The sun is a shade of grey now
It may not be well again
Some say we're gonna pay now
So pray some for your felow man

The riches we were given
The garden we could live in
We took it all for granted
We didn't care
So now the tree of plenty
Is standin' bare and empty
We let it wither 'cause we weren't aware

The sun is a shade of grey now
It may not be well again
Some say we're gonna pay now
So pray some for your felow man

You think you needn't worry
I say you better hurry
Your well fed body is in danger too
Although you're hesitating once you're suffocating
I bet I'm gonna see a change in you

The sun is a shade of grey now
It may not be well again
Some say we're gonna pay now
So pray some for your felow man

It's an old an ragged ship we're sailing on a wild and raging s ea

I can hear a distant mermaid wailing so despirately

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