

# Toni Cornell, Black

Hey... oohh...

Sheets of empty canvas, untouched sheets of clay  
Were laid spread out before me as her body once did.  
All five horizons revolved around her soul  
As the earth to the sun  
Now the air I tasted and breathed has taken a turn

Ooh, and all I taught her was everything  
Ooh, I know she gave me all that she wore  
And now my bitter hands chafe beneath the clouds  
Of what was everything.  
Oh, the pictures have all been washed in black, tattooed everything...

I take a walk outside  
I'm surrounded by some kids at play  
I can feel their laughter, so why do I sear?  
Oh, and twisted thoughts that spin round my head  
I'm spinning, oh, I'm spinning  
How quick the sun can drop away

And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass  
Of what was everything?  
All the pictures have all been washed in black, tattooed everything...

All the love gone bad turned my world to black  
Tattooed all I see, all that I am, all I'll be... yeah...  
Uh huh... uh huh... ooh...

I know someday you'll have a beautiful life,  
I know you'll be a sun in somebody else's sky, but why  
Why, why can't it be, why can't it be mine

Aah... uuh..