

Bishop Allen, Little Black Ache

Chasing my excuses to the end of the night
Tried to make a friend, but it ended with a fight
I don't know why and I don't know when
But my keys have found a way to lock me out again

Sleeping on the subway in my interview tie
Wander through the rain, sit and wonder why
I haven't got a plan, I haven't got a clue
I've only got one lonely thing that's gonna see me through

I've got my little black ache (What you got?)
I've got my little black ache (What you got?)
I've got my little black ache (What you got?)
My little black ache won't fade

Lovely little girl, crowded little place
I swear on this old Bible that I've never seen her face
She talks like I know what she's talking about
Somewhere there's a door that's got to let me out

Hello, sleepless soul I'm a passing on the street
Know that like me you only rest on your feet
I know I had some friends, I can almost hear their names
Now I got one lonely thing and no one left to blame

I've got my little black ache . . .