

## Here, Nearby

Grey Daze

Melted candles on the window sill  
Perfume in the haze  
Ashtrays spread across the floor  
On a normal day  
We lay out across the bed  
Just like we always did  
And in this house  
The devil laid his hand on our head  
And made them spin, Yeah  
I want to be your man  
If you think I care  
I want to be your man  
Your man, lord  
No more defenses  
Like no more peace of mind  
Keeping in these knives stabbing  
Spilling out your blood to me  
Man, Yeah