These Grey Days

Eight Legs

Ive been short of logic so
Im passed out on the patio
This cold and stony floor
Ive been here before
Twelve times
Im slime and Ive got one thing on my mind
Its on my mindWell she will sit and talk to me
But thats not quite enough for me
Ill send a nasty text
To show Im not impressed
She wont comply with the one thing on my mind
Its on my mindI wish we hadnt changed
I wish we hadnt kissed goodbye to those old days
I wish wed stayed the same
These grey daysIve been to a party so
Im passed out on the patio
Outside of your back door
And Ive been here before
So many times
Im slime and Ive got one thing on my mind
Its on my mindTheres something in my brain
And that explains the way that I behave
I need not feel ashamed
These grey days

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