

# Grey Matter

## Finch

Bite the tongue to live with what you've done  
It's so good, it's so good  
Lie to myself while I lie with myself  
It's Monday and it's raining  
It's Sunday in the sun  
It's so good, but Would it be so bad if you were to pretend  
That you were so happy?  
Keep it to yourself, don't let the secret go  
If you were so willing, but Let's pray for the suicide  
And all these pictures falling down around me  
I've surrounded myself  
With all I have inside Would I bite my tongue and live with what you've done?  
Just continue sleeping?  
Selfishly consumed with everything you've wrought  
There's nothing I can do, but Let's pray for the suicide  
And all these pictures falling down  
One wish full, step to the side  
And please just let me know Are you happy?  
I'll decide  
These stories are so old  
How they match your eyes Are you happy?  
I'll decide  
These stories are so old  
How they match your eyes Are you happy?  
I'll decide  
These stories are so old  
How they match your eyes, but Let's pray for the suicide  
And all these pictures falling down  
One wish full, step to the side  
And pick these pictures from the ground that surround me

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