

Inquire Within (2010)

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Words and music by Grey except: "Mon rêve familier" lyrics by Paul Verlaine, Poèmes saturniens (1866)

Years In Isolation

V1:

Seems like years in isolation.
Waiting in this cold room.
Wondering if this door will ever be opened.
Searching for a way out to you.

V2:

And it just keeps making me climb up the walls.
Thinking about what you do.
In and out, here and round about, and a to and fro,
Up and away to know, why this is you.

V3:

Take me for such a fool on sunny days.
Knowing it's always for you.
Here I go, once again it's sure, that this sway of love only leads
to wanting, wanting more of you.

V4:

Let go now, let go no, what to do I don't know.
When I feel so very high yet so blue.
There you are with a smile so right and a touch so soft,
Feels like we both know what we need to do.

V5:

Seems like years in isolation.
Waiting in this cold room.
Wondering if this door will ever be opened.
Searching for a long forgotten clue. (Pause)

To you.

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The Aftermath

V1:

All I wanted to do was to travel to a new time.
All I needed for you was to see what I could find.
Never thinking of the problems it would be for you and I.
How could we ever foresee the quake set in motion with this ride.

Cho:

Pulling levers, switches turned to distant phases.
Grabbing the seat and holding on.
Swirling sights and sounds and my machine so shaking.
Hoping only to last at all.

Cho2:

Freefall to oblivion. Never knowing where it will end.
Grab the controls and try to bring it home.
But I know, this may be the end. (I said I know) (Yes, I know)

V2:

Time and time again, I stop, I start, traveling faster, alone as one.
Time and time again. I'm only missing what I left behind.
Ever thinking of the world I left that was you and I.
How could we ever be as one when I'm lost in a swirl of time.

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Yes, It's

V1: Yes it's...

All the things we want that we don't need.

All the things we think that we can't live without.

Yes it's, all of those things that cause our hurt.

V2: Yes it's...

Always wanting to say this I how I feel.

Always wanting to show my feelings outside.

Yes it's all bottled up inside and it hurts.

Cho:

How can I ever express myself ?

When will I not be so shy ?

Why can't I look right into those eyes ?

And say what I feel from inside ?

V3: Yes it's...

All so confusing when you can't say.

All so very painful when that one's walking by.

Yes it's holding on that holds in the hurt.

V4: Yes it's...

Always frustrating to be so mute.

Always frustrating to make feelings so blind.

Yes it's all of those things that cause us hurt.

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Junkie

V1: My childhood friend is a junkie. Can't get away from his monkey.
Going down hill so fast he'll be dead by June.
Lonely days spent searching. While his pains never stop hurting.
His paradise rushes in and out pukes his pain. Once again !

Cho: Blame yourself ! Blame the world crashing down around you !
But don't try to understand. You'll never know one way or another.
And soon we'll all be done in for sure.

V2: Some would like to join him. They say their lives are boring.
They equate the boring and the dead as one and the same. Such a
shame !
I'm not a junkie ! Never feel that funkier !
He may say were the same but a drink and a smoke doesn't seem
insane.
Hit me again !

V3: Got a letter he was dead. His mother said he was sad.
More than sad, it was warm up the arm but cold to the head, so glad !
Take a pill if you're angry. Or if you're wrong or you're hungry.
You can kill yourself right away or just wait until the end.
It's all the same !

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Internal Review

- V1: When I'm inside. There's no downside.
Only problem is, the people trying to save I
Then you see why. I stay inside.
Only way to find, why I'm killing me.
- V2: And if it all goes wrong. It'll be my swansong.
Only way to know, is if I wake up dead.
Now you know why. This story flies.
Only question is, why you're killing me.
- V3: Now when you're inside. Look around and see why.
Only way to stay right, is to be true.
Then you'll know what. What you should do, yeah.
Only wonder is, which end will be your way.

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Alcohol

V1: It's a slow spin down. Feels like a wave washing over me.
It's often around. When I'm feeling blue or healing through some pain.

V2: It's always around. Waiting for me, in store, to be found.
And when I'm down. Take a moment and give myself another round.

M8: Washing over me, flowing through my veins and it's so...
Heavy, I carry the weight... I carry the guilt of...
One, two, three; and I'm there again, no escape so...
Please, just let me drift... just let me be...

Cho: Jim and John and Keith are gone, so I watch myself.
I try to never start before lunch.
I am polite and I don't fight if I've had too much.
I try to remember all I can the next day.
These are the rules of alcohol now you're on your own.
So pour some courage and try to keep it sane.

V3: It hits me blind. And I never know what I'll find.
Ask me what and why ? See the pain I feel and you'll have an answer
then.

