

Shades Of Gray

Eagle Eye Cherry

If you start here late, no one will know what you did
No, the streets are straight, it's the soul that's crooked
I've been treated fine,
I've been treated elegantly
But I'm not one for bathing in the waters of plenty
East is East,
West is West
And The Bowery is screaming while Delancey rests
Well, I'm south of the skating, but
I'm north of the cash
I could sure use the money but
I'm ashamed to ask
The traffic has buried all of last night's rain
The words are all different but the accent is the same
The sun is white, and the moon is gray
And the river is black, blue and green
The young are young, and the old are old
There are no shades of gray in between
There's at least ten different strains of smoke in the air
And my prints are on them all, to prove I was there
And I love the curses, but I'm not one for the trenches
Yes I do love the walking , but that God for the benches
It's hard to tell where green begins, and the city gray stops
I guess the trees all bought their armor at second hand shops
My second hand is working, but the minute hand broke again
I know time will pass, but I don't know when
The sun is white, and the moon is gray
And the river is black, blue and green
The young are young, and the old are old
And there are no shades of gray in between
And there are no shades of gray in between
I know the great ones have been here, but where I can't tell
There's dreams here a plenty, but they're being withheld
And I'm more impressed with the closed doors
Than the ones that are open
The whole place tells time by a tower clock that's broken
The pigeons are ravens, and the gulls are vultures
And trash