

Black Crowes, I Ain t Hiding

rust on my pickups
and blood on the stage
seeds in the ashtray
and coke on the blade
NYC delivers thats a guarantee
the only thing that keep the day from me
line at the bathroom
line at the bar
take it outside and do the rest in the car
our candy baby's in a bright light fright
rock and roll rat race everybodys up tight
thats right

Chorus:

Aint your saint aint your enemy
Im a long shadow on the highway
I know this aint how it's supposed to be
Baby i aint hiding
stayed on the dance floor cause you can't find the door
can't run out cause there is always more
keep on rocking cause it's not even four
turn up the bass until your ears get sore