

## **Brown Floyd**

# **"Martha's Vineyard"**

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She wakes up in the morning the color of the day just  
seems so grey and her high school years just seemed  
so far away  
and pictures of how it could have been all that glitters  
is not gold least that's what they say too bad a pretty  
face can't always make that rain go away

but she spends her weekends at Martha's Vineyard  
every day laying out by the shore  
Yeah now she spends her weekends at Martha's  
Vineyard  
everyday just laying out by the shore

She spent some time with the jet set white powder up  
her nose she loved the diamonds as they glittered like  
the falling snow  
but now its back to the kids and the cars and the  
shopping carts and endless trips to the malls and the  
doctors and the bills and all those darn things that the  
world asks of you  
and then she reflects upon her life sick of the all the  
endless toil and strife

and she don't understand why the colors of the  
rainbow  
just seem to pass her by....

but she spends her....

she's riding on the crest of a wave waiting for it to  
break underneath her  
she's waiting for her day in the sun but the clouds  
never seem to go away  
and the rain just keeps on pounding down day after  
day all around her  
she's chasing that pot of gold hoping for a better day  
and then she reflects upon her life sick and tired of all  
the endless toil and strife

and she can't understand why the colors of the rainbow  
just seem to pass her by...

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