

Black Keys, The

"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 house on Ellis Drive
Where I felt most alive
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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