

## X-Ray

**Blackfield**

Yesterday we rolled down the streets like rats  
There was smoke all around me,  
But we looked pretty happy  
To damage this town one more time

We're so fashionable, glittering eyes  
The jury suspect it's not art,  
But we're like blind painters  
We puke on our paper  
I'm waiting to see what comes out

Confusion is dripping so fast  
On those with the suits and the ties  
Soon they'll ask maybe  
Me and my lady  
We are the X-ray of life