

matchbox twenty, Black And White People

One more day down
Everybody has those days
Where one soft sweet song's
Just enough to clear my head

Fall on real life
Is anybody left there sane?
If we slide on over and accept fate
Then it's bound to be a powerful thing

If it's just that you're weak
Can we talk about it
It's gettin' so damn creepy
Just nursing this ghost of a chance
The fiction, the romance
And the Technicolor dreams
Of black and white people

One boy headstrong
Thinks that living here's just plain
He's pushed down so hard
You can hear him start to sink

And it's one last round of petty conversation
You hold on boy, 'cause
You won't go down like this
Just roll on over and
Lay down 'till it's more than you can take

If it's just that you're weak
Can we talk about it
It's gettin' so damn creepy
Just nursing this ghost of a chance
The fiction, the romance
And the Technicolor dreams
Of black and white people

So one more day down
And everybody's changin'
One soft sweet song's
Just enough to clear my, my head

And if it's just that you're weak
Can we talk about it
It's gettin' so damn creepy
Just nursing this ghost of a chance
The fiction, the romance
And the Technicolor dreams
Of black and white people

Yeah if you're weak
Can we talk about it
It's gettin so damn creepy
Just nursing this ghost of a chance
The fiction, the romance
And the Technicolor dreams
Of black and white people

We are black and white people