

Sage Francis f/ Jolie Holland

"Black Out on White Night"

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The lights are out
The phones are dead
And I'm the only thing that's running in this city
Except for the clouds
Man, they're coming down
If I knew my way around, I wouldn't feel so dizzy
Where's the telly?
Nobody can tell me
I don't speak a lick of that language and got a slippery
memory
If I spelled it all out on my arm
Only if
But I didn't, so I think, "Get a grip, kid. Deal with it"
Baby's waiting for a ring
And won't settle for the substitute excuse that's
forming
I've got a complicated case of escapism
For her, I tried to rewire my nature
Too tired to wake her
Up out of that artificial calm she was on
A drug-induced future that slipped out of her palms
Seductive rain dancer, she thinks I'm waterproof
Like Superman doesn't need a roof over his head
When I come home to roost, I'll need truth to hold in
bed
But I'm seeking salvation in a booth, and the phones
are dead
And the lights are out
And I'm the only thing that's living in this ghost town
Except for the clouds
And man, they're coming down
If I knew my way around by now, I'd be bound for home
Black out on white night in Rome
Black out on white night in Rome

[Jolie Holland singing]

I know that I'm in love, but I know I'm out of touch
And I know that I get dumb when I can sense
something's up
And then I bottom out

European tailspin
Scrawling messages out on my pale skin in hopes they
get mailed in
Before the ink poisoning takes effect
And it gets smudged 'cause I budge before letting
paint set
I get judged by the ones who have shelter and rain
checks
While I trudge through the mud because this foreign
terrain's wet
Regain consciousness, then lose common sense
The ominous, dark skies that lie between me and
Providence are signs
The obvious answer isn't standing on your face with
stilettos on
If you pop the question wrong
Every song's a post afterthought, but I won't grab the
chalk
To outline my body of work
Toe tags get caught in my teeth 'cause my foot is in my
mouth
And the spurs are in my words, so my tongue can't
dismount
Even after our rapport had fully run its course
I couldn't figure out the most heroic time to jump from
the horse
And place this old hat for the last time on the coat rack
But I'd donate all my earnings from the race just to
know that
Resisting urges to go back and get it later
Like the milk would sour itself in the refrigerator
A wet boy in a dry, dry state
On an old country road where tradition has a blind date
I'll make it dance on its own grave tonight
With a change of direction by the pale moonlight
And if it needs theme music, I'll break out the bagpipes
Play a tune you ghostwrote me in a past life that goes
like ...

[Jolie Holland singing]

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