

## **Black Keys "These Days"**

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My hand to God  
I didn't mean to  
After all what we been through  
Men come in different shapes  
Its how were made

Little ??? strife  
The way I felt most of life  
The oak tree covers that old Ford  
I miss it Lord  
I miss it Lord  
These blood red eyes  
Don't see so good  
But whats worse is if they could  
Would I change my ways?  
Wasted times and broken dreams  
Violent colors, so obscene  
Is all I see these days  
These days

Watch what you say  
The devil is listening  
Hes got ears  
That you wouldn't believe  
And brother  
Once you go to him  
Its your soul  
You can never  
Never, never retrieve

These blood red eyes  
Don't see so good  
But whats worse is if they could  
Would I change my ways?  
Wasted times and broken dreams  
Violent colors, so obscene  
Is all I see these days  
These days

Days  
These days  
All I see

These days  
See these days  
All I see

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