

# The Black Crowes, Non Fiction

I don't know my telephone number  
But you kiss good and I'd like to  
See you tomorrow  
And I don't beg, I pay, I don't barter  
And if we had a child I'd like a son,  
Not a daughter  
'Cause she'd be just like you  
You know that would not do  
I'm no builder, I'm no gardener  
I sing some songs, have a friend  
Who's a photographer  
There ain't no other language  
I know how to speak  
Some like their water shallow  
And I like mine deep  
Tied to the bottom  
With a noose around my feet  
Chorus:  
The clouds conspire  
Above my head  
I overheard them  
Say I wish he was dead  
Today the sunset  
Burned my eyes  
And in the next room I hear someone cry  
I like to dress up like the jury  
To eat like a king, to poke fun at clergy  
To talk like dirt  
To love yo like tar  
But never fall in too fast  
With my north star  
While you pull your hair out  
I buy the drinks at the bar  
Chorus