

David Gray, Wisdom

Time no good
Wisdom no good
Patience no good
To me any more

Now night has fallen on the stair
Some things you do you can never repair
Seems I'm always pretending
Things aren't there when they are

And the leaves are nearly off the trees
The traffic thick past yellow windows
And I'm lost inside the frozen headlights
Thinking of you

And the trees are looking like bones
And the afternoon's filled with storm and rain
I'm staring out of this metal train
Thinking of you

And the trees are looking like bones
The afternoon filled with rain and storm
And I'm tangled up in memory's thorns
No way through

Trees like bones, yellow windows
Memories thorns, oh and you