

Blurry Grass

Crowded House

On the blurry grass, on the blurry

You've got a feeling it's not for sure
But I can't help you figure it out
There's no excuses and nothing has changed
But I won't tell you what it's about

Am I ever gonna get that thought from my bed?
You say it's passion, what you'd imagine, you've seen a ghost

Surprise we rise another day
There's no hope of stopping it now
You're so indifferent like you never cared
My words mean something, yours mean nothing

Am I ever gonna get that thought from my bed?
And if all of us wave that flag, we fill the sky
It's the lowliest thing I saw with my naked eye
You say it's passion, I see a pattern, you've seen a ghost

Open up my eyes, hoping I'm alive
Woke up on the lawn, covered in bugs and butterflies

And if anybody thinks that bothers me, ain't that bad
And it's nice of you to lay these promises on my lap
It's the lowliest thing I saw with my naked eye
You say it's passion, what you'd imagine, you've seen a ghost
You say it's passion, but that didn't happen, you've seen a ghost

On the blurry grass, on the blurry grass, on the blurry grass