

Paint It Black

"The Fine Art Of Falling Apart"

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We hit the streets with fast beats.
No surrender and no retreat.
Back then, "get in the van" was our battle cry, even
though half the time we couldn't see eye to eye.
A lot of heart, a little luck, and just a pinch of self-
destruct.
If I knew then what I know now, I'd do it all the same.
The amp's shut down, vacuum tubes have grown cold.
Am I getting soft?
Am I getting old?
Am I starting to rot?
Ready or not...flip the switch, hit the bricks this is all I've
got.
Feet flat, broken back.
How do we get ourselves back on track?
We try to do it right but everything goes wrong.
Did you know that I'm still in love with that song?

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