

Spider's Web

Katie Melua

If a black man is racist, is it okay?
When it's the white man's racism that made him that way,
Because the bully's the victim they say,
By some sense they're all the same.

Because the line between,
Wrong and right,
Is the width of a thread,
From a spider's web.
The piano keys are black and white,
But they sound like a million colours in your mind.

I could tell you to go to war,
Or I could march for peace and fighting no more,
How do I know which is right,
And I hope he does when he sends you to fight.

Because the line between wrong and right,
Is the width of a thread from a spider's web,
The piano keys are black and white,
But they sound like a million colours in your mind.

Should we act on a blame?
Or should we chase the moments away?
Should we live?
Should we give?
Remember forever the guns and the feathers in time.
Because the line between wrong and right,
Is the width of a thread from a spider's web,
The piano keys are black and white,
But they sound like a million colours in your mind.
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