Grey

Chris Pureka

It was a saffron day on the avenue
I took the evening train back to my dark room
And the periwinkle sky was just the night in disguise
Oh and everything eventually turns grey

Well if you saw me now, I'd still talk at my shoes
And if I saw you now, your eyes would still be blue
And believing your own lies seemed like such a good idea
But you see your father's eyes when you look into the mirror
Oh and everything eventually turns grey

It takes one hour to burn
What was twenty years to come
And we're all rubble at the bottom
And it's all falling down
Yeah it's all falling down

The creases there, and my crooked spine
The bold headlines now, a linear design
Oh and everything eventually turns grey

It takes one hour to burn
What was two hundred years to come
And we're all rubbled at the bottom
And it's all falling down
And it's all falling down
Yeah it's all falling down

Now, now it's getting yellow at the edges
Cracking at the corners
Bending at the knees
You're getting blue in the face
From screaming the warning
And no one's listening
It's hard to see, we turn away
We're slowly walking underground
Ashes to ashes now, ashes to ashes now
Now your old idyllic hope is just
A shipwreck on the shore
And now your old idyllic hope is just

A shipwreck on the shore

Lyrics submitted by kary.

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