

Room Eleven, Grey

Light can't find it's way
Through my window oh
The [?] says yesterday
Children scream and laugh outside
But all I can do is
Hide yeah hide

And I am
Grey
Grey
Whoo I am
I'm grey

The plant on the table seems to be depressed,
My teacups are suicidal
They dance with their ears on the edge [?]
Dangerously
The books on a shelf laugh at me
As I try to write my own story
Hmmm

Grey
Grey
Whoo I am
Mmmm
Like my feelings
Grey
Grey
Grey
Grey grey
Like my bones
Like my feelings
Like my eyes clear and old like the waterfalls [?]

Where are my colors?
Where are my colors?
Hmmm
Everything is grey...