

Lindsay Fuller

"Grey Gardens"

Visit "[Grey Gardens](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Made my latest fashion from the kitchen drapes
A miniskirt that also doubles as a cape
Did I mention that I've loved to swim since childhood
Moved to the city when I came of age
Then mother took to feral cats and canned patÃ©
Broken like a hobbled mare forever

This seaside cage, these gardens grey always call me
back again
The best of me, patiently waiting for the band

All I ever wanted was to dance with you
Move around the room for a tune or two
Spin so fast the fleas won't bite our ankles
But it's hard to see the line between what's now and
past
Despite my every effort with a looking glass
And the sanitation workers wearing masks

This seaside cage, these gardens grey bound to leave
you any day
The best of me, anxiously waiting for the band

Pin the terry cloth around my naked head
Wait for mother dear to call me to her bed
Navigate my way through lack of letting go
Like milk left to curdle in a silver bowl
Love letters left to mold in a chifforobe
Frost's yellow wood means nothing to me now

This seaside cage, these gardens grey gone for good
but not today
The best of me, finally dancing to the band
This tin-can dream, these gardens green, now I'm
dancing to the band

Visit [Lindsay Fuller](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.