

# 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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