

Dave Matthews & Tim Reynolds

"Grey Street"

Visit "[Grey Street](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh Look at how she listens
She says nothing of what she thinks
she just goes stumbling through her memories
staring out on to Grey Street

But she thinks-
hey how did I come to this
I dream myself a million times around the world
but I can't get out of this place

there's loneliness inside her
and she'd do anything to fill it in
and though its red blood bleeding from her now
felt like cold blue ice in her heart
when all the colors mixed together to grey
and it breaks her heart

ya know she wishes it was different
and she prays to God most every night
and though she's quite sure he doesn't listen
there's a tiny hope in her he might
she says i pray
oh but my prayers they fall on deaf ears
am i supposed to take it on myself to get out of this
place

oh there's an emptiness inside her
and she'd do anything to fill it in
and though its red blood bleeding from her now
felt like cold blue ice in her heart

ya know she feels like kicking out all the windows
and setting fire to this life
she would change everything about her
using colors bold and bright
but all the colors mix together to gray
and it breaks her heart
it breaks her heart
to breathe
yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

