

In between the dunes of bright snow  
There's a place where the wind won't blow  
I sit protected from the harsh cold  
But there's no one there to hold  
Have you really looked into my eyes lately?

Cinders, feathers, clouds in bad weather  
Old men, shadows, smoke in thick billows  
Grey, all grey, all grey  
Stay, please stay, just stay

Like a moth beneath the moonlight  
I am just a blend of black and white  
On the TV silent movies playin' back to back  
Like memories  
Have you really looked into my eyes lately?

Cinders, feathers, clouds in bad weather  
Old men, shadows, smoke in thick billows  
Grey, all grey, all grey  
Stay, please stay, just stay  
Just stay  
Grey, all grey, all grey  
Stay, please stay, just stay