

Mr. Big

"Little Black Ache"

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Chasing my excuses to the end of the night
Tried to make a friend, but it ended with a fight
I don't know why, and I don't know when
But my keys have found a way to lock me out again

Sleeping on the subway in my interview tie
Wander through the rain, sit and wonder why
I haven't got a plan, I haven't got a clue
I've only got one lonely thing that's gonna see me
through

I got my little black ache (What you got?)
I got my little black ache (What you got?)
I got my little black ache (What you got?)
My little black ache won't fade

Lovely little girl, crowded little place
I swear on this old Bible that I've never seen her face
She talks like I know what she's talking about
Somewhere there's a door that's got to let me out

Hello, sleepless soul I'm a'passing on the street
Know that like me you only rest on your feet
I know I had some friends, I can almost hear their
names
Now I got one lonely thing and no one left to blame

I got my little black ache...

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