

# Chris Whitley, Never

Well, I see now she can't spell no love with letters  
All at odds with these mythologies of sexual mentors  
Well, if she ever need a rest  
From all that Dogma all undressed  
On no religion I love you blessed never forever  
Dress for the evening with such disguise  
Well, laying here now with your open eyes  
Killing time now and time just dies forever  
Well, I'm all in open view  
Wear it raw in front of you  
Milk the drug and misconstrue  
Well, I stood all night out there waiting for the Ark  
Gasoline all in my hair just to tempt a spark  
I ain't got no hard on like you have known  
I ain't got no icon like those you been shown  
All our lives or one night alone never forever  
All our lives or one night, no never