

Martha's Vineyard

Brown Floyd

She wakes up in the morning the color of the day just seems so grey and her high school years just seemed so
far away
and pictures of how it could have been all that glitters is not gold least that's what they say too bad a pretty face
can't always make that rain go awaybut she spends her weekends at Martha's Vineyard
every day laying out by the shore
Yeah now she spends her weekends at Martha's Vineyard
everyday just laying out by the shoreShe spent some time with the jet set white powder up her nose she loved
the diamonds as they glittered like the falling snow
but now its back to the kids and the cars and the shopping carts and endless trips to the malls and the doctors
and the bills and all those darn things that the world asks of you
and then she reflects upon her life sick of the all the endless toil and strife
and she don't understand why the colors of the rainbow
just seem to pass her by....but she spends her....she's riding on the crest of a wave waiting for it to break
underneath her
she's waiting for her day in the sun but the clouds never seem to go away
and the rain just keeps on pounding down day after day all around her
she's chasing that pot of gold hoping for a better day
and then she reflects upon her life sick and tired of all the endless toil and strifeand she can't understand why
the colors of the rainbow just seem to pass her by...

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