

# Black Crowes, I Ain t Hiding

rust on my pickups  
and blood on the stage  
seeds in the ashtray  
and coke on the blade  
NYC delivers thats a guarantee  
the only thing that keep the day from me  
line at the bathroom  
line at the bar  
take it outside and do the rest in the car  
our candy baby's in a bright light fright  
rock and roll rat race everybodys up tight  
thats right

Chorus:

Aint your saint aint your enemy  
Im a long shadow on the highway  
I know this aint how it's supposed to be  
Baby i aint hiding  
stayed on the dance floor cause you can't find the door  
can't run out cause there is always more  
keep on rocking cause it's not even four  
turn up the bass until your ears get sore