

Black Rock

O.A.R...Of A Revolution

On the black rock is where I spend my time
Writing a memory or writing a rhyme
Thinking about what is right or wrong
On the black rock is where I like to go
After a long night coming home from a show
And that's where I write my song, all day long, the black rock
Sometimes I just look around
To take in the feeling coming out from the ground
But that's just something I do sometimes
And then I just come out the door
To take in the wind coming off of the shore
And that's just what I'm doing tonight
On the black rock is where I spend my time
Writing a memory or writing a rhyme
Thinking about what is right or wrong
On the black rock is where I like to go
After a long night coming home from a show
And that's where I write my song, all day long, the black rock
And when you are on your own
Not speaking out is like fighting alone
And that is the worst damn way to fight
And when you are scared no more
Reach your hand out and just open the door
And that's just what I'm doing tonight
On the black rock is where I spend my time
Writing a memory or writing a rhyme
Thinking about what is right or wrong
On the black rock is where I like to go
After a long night coming home from a show
And that's where I write my song, all day long, the black rock

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