

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