

Grey Walls

Richard Thompson

I took my darling down,
I took my darling down
To that big grey house down the lane
And then the doctor said,

He said "It's in her head
She's never going to be right again"
I kissed my love goodbye,
She didn't blink an eye

They took her down the hall,
She never looked back at all

Oh behind grey walls,
Somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls,
She's out of control

She's crying out for help,
No-one can hear
O Lord have pity on her,
O Lord have pity on her

My darling walks the floor,
My darling walks the floor
She walks every minute that she can
I heard my darling say,
I heard my darling say

That she don't know who I am
Cigarette burns down her arm,
Said she tried to do herself harm
Tied her arms in the back,
Trussed her up like a sack

Oh behind grey walls,
Somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls,
She's out of control

She's crying out for help,
No-one can hear
O Lord have pity on her,
O Lord have pity on her

I saw my darling's face,
I saw my darling's face
It looked so pale in the distance
She stared out from her room

Into the dying gloom
And I saw her poor tears glisten
Pills to keep her calm, more punctures
Than a junkie in her arm
Strapped her on the bed,
Seventy volts through her head

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Somewhere there's a soul
Behind grey walls,
She's out of control

She's crying out for help,
No-one can hear
O Lord have pity on her,
O Lord have pity on her

Behind grey walls
Behind grey walls