

# Ashbury Heights, Shades Of Black

Shades of black  
Are hard to spot  
Spit on me  
Forget me not  
Broken stars  
Look good in print  
Scandals taste  
like springs of mint  
You can't say no to a cellophane heart  
You can't say no to a work of art  
We all need that centerfold part of life  
So come on roll the dice  
Sometimes we lie  
And I think we'd rather cry like crocodiles  
Than look ourselves straight in the eye  
Everybody's talking  
Damned malicious make believe  
Everybody's talking  
Shades of black in magazines  
Everybody's talking  
'Bout the things you left behind  
Everybody's talking  
There's no way to ease your mind  
Shades of black  
Will take their toll  
Misery  
Like solid gold  
Resting upon  
Paper shoulders  
Are camera  
Obscura soldiers  
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