

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