

Who Crosses State Lines Without a Shirt?

None More Black

Late night creepin's got me tangled up in secrets I don't like.
I'm not the type for the white belt red tie life.
It's something that I never tried. No notes in my book,
'Cause it's all a memory.
My socks don't match and that don't mean a thing to me.
I'm sinking on a soul I couldn't sell to Satan.
I'm comfortable in flames. Don't care if he'll be waiting.
I'm sailing down to hell.
I've missed a lot in a shell-shocked shelled kind of life.
Thanks to modern medicine, now I'm doing alright.
I've got this guitar and a pocket full of friends.
It's worth more than I can ever, ever spend.

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