I grew up seein' things in black and white There's only two ways to go, either wrong or right But when the moon replaces the sun That's when the damage is done Black and white start fadin' into gray

Well, there's somethin' 'bout the bright city lights Got to my head last night
I went one time too many to the well
And it's a mighty fine line between right and wrong
Even thinner 'tween heaven and hell
Well, my soul ain't sold but I got it up for sale

That sun is beatin' down on me, I just can't hide
'Cause that midnight train that I've been on is no free ride
Hey, but what could be so wrong
'Bout lovin' wine, women and song
I guess, I'll get my kicks in now before they're gone

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Yeah, my soul ain't sold but I got it up for sale