

Black Rock

O.A.R.

The black rock is where I spend my time
Writing a memory or writing a rhyme
Thinking about what is right or wrong

On the black rock is where I like to go
After a long night coming home from a show
And that's where I write my song, all day long, the black rock

Sometimes I just look around to take in the feeling coming out
from the ground
But that's just something I do sometimes
And then I just step out the door to take in the wind coming of
f of the shore
And that's just what I'm doing tonight

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And that's where I write my song, all day long, the black rock

And when you are on your own, not speaking out is like fighting
alone
And that is the worst damn way to fight
And when you are scared no more, reach your hand out and just o
pen the door
And that's just what I'm doing tonight

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