

Grey Day

Madness

When I get home it's late at night,
I'm black and bloody from my life,
I haven't time to clean my hands,
Cuts will only sting me through my dreams. It's well past midnight as I lie
In a semi-conscious state.
I dream of people fighting me
Without any reason I can see. In the morning I awake,
My arms my legs my body aches,
The sky outside is wet and grey
So begins another weary day.
So begins another weary day.
After eating I go out,
People passing by me shout.
I can't stand this agony
Why don't they talk to me? In the park I have to rest
I lie down and I do my best,
The rain is falling on my face
I wish I could sink without a trace. In the morning I awake,
My arms my legs my body aches,
The sky outside is wet and grey,
So begins another weary day.
So begins another weary day. In the park I have to rest
I lie down and I do my best,
The rain is falling on my face
I wish I could sink without a trace.
In the morning I awake,
My arms my legs my body aches,
The sky outside is wet and grey,
So begins another weary day.
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