

Grey Area

"Here, Nearby"

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Melted candles on the window sill
Perfume in the haze
Ashtrays spread across the floor
On a normal day
We lay out across the bed
Just like we always did
And in this house
The devil laid his hand on our head
And made them spin
I want to be your man
If you think I cared
I want to be your man
Your man, lord
No more defenses
Like no more peace of mind
Keeping in these knives stabbing
Spilling out your blood to me
I want to be your man
If you think I cared
I want to be your man
Your man, lord
I want to be your man
If you think I cared
I want to be your man
Your man, lord

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