

# Veiled In Grey

## Mystery Jets

It's in a stony glare,  
It's up the creaky stairway,  
Sat in the wicker chair,  
You know the one we used to share,  
And it's just the kind of thing that we don't talk about anymore. Remember when your sister was young,  
She wore a ring in her tongue,  
Got shown the door by your mum,  
Now she has a five year old son.  
And it's just the kind of thing that she won't talk about anymore. I'll bet you wouldn't believe me,  
if I whispered in your ears and said,  
I can see a pink elephant and it's standing on the corner of the bed.  
You just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your head When you were a girl you weren't sure,  
You cared for your family anymore,  
Looked for the mother you had before,  
And it shook them all to the core.  
And it's just the kind of thing that you don't talk about anymore. I recall your friend back home,  
She brought up a kid on her own,  
But he died before he had grown,  
So she gave you all the clothes that she'd sewn.  
And it's just the kind of thing she don't talk about anymore. I'll bet you wouldn't believe me,  
if I whispered in your ear and said,  
I can see a pink elephant and it's standing on the corner of the bed.  
You just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your head And I'll bet you wouldn't believe me,  
If I whispered in your ear and said,  
I can see a pink elephant and it's standing on the corner of the bed.  
You just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your head. You just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your  
head.  
Yeah, you just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your head.  
Yeah, you just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your.

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