

X-Ray

Blackfield

Yesterday we rolled down the streets like rats
There was smoke all around me,
But we looked pretty happy
To damage this town one more time

We're so fashionable, glittering eyes
The jury suspect it's not art,
But we're like blind painters
We puke on our paper
I'm waiting to see what comes out

Confusion is dripping so fast
On those with the suits and the ties
Soon they'll ask maybe
Me and my lady
We are the X-ray of life