

Richard Thompson

"Grey Walls"

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I took my darling down, I took my darling down
To that big grey house down the lane
And then the doctor said, he said "It's in her head"
She's never going to be right again"

I kissed my love goodbye
She didn't blink an eye
They took her down the hall
She never looked back at all

Oh, behind grey walls, somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls, she's out of control
She's crying out for help, no one can hear
O Lord have pity on her, O Lord have pity on her

My darling walks the floor, my darling walks the floor
She walks every minute that she can
I heard my darling say, I heard my darling say
That she don't know who I am

Cigarette burns down her arm
Said she tried to do herself harm
Tied her arms in the back
Trussed her up like a sack

Oh, behind grey walls, somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls, she's out of control
She's crying out for help, no one can hear
O Lord have pity on her, O Lord have pity on her

I saw my darling's face, I saw my darling's face
It looked so pale in the distance
She stared out from her room into the dying gloom
And I saw her poor tears glisten

Pills to keep her calm
More punctures than a junkie in her arm
Strapped her on the bed
Seventy volts through her head

Oh, behind grey walls, somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls, she's out of control

She's crying out for help, no one can hear
O Lord have pity on her, O Lord have pity on her

Behind grey walls
Behind grey walls

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