

# 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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