

# 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://damnyrics.com/>