

# Mystery Jets, Veiled In Grey

It's in a stony glare  
It's up the creaky stairway  
We sat in the wicker chair  
You know the one we used to share  
And it's just the kind of thing that we don't talk about any more

Remember when your sister was young  
She wore a ring in her tongue  
Got shown the door by your mum  
And now she has a 5 year old son  
And it's just the kind of thing that she won't talk about any more

I'll bet you wouldn't believe me  
If I whispered in your ears and said  
I can see a pink elephant  
And it's standing on the corner of the bed  
You'll just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your head

You were a girl, you weren't sure  
You cared for your family any more  
Looked for the mother you had before  
And it shook them all to the core  
And it's just the kind of thing that you don't talk about any more

I recall your friend back home  
She brought up a kid on her own  
But he died before he had grown  
So she gave you all the clothes that she'd sewn  
And it's just the kind of thing that she don't talk about anymore

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Yeah, you'll just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your head  
Yeah, you'll just smile and roll your eyes to the back of your