

# 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