

Who Crosses State Lines Without A Shirt?

None More Black

Late night creepin's got me tangled up in secrets I don't like.

I'm not the type for the white belt red tie life.

It's something that I never tried. No notes in my book,

'Cause it's all a memory.

My socks don't match and that don't mean a thing to me.

I'm sinking on a soul I couldn't sell to Satan.

I'm comfortable in flames. Don't care if he'll be waiting.

I'm sailing down to hell.

I've missed a lot in a shell-shocked shelled kind of life.

Thanks to modern medicine, now I'm doing alright.

I've got this guitar and a pocket full of friends.

It's worth more than I can ever, ever spend.