

## Defecting Grey

## The Pretty Things

Sitting alone on a bench with you  
Mirrored above in the sky  
Wondering if you will say goodnight  
Leave me a grave and goodbye

Night sky hangs in blackness  
Night threads, patterns weaving  
Somebody going tells you where I need me  
Casting gardens of shadow  
The lights flash, someone is driving  
Heat exchange, car on a highway going my way

Sitting alone on a bench with you  
Talking 'bout your life and mine  
I find and bet you just don't like snakes  
They are just no friend of mine

You've seen it all but you're foregoing  
You passed it by but you're not knowing  
You've heard it all before, you're going home  
You've seen them dying, now they're all alone

Sitting alone on a bench with you  
Dipping my eyes in the stream  
Breath of your lips chases shadows away  
Clearing the mist from a tree

Sitting alone on a bench with you  
Just as you get up to leave  
Holding my breath as I touch your hand  
Then with the brush of your sleeve

Later in the morning  
Just as dawn starts snoring

Sitting alone on an empty bench  
Mirrored above in the sky