

Grey November Day

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

As far as I know, it was a grey November day
In 1959 when it began
My mum used to wash all my tears away
Trying to protect her little son

I was supposed to be a doctor
I was supposed to be a man
Who works hard for the government
Hard 'til the very end

I was supposed to be a banker
I was supposed to be a whore
Then music came, heaven sent
Became my only friend
My love and my helping hand
And it never let me down

It's been a long way 'til today
From that grey November, grey November day
'Til today
From that grey November, grey November day

Then dad disappeared, I dried my mummy's tears
Fought against my fears and lost my way
Ten years ago, my daughter said hello
Hope started to grow day by day

I was supposed to be a loser
I was supposed to be a clown
Who drowned in the summer rain
Jumped off the running train

I was supposed to be a pop star
I was supposed to be a jerk
Who doesn't know where he's coming from
A singer without a song
No clue how to get along
But they all were wrong

It's been a long way 'til today
From that grey November, grey November day
'Til today
From that grey November, grey November day

I was supposed to be a doctor
I was forced to heal myself
It felt good in the summer rain
Free and without a pain

I was supposed to be a loser
But I never lost myself
In this forest of memories
I started to climb the trees
And reach for the stars and leaves
Not a single one's too high

As far as I know, it was a grey November day

In 1959 when it began
I still dream of dad who sits next to the sun
And I hope he sees his son walk on