

Circle Jerks "Gray Life"

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Wilting flowers equate death
Not what I'm about
This war of wits like Vietnam
Now I'm pulling out

I need a lump of something
So confused what I want
To put it down in layman's terms
I'm basically fucked

Could have given everything
But that's not enough
When I asked for sugar
You substitute salt

I'm trying to think up
Some miraculous strategy
To bust loose
From this creeping misery

I won't settle for a gray life
I won't settle for a gray life
I won't settle for a gray life

Sawing on my limbs
In this surrealistic dream
Tie me up, gag my mouth
Now i 'm ready to scream

Sad eyed velvet painting
You don't want to be loved
Titanic front row stateroom
You've been screwing the crew
I might be an imbecile
But I won't be a fool

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Some miraculous strategy
To bust loose
From this creeping misery

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