

None More Black

"Never Heard Of Corduroy"

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I've taken tongue to pen and ink to blood stream...
the venemous kind.
I've spilled my guts on your favorite blue jeans,
and you didn't mind.
It's not the way I want it.
It's just the way I see it.
I wish I didn't need it.
On the inside, the venom's not kind.
I wish I was a little more rock and less complicated.
I wish I was a little more rock.
This time it's not right.
The antedote.
It's all in the pre-screen and losing my mind.
I'll kill the chord instead of the rhyme scheme,
and everything's fine.
It's not the way I want it.
It's just the way I see it.
I wish I didn't feel it.
I wish I didn't need it.
On the inside, the venom feels fine.

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