

Thunderstorm 6:54

The Black Crowes

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Is it me or should I lock the door
Silly it seems, afraid to answer the phone
Someone could say that I'm paranoid

Scissors and string
Soon it will be spring
What will sister bring
Conjure my black game

The daydreams that keep you away
No mown grass, no sunburn
No talk of doomsday
Funny it seems,
The ways of these days
Scars cover me, I start to need the pain

Scissors and string
Soon it will be spring
What will sister bring
Conjure my black game

Thunderstorm 6:54
Righteous is this rain
And love and love
Love is your sad prose
Ooh yeah, sad, sad prose