

Sons Of Grey

Daan

My little velcro twine is in a state where the cars don't drive
And the people stare at number five in gold
Didn't I tell you you'd be happy
Didn't I tell you it's a sell-out
Even your mother will be proud

My little sense of time
Is big enough to count the seconds
Between a fine toast and a toast that's made to burn
Don't this lack of color suit me
Or shall I chase another greyhound
Bark my day

All of my wheels are turning
Both of my hands are burning
Follow the sons of grey
Find me a cloud that's yurning
Find me a sheep that's kerning
Find me the sons of grey

Through windows we gaze at concrete that plays
Songs of grey the bricks are in place
My spoon's on a tray songs of grey
Crossfading the goat that sleeps in my throat
Songs of grey emergency rhymes
To polish the chymes songs of grey