

None More Black, I See London

I'm locking all the doors. I'm busting up the mirrors.
Reflection is a dirty thing. It seems that's all too obvious.
I didn't dim the lights enough. They see me against the wall.
I'm making silhouettes, and it's all my fucking fault.
I would prefer a breeze, but I'll settle for this drink in front of me.
The humid night just sticks to my skin.
Isn't that so generous. It follows me to sleep.
Now I toss and turn in. I hit the lights and sit at the edge of the bed,
Strumming what's inside of me. I guess this night's been turned into something useful.
I'm strumming my guitar looking out a dirty window. I'm drunker than I've been.
What else do I have to say or sing?