only one who knows
 What hands propose, the lengths they?ll go

Just to settle up on contracts never brought to ink
 Standing at her kitchen sink
 The dish soap turning pink
 Inside the whitest basin
 Carries off the final traces
Of any chance you might have graced this town
 Her body feeds the ground
 Sound helps you leave the ground

Lyrics submitted by Lyrics.com.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>