

Reggae

black midi

It may be sweet
And it may be poor
And it may be back
And it may be forward
And it may be done
And it may be sick
And it may be sweet
And it may be

It may be new
And it may be cross
And it may be sweat
And it may be woe
And it may be hard
And it may be hard

And it may be dark
And it may be mould
And it may be back
And it may be old
And it may be done
And it may be hard
And it may be soon
And it may be tongue

But as long as I keep an hourglass, everything's in line
Maybe it's an hourglass, everything in line
But I wish I could be as elegant as Soo
The way he comes in through a room in a way I cannot do
He's got a coat of nine tails and fresh leather shoes
Straight from the cow, I tell you
Straight from the cow
But my shirt is so un-ironed it could be a mountain range
My shoes, the rotting flesh of a mange
My shirt is so un-ironed it could be a mountain range

And I have no name to the skin folds near who show no face
But all I can hear as they gawk and they gurn and they scream and they laugh
I must make a new plan if I hope to ever last

And it may be
It may be
And it may be
And it may be hard
It may be hard
And it may be hard
It may be hard, it may be hard, it may be, may be, may be

As long as I keep
As long as I keep
As long as I keep

As long as I keep
As long as I keep

As long as I keep everything will fall into line