

Grey Weather

Gregory and the Hawk

Grey weather, just fool me, just tell me I'm right
Despite the careless words you say, I'm always keeping faith
Chart the numbers, see a trend... We are moving in place
Despite your lack of blowing over, I'm always keeping faith

And you'd say, this is not the time for goodbyes
It's too late
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In the bright light of morning, map the last leg of the trip
I call on you to catch me as I'm coming over that bridge
Through the mind-fog of the beach and the cracking concrete
The broken wings of reverie leave me always having faith

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