

# Damien Rice, Grey Room

Well I've been here before  
Sat on the 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, if someone is prayin' then I might break out,  
Desole, even if I scream I can't scream that loud

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  
Coz if I squeeze my grape and I drink my wine  
Oh coz nothing is lost, it's just frozen in frost,  
And it's opening time, there's no-one in line

But I've still got me to be your open door,  
I've still got me to be your sandy shore  
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