

Soundgarden, Fell On Black Days (demo)

White lemon days
Blue colored lines on your face
Devil in your best
Settling like death to the pain
Now loosening your grip
Feel the wheel slip from your hands
Walking the devil's dog
And carrying his groceries
I fell on black days
Fell on black days
How would I know that this would be my fate
White lemon days
Love steal the schemes
Drive around like spaceships on bald tires
Burn the mother's milk
So another fog is in line
Now getting the devil's kiss
And wipe the mothers kiss from my face
Keep a stiff upper lip
Spitting on my past to the pain
I fell on black days
Fell on black days
How would I know that this would be my fate
How would I know that this would be my fate
I fell on black days
I fell on black days
White lemon days