

Under A Mountain

The Black Crowes

Never a heaven an age old question
Written from a cold place
I feel sour I need a shower
Or just a slap in the face
Circumstance has left romance
And a puzzle in front of me
Who knows the ending, if the truth need
Bending, A lie is the tool that you'll need

So I'm under a mountain
Stuck to this mattress
Perfume and Valium

What makes a Sunday different from Monday
Could be a look in her eyes
In need of flattery she changes batteries
So that her light will shine
The words she utters either so flows or
Stutters
They're either silly or wise
Anger with concern
But never to yearn
Only to be by your side

Lay down with number 13
Its a cold gray shame