

# All Cats Are Grey (Live Summer 1981)

## The Cure

I never thought that I would find myself  
In bed amongst the stones  
The columns are all men  
Begging to crush me  
No shapes sail on the dark deep lakes  
And no flags wave me home  
In the caves  
All cats are grey  
In the caves  
The textures coat my skin  
In the death cell  
A single note  
Rings on and on and on

Songwriters

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