

Daan "Sons Of Grey"

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My little velcro twineis in a state were the cars don't
drive

And the people stare at number five in gold

Didn't I tell you you'd be happy

Didn't I tell you it's a sell-out

Even your mother will be proud

My little sense of time

Is big enough to count the seconds

Between a fine toast and a toast that's made to burn

Don't this lack of color suit me

Or shall I chase another greyhound

Bark my day

All of my wheels are turning

Both of my hands are burning

Follow the sons of grey

Find me a cloud that's yurning

Find me a sheep that's kerning

Find me the sons of grey

Through windows we gaze at concrete that plays

Songs of grey the bricks are in place

My spoon's on a tray songs of grey

Crossfading the goat that sleeps in my throat

Songs of grey emergency rhymes

To polish the chymes songs of grey

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