

Beautiful Grey

"You Can Call Me Leisure"

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You look a younger, more beautiful version of death.
But I'm scared to hold you close or smell your breath.
Now your body's facing east, your heart is west.
And you can call me leisure, and I can I can call you
rest.

We can't stop thinking that we should've guessed.
We should've held you closer to our chest.
'Cause our shoulders were put there for that test.
Now you can call me leisure, and I can call you rest.

Well you certainly jumped the red at treasure chest.
Your joyride didn't feel bad enough to confess.
Till you placed the lemming on this family crest
And you can call me leisure,
The donor of poor measure,
The scalpel of all pleasure,
I'll call you rest.

It's what we thought God gave us shoulders for.
Not to shrug in self-pity or to ignore.
Instead the helpless ration chances to the poor.
We pick your weightless body up from the floor.
We pick your weightless body up from the floor.

All the minutes, all the hours that you caressed
Have been taken to a place that you thought best.
If it's Heaven or it's Hell you're still well blessed
And I shall get my own back when I can call you rest.

Well you certainly jumped the red at treasure chest.
Your joyride didn't feel bad enough to confess.
Till you placed the lemming on this family crest
And you can call me leisure,
The donor of poor measure,
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