

All Black (Album Version)

Good Charlotte

Take a look at my life, all black
Take a look at my clothes, all black
Like Johnny Cash, all black
Like the Rolling Stones wanna paint it blackThe night we met, all black
The color of your dress, all black
The seats in my Cadillac, all blackAs long as I could remember I dreamed in black and white
As I grew up and the sun went down I never felt more alright
My mother she use to tell me...Son you better get to church
And its a dark dark world and the people out there and you know its only getting worse
Never been much for weddings or anniversaries but
I go to a funeral if I'm invited any day of the week
Some people say I sound strange some say I'm not right
But I find beauty in this world every single nightTake a look at my life, all black
Take a look at my clothes, all black
Like Johnny Cash, all black
Like the Rolling Stones wanna paint it blackThe night we met, all black
The color of your dress, all black
The seats in my Cadillac, all black
I used to see red, but now just all blackI sat down at her table at the end of the night
She was having black coffee and a cigarette, she wasn't wearing white
She said, people tell me that I am strange that I am not right
The only time I feel alright is in the dead of night
I think I found the one for meTake a look at my life, all black
Take a look at my clothes, all black
Like Johnny Cash, all black
Like the Rolling Stones wanna paint it blackThe night we met, all black
The color of your dress, all black
The seats in my Cadillac, all blackI remember feeling so alive
The night I look into her eyes,
Take a look at my life

Songwriters

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