

# Grey Walls

Richard Thompson

I took my darling down,  
I took my darling down  
To that big grey house down the lane  
And then the doctor said,

He said "It's in her head  
She's never going to be right again"  
I kissed my love goodbye,  
She didn't blink an eye

They took her down the hall,  
She never looked back at all

Oh behind grey walls,  
Somewhere there's a soul  
Behind grey walls,  
She's out of control

She's crying out for help,  
No-one can hear  
O Lord have pity on her,  
O Lord have pity on her

My darling walks the floor,  
My darling walks the floor  
She walks every minute that she can  
I heard my darling say,  
I heard my darling say

That she don't know who I am  
Cigarette burns down her arm,  
Said she tried to do herself harm  
Tied her arms in the back,  
Trussed her up like a sack

Oh behind grey walls,  
Somewhere there's a soul  
Behind grey walls,  
She's out of control

She's crying out for help,  
No-one can hear  
O Lord have pity on her,  
O Lord have pity on her

I saw my darling's face,  
I saw my darling's face  
It looked so pale in the distance  
She stared out from her room

Into the dying gloom  
And I saw her poor tears glisten  
Pills to keep her calm, more punctures  
Than a junkie in her arm  
Strapped her on the bed,  
Seventy volts through her head

Oh behind grey walls,  
Somewhere there's a soul  
Behind grey walls,  
She's out of control

She's crying out for help,  
No-one can hear  
O Lord have pity on her,  
O Lord have pity on her

Behind grey walls  
Behind grey walls