

# Bruce Hornsby, Fields Of Gray

When the night lies so still  
Before I go to sleep  
I come by, I come by  
Just to look at you  
In the dim light I say  
That in my own small way  
I will try, I will try  
To help you through

There'll be blue skies falling  
There'll be sad scenes and bad dreams  
In a world so uncertain  
Through the clouds it's hard to see  
I will grab you and lift you  
As you hold on tight and sway  
We'll go walking  
Across the fields of gray

There's a place I can go  
When the world gets me down  
When nothing, when nothing  
Goes quite right it seems  
As I look there I know  
Fortune smiles on me so  
But who knows, no one knows  
About tomorrow

There'll be blue skies falling  
There'll be sad scenes and bad dreams  
In a world so uncertain  
Through the clouds it's hard to see  
I will grab you and lift you  
As you hold on tight and sway  
We'll go walking  
Across the fields of gray

When I was younger I saw things in black and white  
Now all I see is a sad, hazy gray  
Sometimes I see a narrow flash of light  
Sometimes I look and you show me the way

No matter what else happens  
What the future will be  
In a world so uncertain  
Through the clouds it's hard to see  
I will grab you and carry you  
Calm your fears if you're afraid  
We'll go walking  
Across the fields of gray