

Gone Jackals, The

"Black Is White"

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All I want is a little sign
to tell my left from right,
before the ground beneath me
sets it's sights.

All I need is a reference guide
to tell the day from the night
'cause

Black is white.
The sky is red.
That mean ol' world's been
messin' with my head.

Down is up to the upside down,
is that what's being said?
The deep blue sun's been
trippin' on the dead.

Time spits stakes in a yellow line
from which no man will ever rise,
'cause

Black is white.
The sky is red.

I drag my sense of reason
to the shed.

No place to hide inside the yellow lind.
No bargains struck, all appeals denied.
Black is white.
The sky is red.

Concrete crumbles beneath my feet,
I struggle for every step.
The Birdman rules the roost,
I must confess.

Concrete crumbles beneath my feet
and all bets are off
'cause

Black is white.
The sky is red.
That mean ol' world's
done taken out my friend.

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