Grey Room

Damien Rice

Well, I've been here before
Sat on a floor in a grey, grey room
Where I stay in all day, I don't eat
But I play with this grey, grey food
Desole, someone is praying
Then I might break out
Desole, even if I scream
I can't scream that loud
'Cause I'm all alone again
Crawling back home again
Stuck by the phone again
Well, I've been here before
Sat on a floor in a grey, grey mood
Where I stay up all night
And all that I write is a grey, grey tune
So pray for me, child, just for a while
That I might break out, yeah
Pray for me, child
Even a smile would do for now
'Cause I'm all alone again
Crawling back home again
Stuck by the phone again
Have I still got you
To be my open door?
Have I still got you
To be my sandy shore?
Have I still got you
To cross my bridge in this storm?
Have I still got you
To keep me warm?
If I squeeze my grape
And I drink my wine, yeah
'Cause I squeeze my grape
And I drink my wine
Oh 'cause nothing is lost
It's just frozen in frost
And is open in time
And there's no one in line
But I've still got me

To be your open door
And I've still got me
To be your sandy shore
And I've still got me
To cross your bridge in this storm
And I've still got me
To keep you warm
Warmer than warm, yeah
Warmer than warm, yeah
Warmer than warm, yeah
Warmer than warm, yeah
Warmer than warm, yeah

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