

# Black Days III

## Soundgarden

White lemon days  
Blue colored lines on your face  
Devil in your best  
Settling like death to the pain  
Now loosening your grip  
Feel the wheel slip from your hands  
Walking the devil's dog  
And carrying his groceries I fell on black days  
Fell on black days  
How would I know that this would be my fate  
White lemon days  
Love steal the schemes  
Drive around like spaceships on bald tires  
Burn the mother's milk  
So another fog is in line  
Now getting the devil's kiss  
And wipe the mother's kiss from my face  
Keep a stiff upper lip  
Spitting on my past to the pain  
I fell on black days  
Fell on black days  
How would I know that this would be my fate  
How would I know that this would be my fate  
I fell on black days  
I fell on black days

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

Lyrics provided by

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