

Ice World (2009)

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Words and music by Grey except: "Les Bijoux" Words by Baudelaire (1886)

*Grey Lyrics All songs ©Grey Way Publishing (ASCAP) 1981-2013
Songs recorded at Grey Havens Studios in Enid, Oklahoma.*

I Gotta Dream

Cho:

I got a dream. Got a little dream. Got a little dream that I want to share, ah yeah.

She's got a dream. Got a little dream. Got a little dream that she wants to share, ah yeah.

V1:

Ah and you know how it feels when you're there.
So very real that you'd say, "Oh, I swear."
Something I can't shake in this morning air.
Something I know to be real !

V2:

Ah and you see it as so very clear.
A walk through a mist of the future so near.
Something I can't seem to get out of my mind.
Something I fear to be real !

V3:

Ah and you feel it as you awake there.
One moment real and one that's bizarre.
Something I can't find an answer to is where.
Something I'm sure that is real !

Forgiveness

V1:

Can you forgive yourself ?
There's just not anything else worth doing now,
So you can be free of all the pain.
Inside you'll know it and...
Feel that part is gone and the shadows will,
They will be just that and nothing more..

Chorus:

I want to feel this way, feel this way.
I want this to be the day, to be the day.
Everything gone away...
Everything now okay..
Everything just what it should be !
I want to feel this way.

V2:

Can you believe yourself ?
There's just not anything else worth saying now,
Other than what you know to be the truth.
Everyone knows it and...
Sees it as black and white and can feel you're sure,
and they can trust you to be the one.

V3:

Can you move yourself ?
There's just not anything else worth doing now,
So you can be free to be yourself.
Outside you'll meet it and...
The world's not going to do what you want it to,
And so you must be the mover now.

Old Eyes

V1:

Old eyes, staring out from the porch.
Old eyes, look out and see what was once.
Old eyes, see so very much.
Old eyes, watch out for so many need love.
And yet they can see right through all of us.

V2:

Wise words, falling from those lips.
Wise words, try to persuade us to live.
Wise words, say so very much.
Wise words, tell us what we all should know.
And yet they aren't good unless they're heard.

M8:

Scat singing.
And I can see you here sitting with me.
Although you're gone, you're a guide I see.
And I know I'll learn as your touch is...
What it's always been. Experience, experience.

V3:

Lived life, seen just about all.
Lived life, felt more pain than most will know.
Lived life, heard more than one call.
Lived life, taken risks that saved so many more.
And yet you still have hope for us all.

Katrina

V1:

We don't care. It's not affecting us here.
I feel for those there but not enough to share.
I, me, mine never seemed so real.
You got it bad maybe I'll help you next year.

Chorus:

Water may flow. Winds may roar.
You may find yourself. Find yourself on the floor.
People will run. People will implore.
"Oh, God help us !" But you know he's never home this time of year.

V2:

Watching the suffering. The TV screen tears.
Feel so sad but then soon back to me.
You, your, and yours. Feel the pain. Feel the fear.
Watching you now we'd send money if you were here.

V3:

These words bleed. It's just death, doom and gloom.
Not much more on the printed page here.
I once walked uphill both ways barefoot in snow.
Can't see why you don't see the way we should go.

I'm Here

V1:

And I'm here to say I'm sorry.
Sorry that we couldn't work out our problems.
And you tell me I'll see love again.
Sorry but it's so hard. Yes it's at an end. At an end.

Chorus:

I'm here to know. So please let me in. Let out your ghosts. Let them dance
in the wind.
You're here I'm sure. Saw you at the door. So let in the love. Let it ring
through your soul.

V2:

And I'm here to feel what you feel.
Sorry that we hadn't seen this coming.
And you say that they never saw it.
Sorry but it's still hard to think they're gone, on their own.

V3:

And I'm leaving with something.
Sorry that we couldn't have made more of love.
And tomorrow when the sun has gone.
Sorry but I know you'll wish for yesterday, so far away.

Cyclone

V1:

Once in a while I see the sun.

I hide and seek but there's no where to run.

All your smiles seem to fade and we go along another day wondering why.

V2:

One day I walked into the sun.

All of a sudden I had to run. I felt the truth coming down.

Maybe that's why I like the rain. It hides my tears and all my pain.

Gives me a place to hide.

V3:

All of a sudden the wind comes again.

There's more to the wind, it's a cyclone , coming to me again.

I don't head for shelter, no I just run, right to the center.

I know there's gotta be, some fun when I get there.

V4:

May not be for all, but it may be for you.

And if it is here's what you could do, may be brave or foolish.

Stand in the center with your eyes to the sun.

Try to pull it in and become one, with all that is out there.

All of My Time

V1:

All of my time.
Spent chasing all of your wine.
All of this day.
Spent looking for some sort of way.

V2:

All that you do.
Is make me crazy all day.
All that I am.
Is a screwed up mess of a man

V3:

Some say you do.
But I said no it's not true.
Some say you will.
But why you would I don't know.

V4:

When do we know ?
If it's perfect or no.
When do we say ?
If we should stay or go ?

V5:

Why would I say so ?
When you know well enough it's wrong.
Why play the fool.
When I'm sure just went on.

V6:

Take it on the road.
Don't want to see you any more.
Take it like you want.
Cause I won't be here to take it all.

