

Grey

Holly Brook

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