

Angus Stone

"Grey"

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The sky is grey, the sand is grey, and the ocean is
grey. i feel right at
Home in this stunning monochrome, alone in my way. i
smoke and i drink and
Every time i blink i have a tiny dream. but as bad as i
am i'm proud of the
Fact that i'm worse than i seem. what kind of paradise
am i looking for? i've
Got everything i want and still i want more. maybe
some tiny shiny thing will
Wash up on the shore. you walk through my walls like a
ghost on tv. you
Penetrate me and my little pink heart is on it's little
brown raft floating out
To sea. and what can i say but i'm wired this way and
you're wired to me, and
What can i do but wallow in you unintentionally? what
kind of paradise am i
Looking for? i've got everything i want and still i want
more. maybe some tiny
Shiny key will wash up on the shore. regretfully, i guess
i've got three
Simple things to say. why me? why this now? why this
way? overtone's ringing,
Undertow's pulling away under a sky that is grey on
sand that is grey by an
Ocean that's grey. what kind of paradise am i looking
for? i've got everything
I want and still i want more. maybe some tiny shiny key
will wash up on the
Shore.

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