

# These Days

## The Black Keys

My hand to God, I didn't mean to  
After all, look what we've been through  
Men come in different shades  
That's how we're made The little house on Ellis Drive  
Is where I felt most alive  
The oak tree covered that old Ford  
I miss it Lord, I miss it Lord These blood red eyes  
Don't see so good  
But what's worse is if they could  
Would I change my ways? Wasted times and broken dreams  
Violent colors so obscene  
It's all I see these days  
These days Watch what you say, the devil is listening  
He's got ears that you wouldn't believe  
And brother once you go to him  
It's your soul you can never, never retrieve These blood red eyes  
Don't see so good  
But what's worse is if they could  
Would I change my ways? Wasted times and broken dreams  
Violent colors so obscene  
It's all I see these days  
These days These days  
All I see these days  
All I see these days  
All I see

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