

Avett Brothers, The

"Black and Blue"

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Nobody will call
Not as long as I keep my phone off the line
Not as long as I keep my voice down inside of my
mouth
But it's getting harder to hide
And the brightness of the colors makes it hard to
describe
And the voices that seem to come from all sides
Make it hard to decide

Black, blue, her, you

I know a woman who said
'Oh if I could just turn back the clock
When I was still scared and my hair was still dark
And my hands were clean
But now all my choices are spent
And the men that I've known, they don't know what I
meant
And Cupid's arrow is backwards and bent
When it's flying for me'

Black, blue, her, you
White, green, him, me

Nobody will say
Oh what a fine upstanding man
With his ducks in a row, and his fifty-year-plan
Complete with an ending
But it's getting harder to see
And the time between daylight seems longer to me
And the person I am, and the person I'll be
Refuse to meet

Black, blue, her, you
White, green, him, me

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