

# The Black Crowes, Under A Mountain

Never a heaven an age old question  
Written from a cold place  
I feel sour I need a shower  
Or just a slap in the face  
Circumstance has left romance  
And a puzzle in front of me  
Who knows the ending  
If the truth need bending  
A lie is the tool that you'll need

So I'm under a mountain  
Stuck to this mattress  
Perfume and Valium

What makes a Sunday different from Monday  
Could be a look in her eyes  
In need of flattery she changes batteries  
So that her light will shine  
The words she utters  
Either so flows or stutters  
They're either silly or wise  
Anger with concern  
But never to yearn  
Only to be by your side

Lay down with number 13  
Its a cold gray shame