

Damien Rice, Grey Room

Well I've been here before
Sat on the floor in a grey grey room
Where I stay in all day
I don't eat, but I play with this grey grey food

Desole, if someone is prayin' then I might break out,
Desole, even if I scream I can't scream that loud

I'm all alone again
Crawling back home again
Stuck by the phone again

Well I've been here before
Sat on a floor in a grey grey mood
Where I stay up all night
And all that I write is a grey grey tune

So pray for me child, just for a while
That I might break out yeah
Pray for me child
Even a smile would do for now

'Cause I'm all alone again
Crawling back home again
Stuck by the phone again

Have I still got you to be my open door
Have I still got you to be my sandy shore
Have I still got you to cross my bridge in this storm
Have I still got you to keep me warm

If I squeeze my grape and I drink my wine
Coz if I squeeze my grape and I drink my wine
Oh coz nothing is lost, it's just frozen in frost,
And it's opening time, there's no-one in line

But I've still got me to be your open door,
I've still got me to be your sandy shore
I've still got me to cross your bridge in this storm
And I've still got me to keep you warm

Warmer than warm, yeah
Warmer than warm, yeah
Warmer than warm, yeah
Warmer than warm, yeah