

None More Black, Never Heard Of Corduroy

I've taken tongue to pen and ink to blood stream...
the venomous kind.
I've spilled my guts on your favorite blue jeans,
and you didn't mind.
It's not the way I want it.
It's just the way I see it.
I wish I didn't need it.
On the inside, the venom's not kind.
I wish I was a little more rock and less complicated.
I wish I was a little more rock.
This time it's not right.
The antedote.
It's all in the pre-screen and losing my mind.
I'll kill the chord instead of the rhyme scheme,
and everything's fine.
It's not the way I want it.
It's just the way I see it.
I wish I didn't feel it.
I wish I didn't need it.
On the inside, the venom feels fine.