

# Ani DiFranco, Grey

The sky is grey, the sand is grey, and the ocean is grey.  
I feel right at home in this stunning monochrome, alone in my way.  
I smoke and I drink and every time I blink I have a tiny dream.  
But as bad as I am I'm proud of the fact that I'm worse than I seem.  
What kind of paradise am I looking for?  
I've got everything I want and still I want more.  
Maybe some tiny shiny thing will wash up on the shore.  
You walk through my walls like a ghost on TV.  
You penetrate me,  
And my little pink heart is on its little brown raft,  
Floating out to sea.  
And what can I say but I'm wired this way,  
And you're wired to me.  
And what can I do but wallow in you unintentionally?  
What kind of paradise am I looking for?  
I've got everything I want and still I want more.  
Maybe some tiny shiny key will wash up on the shore.  
Regretfully, I guess I've got three simple things to say.  
Why me? Why this now? Why this way?  
Overtone's ringing, undertow's pulling away,  
Under a sky that is grey, on sand that is grey, by an ocean that's grey.  
What kind of paradise am I looking for?  
I've got everything I want and still I want more.  
Maybe some tiny shiny key will wash up on the shore