

Black Oak Arkansas, Dont Confuse What You Do

You're troubled in your head.
Good times have come and gone.
Your feet are at your knees and
you feel that you've gone wrong.
At night you're all alone,
your heart now needs a song.

With nights so sad and dark,
there's no one by your side.
Your fever's runnin high and
you've got no place to hide.
She took you for a ride,
your heart feels that it's died.

Don't confuse what you don't know.
There's no way to say.
What you have
may be a hopeless case.

Tell me of your story,
then tell me of your song.
Then we'll smoke and think on it
and think of what you've done.
Yea what you've done.

Don't confuse what you don't know.
There's no way to say.
What you have
may be a hopeless case.

Now have you found yourself
and where you want to be?
Think before you say your piece,
then go and speak it free!