

# Grey

## Ooberman

The sky is grey  
The sand is grey  
And the ocean is grey  
And I feel right at home  
In this stunning monochrome  
Alone in my way  
I smoke and I drink  
And every time I blink  
I have a tiny dream  
But as bad as I am  
I'm proud of the fact  
That I'm worse than I seem  
What kind of paradise  
Am I looking for?  
I've got everything I want  
And still I want more  
Maybe some tiny shiny key  
Will wash up on the shore  
You walk through my walls  
Like a ghost on TV  
You penetrate me  
And my little pink heart  
Is on its little brown raft  
Floating out to sea  
And what can I say  
But I'm wired this way  
And you're wired to me  
And what can I do  
But wallow in you  
Unintentionally  
What kind of paradise  
Am I looking for?  
I've got everything I want  
And still I want more  
Maybe some tiny shiny key  
Will wash up on the shore  
Regretfully  
I guess I've only got three  
Simple things to say

Why me?  
Why this now?  
Why this way?  
With overtones ringing  
And undertows  
Pulling away  
Under a sky that is grey  
On sand that is grey  
By an ocean that's grey  
What kind of paradise  
Am I looking for?  
I've got everything I want  
And still I want more  
Maybe some tiny shiny key  
Will wash up on the shore

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