

Eight Legs, These Grey Days

i've been short of logic so
i'm passed out on the patio, this cold and stony floor.
and i've been here before. 12 times,
i'm slime and i've got one thing on my mind.
you're on my mind.

well she will sit and talk to me
but that's not quite enough for me.
i'll send a nasty text,
to show i'm not impressed.
she won't comply with the one thing on my mind,
you're on my mind.

something in my brain
and that explains the way that i behave.
need not feel ashamed.
these grey days.

i've been to a party so
i'm passed out on the patio outside of your back door
and i've been here before.
12 times, i'm slime and i've got one thing on my mind,
you're on my mind.

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wish we hadn't changed.
wish we hadn't kissed good bye to those old days.
wished we stayed there safe.
these grey days.

it's days like these that will put me on my knees.
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alone with you with nothing to do.
we're lost again for something to say.
although it's wrong we'll carry on pretending.
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alone with you with nothing to do.
we're lost again for something to say
although it's wrong we'll carry on pretending.

the highs the lows the too's and fro's.
you'll come and go, but never know
that this absurd four letter word means nothing.

i roam the streets in pouring rain,
the alcohol won't ease the pain.
the image in the mirror frame is breaking.

i know i'm strange, i know i've changed
i'm being brave for no ones sake.
i've got two legs so i can run away.
and stop.

at the end of the day it makes no difference what i say.
we both know that you'll always get your way.

is there a hole in your head?
did you not hear what i just said?
no matter what you will always get your way.

at the end of the day i lack the will to escape,
we both know i've nothing left to give.

is there something in your mind
that makes it so hard to be kind?
we both know i've nothing left to give.

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i'm being brave for no ones sake.
i've got two legs so i can run away.

dull or floored i'm insecure.
it's clear to me that we've grown forward.
i've got no faith in friendship anymore.

it makes me dumb, it makes me shake.
my sense of feel has gone away.
as if your take will knock me out of shape.

i'm uninspired and full of doubt
but these grey days might sort me out
and put some colour back into the world.

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