Some Days

V1:

Some days I could just lay down and die.	I feel so tired.
Some days I wish there was another life.	So I could smile.
Some guys see only the outside.	And they try.
Some girls show more just to be.	In some guys eyes.

Chorus:

Man, there's nothing worse than this. Some would say.
So call it experience or call it what you need.

V2:

Maybe I just need a little time.	To unwind.
Maybe I could wish another why.	So to find.
One way or another guys will try.	To be sly.
One stay moves some girls to justify.	And they sigh.

V3:

Once upon a time when I was getting high.	It felt so right.
And then one day I thought that I could fly.	So I climbed the sky.
Some guys do things to show a side.	They should hide.
Some girls believe all that they see.	And they deny.

Ice World

V1:

It's cold outside.
It's twenty below.
For something,

It's an ice world.
And I'm sure I'm dinner.
that I can't see.

V2:

Winds they blow.
Water can't flow.
For all of us,

Winds so bitter.
And I see the end's here.
yes, I'm so sure.

V3:

Surviving is all.
Surviving the cold.
To the very end,

It's the means to the end.
I hope to see it through.
of all of us.

Chorus:

Wondering around this frozen land and hoping for some shelter.
Cave or hole you know I'll go just take me in and warm me.
And if we find a common mind maybe we'll last forever.
Yet if we fight and claw ourselves nothing will be better.

World War III

V1:

It's World War III outside and I feel good. I feel alive.
And I'm wondering why we're fighting over a kiss.
Now don't you run and hide. We're like two countries that collide.
But our love should not be ruined by two chapped lips.

Chorus:

I love you. The fighting is hard but the making up's fun to do.
I love you, half the time.
I love you. The fighting is hard but the making up's fun to do.
I love you, all the time.

V2:

When we talk tonight. Work our problems out of sight.
Touch and feel it may be or will it be a fight ?
And in the morning when we awake, we can say we're sorry for yesterday.
Both apologize and swear it won't happen again.

V3:

In the future we should try to call a truce before we fire.
Off with all those words that hurt us deep inside.
And I promise to sue for peace if you dig into me with those teeth.
Because I just can't handle you and I not being we.

Les Bijoux

Words by Baudelaire. Music by Grey
1886 & 2006

La très-chère était nue, et, connaissant mon cœur,
Elle n'avait gardé que ses bijoux sonores,
Dont le riche attirail lui donnait l'air vainqueur
Qu'ont dans leurs jours heureux les esclaves des Mores.

Quand il jette en dansant son bruit vif et moqueur,
Ce monde rayonnant de métal et de pierre
Me ravit en extase, et j'aime à la fureur
Les choses où le son se mêle à la lumière.

Elle était donc couchée et se laissait aimer,
Et du haut du divan elle souriait d'aise
À mon amour profond et doux comme la mer,
Qui vers elle montait comme vers sa falaise.

Les yeux fixés sur moi comme un tigre dompté,
D'un air vague et rêveur elle essayait des poses,
Et la candeur unie à la lubricité
Donnait un charme neuf à ses métamorphoses ;

Et son bras et sa jambe, et sa cuisse et ses reins,
Polis comme de l'huile, onduleux comme un cygne,
Passaient devant mes yeux clairvoyants et sereins ;
Et son ventre et ses seins, ces grappes de ma vigne,

S'avançaient, plus câlins que les Anges du mal,
Pour troubler le repos où mon âme était mise,
Et pour la déranger du rocher de cristal
Où, calme et solitaire, elle s'était assise.

Je croyais voir unis par un nouveau dessin
Les hanches de l'Antiope au buste d'un imberbe,
Tant sa taille faisait ressortir son bassin.
Sur ce teint fauve et brun le fard était superbe !

– Et la lampe s'étant résignée à mourir,
Comme le foyer seul illuminait la chambre,
Chaque fois qu'il poussait un flamboyant soupir,
Il inondait de sang cette peau couleur d'ambre !

The Jewels

My darling was naked, and knowing my heart well,
She was wearing only her sonorous jewels,
Whose opulent display made her look triumphant
Like Moorish concubines on their fortunate days.
When it dances and flings its lively, mocking sound,
This radiant world of metal and of gems
Transports me with delight; I passionately love
All things in which sound is mingled with light.
She had lain down; and let herself be loved
From the top of the couch she smiled contentedly
Upon my love, deep and gentle as the sea,
Which rose toward her as toward a cliff.
Her eyes fixed upon me, like a tamed tigress,
With a vague, dreamy air she was trying poses,
And by blending candor with lechery,
Her metamorphoses took on a novel charm;
And her arm and her leg, and her thigh and her loins,
Shiny as oil, sinuous as a swan,
Passed in front of my eyes, clear-sighted and serene;
And her belly, her breasts, grapes of my vine,
Advanced, more cajoling than angels of evil,
To trouble the quiet that had possessed my soul,
To dislodge her from the crag of crystal,
Where calm and alone she had taken her seat.
I thought I saw blended in a novel design
Antiope's haunches and the breast of a boy,
Her waist set off so well the fullness of her hips.
On that tawny brown skin the rouge stood out superb!
— And when at last the lamp allowed itself to die,
Since the fire alone lighted the room,
Each time that it uttered a flaming sigh,
It drenched with blood that amber colored skin!
— William Aggeler, *The Flowers of Evil* (Fresno, CA: Academy Library
Guild, 1954)