

David And The Citizens "Graycoated Morning"

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All these graycoated mornings pass
just like water poured on wax
you watch the sun make another lap
then fall into this gap of nothingness
where everything's prefab and everything's dead
and every little thing get's inside your
head
as you watch these graycoated mornings
pass
and it feels just like you feed on broken
glass

walking through the kitchen now
all a mess and maybe somehow
this could be like the saddest story
- the one about the redhead and her family,
choking on the things they say
like one line of good words could save the day

and summer comes
to knock me off my feet
you will be gone
but still inside of me
I'll pin your words
of sadness and grief
into my skin
until you're within

all these graycoated mornings pass
like none of this won't ever last
you're hanging in the air 'round here
like a thought that slowly disappears
and when I saw your silhouette climb the hill
from the top of the boat, my heart stood still
but I won't cry
I'm not crying, honey
I'm dying

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