

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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