

BLACK DOG

LONG PAST THE SMALL HOURS I WAS STILL ON MY FEET
ALL WITH-IN MY POWERS WOULD JUST NOT MAKE ENDS MEET AND THE
FLO-WER-ING NE-VER SMELLED SO SWEET
JU-DAS HAD I AP-PEARED AS THE STRAN-GER
THE ONE CHO-SEN TO CHANGE HER THE ONE WITH THE DAN-GER-OUS
VOICE AND SHE AP-PEARED AS THE DAN-GER-OUS CHOICE I'M
DR-VING THRU FOG CUT WITH A KNIFE I PASS A BLACK DOG RUN-NING
FOR HIS LIFE WHEN HE HOWLS HE RE-VEALS THAT THE
FU-TURE IS HOT ON MY HEELS