

## Sons Of Grey

Daan

My little velcro twine is in a state where the cars don't drive  
And the people stare at number five in gold  
Didn't I tell you you'd be happy  
Didn't I tell you it's a sell-out  
Even your mother will be proud

My little sense of time  
Is big enough to count the seconds  
Between a fine toast and a toast that's made to burn  
Don't this lack of color suit me  
Or shall I chase another greyhound  
Bark my day

All of my wheels are turning  
Both of my hands are burning  
Follow the sons of grey  
Find me a cloud that's yurning  
Find me a sheep that's kerning  
Find me the sons of grey

Through windows we gaze at concrete that plays  
Songs of grey the bricks are in place  
My spoon's on a tray songs of grey  
Crossfading the goat that sleeps in my throat  
Songs of grey emergency rhymes  
To polish the chymes songs of grey