

# Grey Street

Dave Matthews Band

Oh, just sitting while she listens  
She says I don't need this place  
It seems a million years she's stuck here  
But says nothing of what she thinks

She thinks, hey,  
How did I come to this?  
I dreamt like anybody else one night  
I would be a beautiful princess.

But then the roads in the park fall  
And then she rode the line in  
And the colors mix together to grey  
And break me out

Oh, when I'm indifferent  
She prays to God most every night  
Although she swears he doesn't listen  
There's hope in her that he just might

She says, I pray  
But then my prayer fall on deaf ears  
I'm supposed to take it all myself  
To get out of this place.

She feels the lumps in the heart fall  
And she rose up in the back  
She hears the cars scream out from outside  
And she whispers sometimes about this  
But the colors mix together to grey  
And wake me up

Oh, he grows up living  
He says take what you can from your dreams  
Make them real as anything  
It takes the work out of the courage

She said, please,  
There's a crazy man standing outside my door  
I live on the corner of a dead end street  
At the end of the world.

Oh, and the rocks out in the heart fall  
And she dreams her way to life  
And she knows no one will lift her  
So she might as well do it herself

And then bummed out and worried  
Of leaving city life  
But all the colors mix together to grey  
On grey street  
On grey street  
To grey street

Oh, when it comes down in your loving  
Oh, well then baby it's right  
You say you think you are nothing

No one else will do it for you  
Reach up and grab hold of the sunlight  
When you are waiting for what's right  
You're holding on your heaven  
Wont leave you, yeah, yeah...

And the colors mix together to grey  
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up  
To grey.