

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, State Of The Art

Had I not known the darkness
I could not love the light
Were it not for gravity there would be no flight
Had I not lost the path, I'd have never found my way
Equal parts my heart I gave to bloom and to decay

With a rattle and a grind I find that I'm back at my favorite part
But I may not be your kind if your kind is faint or heart
When the World is sick and tired and it's begging you to fall apart
You may be hanging by a thread but now you're state of the art
Oooohh

I call upon my demons as I call upon my saints
I lend an equal ear to each and I suffer no complaints
When the furies be your ushers and the shadows be your guide
The best way out of hell is through the other side

With a rumble and a grind I find that I'm back at my favorite part
Well I may not be your kind if your kind is faint or heart
When the World is sick and tired and it's begging you to fall apart
You may be hanging by a thread but now you're state of the art
You may be hanging by a thread but now you're state of the art
Ooohhh

With a rumble and a grind I find that I'm back at my favorite part
Well I may not be your kind if your kind is faint or heart
When the World is sick and tired and it's begging you to fall apart

You could be hanging by a thread but now you're state of the art
Yeah you're hanging by a thread but now you're state of the art
Yeah you're hanging by a thread but now you're state of the art
Hey!

Sha la la la la la la la la la la la
ooohhh
Sha la la la la la la la la la la la
ooohhh
Sha la la la la la la la la la la la
ooohhh