## Ani DiFranco, Grey

The sky is grey, the sand is grey, and the ocean is grey.

I feel right at home in this stunning monochrome, alone in my way.

I smoke and I drink and every time I blink I have a tiny dream.

But as bad as I am I'm proud of the fact that I'm worse than I seem.

What kind of paradise am I looking for?

I've got everything I want and still I want more.

Maybe some tiny shiny thing will wash up on the shore.

You walk through my walls like a ghost on TV.

You penetrate me,

And my little pink heart is on its little brown raft.

Floating out to sea.

And what can I say but I'm wired this way,

And you're wired to me.

And what can I do but wallow in you unintentionally?

What kind of paradise am I looking for?

I've got everything I want and still I want more.

Maybe some tiny shiny key will wash up on the shore.

Regretfully, I guess I've got three simple things to say.

Why me? Why this now? Why this way?

Overtone's ringing, undertow's pulling away,

Under a sky that is grey, on sand that is grey, by an ocean that's grey.

What kind of paradise am I looking for?

I've got everything I want and still I want more.

Maybe some tiny shiny key will wash up on the shore