

# Grey Cloudy Lies

George Harrison

And I thought to close my mouth  
With a padlock on the night  
Leave the battlefield behind  
Stay out the fight  
Not lose my sight

Now I only want to be  
With no pistol at my brain  
But at times it gets so lonely  
Could go insane  
Could lose my aim

Now I only want to live  
With no teardrops in my eyes  
But at times it feels like no chance  
No clear blue skies  
Grey cloudy lies

No clear blue skies  
Grey cloudy lies