

Phil Vassar, Black And Whites

So many choices in my life these days
So much confusion, so many shades of gray
That sometimes I don't know
My left from my right
But I've got these old black and whites

Well, I'm every color that you can paint
A father, a lover, a mother, a sinner and a saint
From Sunday morning, to Saturday night
I've got these old black and whites

Under the spotlight or all alone at midnight
I know I'm right where I belong
It always unwinds me, it finds me then reminds me
That life is as simple as a song

Lovers, they come and surely they go
They fly you so high, say hello, say goodbye
And they leave you low
But that's all right here in these songs that I write
Right here on these old black and whites

So roll over Beethoven
Cause ol' Phil could use some room
I may be out of time and may be out of tune
But you know how it feels to pour out your life
Right here on these old black and whites
Livin life in black and white