

# Wrapped In Grey

XTC

Some folks see the world as a stone  
Concrete daubed in dull monotone  
Your heart is the big box of paints  
And others, the canvas we're dealt  
Your heart is the big box of paints  
How coloured the flowers all smelled  
As they huddled there, in petalled prayer  
They told me this, as I knelt there  
Awaken you dreamers  
Adrift in your beds  
Balloons and streamers  
Decorate the inside of your heads  
Please let some out  
Do it today  
But don't let the loveless ones sell you  
A world wrapped in grey  
Some folks pull this life like a weight  
Drab and dragging dreams made of slate  
Your heart is the big box of paints  
And others, the canvas we're dealt  
Your heart is the big box of paints  
Just think how the old masters felt, they call...  
Awaken you dreamers  
Asleep at your desks  
Parrots and lemurs  
Populate your unconscious grotesques  
Please let some out  
Do it today  
Don't let the loveless ones sell you  
A world wrapped in grey  
And in the very least you can  
Stand up naked and  
Grin

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