

Living in the Gray

Godsmack

You got something to say? Should I wait and listen?
Sounds unfocused to me, and your heart is missing
Cold, stubborn, and so vain, with every breath you're breathing
Your head's a one-way street, it never rhymes or reasons

Not everything is always black or white
Sometimes we're living in the gray

Controlling every way, for your own identity
No room for mistakes, and preaching your hypocrisy
Maybe one day you'll come to realize that
That all you do and say was meant to be in the gray

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