

When the canvas is no longer blank
And the colors have all turned grey
When the desert that you're in gets too cold for you to stay
When it's hard to tell the night from the day

When your hands have lost the love for the trade
And the reasons for work just ain't the same
When you put down the money is the blood worth all the pain
When you can't see the sunshine for the rain

Livin' ain't a promise
Livin' ain't a right
And no one here is getting out alive
So pick up all your pieces
Cast the doubt away
Rediscover the color in the grey
Rediscover all the color in the grey

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