

Count Zero

"In Between The Black And White, Which Is Sometimes Called The Grey"

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Hey kid, can't you read the sign?
It's been bottled down, by the sidewalk, by the store
That you can't hang around
And it's the same way every night
Around the corner, up the way, it's okay

Tomorrow I'll just skate, get kicked out
Playing my guitar, but it's too loud
Should I have the right to hang out with my friends?
To find someplace to go until it's late
Don't tell me where I can't go, tell me where I can
They're seeing black and white, we're stuck in the grey

And I've learned to bite my tongue
When I'm working day and night
Settling the score my own way
While they're getting more and more
And just because I'm not their perfect, everyday role
model type, I'm shut out

Tomorrow I'll just skate, get kicked out
Playing my guitar, but it's too loud
Should I have the right to live my life for free?
When I'm stuck in the grey...

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