

Eight Legs **"These Grey Days"**

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I've been short of logic so
I'm passed out on the patio
This cold and stony floor
I've been here before
Twelve times
I'm slime and I've got one thing on my mind
It's on my mind

Well she will sit and talk to me
But that's not quite enough for me
I'll send a nasty text
To show I'm not impressed
She won't comply with the one thing on my mind
It's on my mind

I wish we hadn't changed
I wish we hadn't kissed goodbye to those old days
I wish we'd stayed the same
These grey days

I've been to a party so
I'm passed out on the patio
Outside of your back door
And I've been here before
So many times
I'm slime and I've got one thing on my mind
It's on my mind

There's something in my brain
And that explains the way that I behave
I need not feel ashamed
These grey days

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