

Well, I've been here before, sat on a floor in a grey, grey room.
Where I stay in all day, I don't eat, but I play with this grey, grey food.

Desole, If someone is prayin', then I might break out.
Desole, even if I scream, I can't scream that loud.

'Cause I'm all alone again.
Crawling back home again.
Stuck by the phone again.

Well, I've been here before, sat on a floor in a grey, grey mood.
Where I stay up all night, and all that I write is a grey, grey tune.

So pray for me, child, just for a while, that I might break out, yeah.
Pray for me, child, even a smile would do for now.

'Cause I'm all alone again.
Crawling back home again.
Stuck by the phone again.

Have I still got you to be my open door?
Have I still got you to be my sandy shore?
Have I still got you to cross my bridge in this storm?
Have I still got you to keep me warm?

If I squeeze my grape, and I drink my wine, yeah.
'Cause I squeeze my grape, and I drink my wine.

Oh 'cause nothing is lost, it's just frozen in frost,
And is open in time, and there's no one in line.

But I've still got me to be your open door,
And I've still got me to be your sandy shore,
And I've still got me to cross your bridge in this storm,
And I've still got me to keep you warm.

Warmer than warm, yeah. Warmer than warm, yeah.
Warmer than warm, yeah. Warmer than warm, yeah.

Warmer than warm, yeah.