

Tiny Grain Of Truth

Mark Lanegan

Put the pictures upon the shelf
The ones I tore from magazines and paperbacks
I'm a keep my hurt inside now love
When it's you I am following

What's done is done is done now
What's done is done is done now
What's done is done is done now
What's done is done

Send down the firewalker
Send down the neon priest
Send down the junky doctor
Send down the shadow king
Down through the heart of the city at night
In black and white

Roll out to a blues funeral
Riding out in a long cortege
Gone with the mariachi
Gone with the butchermen
Gone straight through the eye of a needle at night
In black and white

Straight through the eye of a needle at night

I blurred the pictures and fooled myself
The ones that showed the terminal in negative
I'm a keep my hurt inside now love
And may you not uncover it

And blood is blood is blood now
And blood is blood is blood now
Yes blood is blood is blood now
And blood is blood
Straight through the eye of a needle at night
In black and white

Send down the firewalker
Send down the neon priest
Send down the junky doctor
Send down the shadow king
Out through the heart of the city at night
In black and white