

Coal Porters

"The Smell Of Yellow And Black"

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Its O.K.
seems so cliché
you open that door
Its O.K. if I think a lot about it
Its O.K. they all play with fire
and I turn and you open the door
And it takes more than I've got
and you're breathin' down my neck
when the face is in my face
when you're breathin' down my neck
Its O.K. if I think a lot about it
Its O.K. they all play with fire
When the face is in my face
and the moment seems real
with a moment in time
When the face is in my face
and the moment seems real
for a moment in time
burrow child
dig in your soul child
don't ever let it go
cause you can fly
at least on the inside
for a moment in time it can be ours
for a little while

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