

Grey Love

Nerina Pallot

Grey, grey love
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Blood on the streets
Crimson? the colour of misery
My hands onto
How cruel your kindness can be

A winter so long
A winter to last us the whole year through
What else is there for us to do but make...

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Futile, this longing for something we own ourselves
Raising mine up while cities are raised to the ground
And is it any wonder
Is it any wonder we fall and we tumble
And reach for each other?
What else is there for us to do but make...

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Grey...

Hope springs somewhere
Ooh, oh, baby, there
I pray for better days
But I think they ain't coming
I think they ain't coming.

Ooh...

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