

# Room Eleven, Grey

Light can't find it's way  
Through my window oh  
The [?] says yesterday  
Children scream and laugh outside  
But all I can do is  
Hide yeah hide

And I am  
Grey  
Grey  
Whoo I am  
I'm grey

The plant on the table seems to be depressed,  
My teacups are suicidal  
They dance with their ears on the edge [?]  
Dangerously  
The books on a shelf laugh at me  
As I try to write my own story  
Hmmm

Grey  
Grey  
Whoo I am  
Mmmm  
Like my feelings  
Grey  
Grey  
Grey  
Grey grey  
Like my bones  
Like my feelings  
Like my eyes clear and old like the waterfalls [?]

Where are my colors?  
Where are my colors?  
Hmmm  
Everything is grey...