

Different Gray

Horse Feathers

Oregon loves too few
Oregon loves just you

Curse the rose, curse the rain
Now two bodies, can't start the same
How our sun has gone away, there aren't days
There's just different gray

How can anybody only just sleep?
How can anybody only just leave?

Who talked to you?
Who's in your ear?

Probably a better man
Who's probably got better plans
For wealth or success