Grey

Squealer

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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