Grey Walls

Richard Thompson

I took my darling down,
I took my darling down
To that big grey house down the lane
And then the doctor said,He said "It's in her head
She's never going to be right again"
I kissed my love goodbye,
She didn't blink an eyeThey took her down the hall,
She never looked back at allOh behind grey walls,
Somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls,
She's out of controlShe's crying out for help,
No-one can hear
O Lord have pity on her,
O Lord have pity on herMy darling walks the floor,
My darling walks the floor
She walks every minute that she can
I heard my darling say,
I heard my darling sayThat she don't know who I am
Cigarette burns down her arm,
Said she tried to do herself harm
Tied her arms in the back,
Trussed her up like a sackOh behind grey walls,
Somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls,
She's out of controlShe's crying out for help,
No-one can hear
O Lord have pity on her,
O Lord have pity on herI saw my darling's face,
I saw my darling's face
It looked so pale in the distance
She stared out from her roomInto the dying gloom
And I saw her poor tears glisten
Pills to keep her calm, more punctures
Than a junkie in her arm
Strapped her on the bed,
Seventy volts through her headOh behind grey walls,
Somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls,
She's out of controlShe's crying out for help,

No-one can hear
O Lord have pity on her,
O Lord have pity on herBehind grey walls
Behind grey walls

Songwriters
ERROL THOMPSONPublished by
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