

Cold And Gray

Lauren Hoffman

Silver daisy,
Life drawn still,
Mister's gone crazy,
He's out on the windowsill.
Pick for him flowers,
Red as blood,
Mean as he scowls,
He's soft as mud.
This is the longest night,
And it's dark all day,
Like old cold and gray,
Well maybe I'll meet him one day.
Peaceful stone-man,
You terribly-alone-man,
Were you a bad-to-the-bone-man,
Or just never quite grown,
Man, you were no wonderful man to me,
Were you ever good?,
You weren't a wonderful man to me.
This is the longest night,
And it's dark all day,
Like old cold and gray,
Well maybe I'll meet him one day.
Well Is it just a loss of will that makes it,
Better to be still, and rotten away,
Like old cold and gray,
Maybe I'll meet him one day.