

Eagle-Eye Cherry, Shades Of Grey

If you start here late no one will know what you did
No the streets are straight it's the soul that's crooked
I've been treated fine I've been treated elegantly
But I'm not one for bathing in the waters of plenty
East is East West is West
And Bowery is screaming while Delancey rests
Well I'm south of the skating but I'm north of the cash
I could sure use the money but I'm ashamed to ask
The traffic has buried all of last night's rain
The words are all different but the accent is the same
The sun is white and the moon is gray
And the river is black blue and green
The young are young and the old are old
And there are no shades of gray in between
There's at least ten different strains of smoke in the air
And my prints are on them all to prove I was there
And I love the curses but I'm not one for the trenches
And I do love the walking but thank god for the benches
It's hard to tell where green begins and the city gray stops
I guess the trees all bought their armor at second hand shops
My second hand is working but the minute hand is broke again
I know time will pass but I don't know when
The sun is white and the moon is gray
And the river is black blue and green
The young are young and the old are old
And there are no shades of gray in between
And there are no shades of gray in between
I know the great ones have been here but where I can't tell
There's dreams here a plenty but they're being withheld
And I'm more impressed with the closed doors than the ones that are open
The whole place tells time by a tower clock that's broken
The pigeons are ravens and the gulls are vultures
And trash is art and cash is culture
The sun is white and the moon is gray
And the river is black blue and green
The young are young and the old are old
And there are no shades of gray in between
There are no shades of gray in between
There are no shades of gray in between