

Daan, Sons Of Grey

My little Velcro twine
is in a state were the cars don't drive and the people stare at number five in gold.
Didn't I tell you you'd be happy?
Didn't I tell you it's a sell-out?
Even your mother will be proud.

My little sense of time
is big enough to count the seconds between a fine toast and a toast that's made to burn.
Don't this lack of color suit me?
Or shall I chase another greyhound?
Bark my day.

All of my wheels are turning,
both of my hands are burning.
Follow the sons of Grey.
Find me a cloud that's yearning.
Find me a sheep that's kerning.
Find me the sons of Grey.

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