

Gray David

"Wisdom"

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CHORUS

Time no good
wisdom no good
patience no good
to me anymore

Now the night had fallen on the stair
some things you do you can never repair
seems I'm always pretending
things aren't there when they are

And the leaves are nearly off the trees
and the traffic thick past yellow windows
I'm waiting in the frozen headlights
thinking of you

chorus

And the trees are looking like bones
and the afternoon's filled with storm and rain
I'm staring out of this metal train
thinking of you
and the tress are looking like bones
the afternoon filled with rain and storm
and I'm tangles up in memory's thorns
no way through

chorus

Trees like bones, yellow windows
memories, thorns, oh and you

chorus

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