

David Gray, Red Moon

Weighing that silver there with your hands
In no position to make demands
Got what you wanted oh very nice
But every kiss must have a price

I'm gettin tired of being denied
Of sayin the same old things
And these tears ain't gonna mend these broken wings
Red mood

All that I've witnessed
Hard to believe
I can still find it in me to be so naive
Cry on your pillow into the night
Coz saying you're sorry won't make it right

I'm gettin tired of, being denied
Of things getting in my way
And if I'm quiet that's cos there's nothing left to say
And if I'm quiet that's cos there's nothing left to say

Red moon
Red moon
Red moon
Red moon