

The Greys

The Breaktone

What's the blues, when you've got the greys?
I think I've given up, my body's given in,
in a building, i lie still, and then i turn back over again
in a building that has heating
and sweat sweat sweat sweat dried-on stains
I'm sick of feeling sick and not throwing up
and you sit in my stomach and you seem to be stuck
and it won't work its way through my guts and just go away
I woke up this afternoon thought maybe today
that the world might be a more colorful place
but there's no luck, it's still just grey
come back here
What's the blues, when you've got the greys?
much less productive than hardship and pain
in a building, where I lie still,
just before i turn over again
in a building that has heating
and sweat sweat sweat sweat dried-on stains
I'm sick of feeling sick and not throwing up
and you sit in my stomach and you seem to be stuck
and it won't work its way through my guts and just go away
I woke up this afternoon thought maybe today
the world might be a more colorful place
there's no luck, it's still just grey
oh, what's the blues here when you've got the greys
i don't have much of a story to say
i just sit around at night and avoid day
if i feel anything it at all it would be to get up
and avoid conversation and human contact
cause you can't touch the world if you can't feel pain
you should come back here

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