

Lex Zaleta

"The Great Gray Sky"

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The great gray sky loomed large overhead;
The late Jay Fry lay cold and dead.
Fate had lingered and then fled;
Fortune nodded, then turned and sped
To the great gray sky overhead.

The late Jay Fry was a good enough guy,
Not too forward, not too shy.
Never one to pass a sure thing by;
He bet his life on the great gray sky,
The great gray sky that is always nearby.

Don't hate Jay Fry for what he's done;
He couldn't wait to have his fun.
His battle's lost, his battle's won.

He can't count the clouds that blot the sun,
Now that the great gray sky is number one.

I'd rate Jay Fry an above-average man,
Always a gate crasher, never an also ran.
A steady fellow, no flash in the pan,
With a ready autograph for any fan.
He was a great gray sky kind of man.

Now, the late Jay Fry lies cold and dead,
And I'm here praying for my daily bread.
There's nothing left to say, it's all been said.
No one left to save; we're already dead.
And the great gray sky looms large overhead.
The great gray sky looms large overhead.

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