

X-Ray

Blackfield

Yesterday
We rolled down the streets like rats
There was smoke all around me
But we looked pretty happy
To damage this town one more time We're so fashionable glittering eyes
And the jury suspect it's not art
But we're like blind painters
We puke on a paper
And waiting to see what comes out
Confusion is dripping so fast
On those with the suits and the ties
Soon they'll ask maybe
Me and my lady
We are the x-ray of life
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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