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Faith

V1: I question leaders and priests. I question true love and peace.
I question global warming and all that I can't see.

V2: I question blind allegiance and no empathy.
I question all you're saying. I question all I read.

V3: I question all that's out there. I question all I see.
I question my existence. I question you and me.

V4: I question God and Satan. I question prophecy.
I question Mohammed & Jesus and too much spirituality.

V5: I question Yeti and Bigfoot, ghosts and E.V.P.'s.
I question the world's triangles and all its mysteries.

Cho: But I won't ask about your views. I don't say what you should be.
Never will you hear me say you should do this or that.
Never will I be angry because you won't be like me.

M8: I wish that I knew the answers.
I wish that we could see it all.
I wish that wishes could make it so.
But it's just not written on some wall.

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It's So Easy

V1: Don't you love it baby when everybody's saying you're crazy.
Don't you love it baby when you're driving by and everyone's waving.

Cho: And you know it's so easy. (2)
And you know it's so easy, you're loved.

V2: Don't you love it baby when everybody's trying to please you.
Don't you love it baby when you've got the money just sitting there
lazy.

V3: Don't you love it baby when the hardest thing is just which party to
attend.
Don't you love it baby when your parents say you're as pure as the
snow in
the wind.

V4: Don't you love it baby when you're getting high and no one's saying no.
Don't you love it baby when the boys are looking and looking and
looking
more.

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Think !

V1: Who did it ? Why do it ? Why say it ? Why read it ?
Who said it ? Who listened ? Who felt it ? Why did I ?

Cho: Stop and think about what you're saying.
Stop and think about what you're believing.
Stop and think about who you're seeing.
Stop and think about who you're believing.

V2: When did it ? What did it ? Where did it ? How did it ?
What followed ? Why follow ? Who followed ? Where were you ?

V3: Why listen ? Who listened ? How was it ? What was it ?
When said ? Where said ? Who said ? Where were they ?

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Why ?

V1:

Goodbye, never thought it the last.

Waiting, why were you so late.

Knocking, it was the worst news.

Not believing, as we've been together for so long !

Chorus:

Why (3), has this happened ? Why has this come to me ?

Why (3) can't I change this ? Why can't all of this go away ? (Why ? – last time)

V2:

Long days, alone in my darkness.

Aided, my friends try their best thoughts.

Waiting, they say it will pass.

Maybe, their wrong and the hurt will just me asking !

M8:

Recall those sunny days walking along with no care or worry.

You made such a funny face telling me stories of school and all that.

You made me feel as if time had stopped and we were the only two ever.

V3:

Lately, just try to make sense.

To feel, some emotion in me.

To see, that all isn't over and empty.

To be, still alive, with a heart that is beating !

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Normal

V1:

I want to feel normal. I want to feel a little closer to everyone.
Not too close, but just some.
I want to feel normal. Want to feel the sun on my face.
But I can't. I just feel numb.

Cho: I don't want to be like everyone.

Just to quit the chemicals that make me numb.
To feel like I did when I was young.
When I was young.

V2:

I want to feel normal. Want to break these chains of everyday.
So I can, leave these things behind.
I want to feel normal. Want to make a stand to all my pains.
So you can, see what I really am.

V3:

I want to feel normal. I want to think clearly all day.
About life and about, everything worth living for.
I want to feel normal. Want to feel like some I know.
Without pain and open to come and go.

V4:

I want to feel normal. Want to walk outside in the air.
To breathe in and out, and out would come all my fear.
I want to feel normal. Want to be the one to be near.
Hear it said, he is good and one who surely cares.

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Mon rêve familial

Words by Verlaine (1866)

Music by Grey (2010)

Je fais souvent ce rêve
D'une femme inconnue,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois,
Ni tout à fait une autre,

étrange et pénétrant
et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
ni tout à fait la même
et m'aime et me comprend.

Car elle me comprend,
Pour elle seule, hélas !
Pour elle seule, et
Elle seule les sait

et mon coeur transparent
cesse d'être un problème
les moiteurs de mon front blême,
rafraîchir, en pleurant.

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse ?
Je me souviens qu'il est
Comme ceux des aimés

Je l'ignore. Son nom ?
doux et sonore
que la Vie exila.

Son regard est pareil
Et pour sa voix, lointaine,
L'inflexion des voix chères

au regard des statues,
et calme, et grave, elle a
qui se sont tues.

Paul VERLAINE, Poèmes saturniens (1866)

Oft do I dream this strange and penetrating dream:
An unknown woman, whom I love, who loves me well,
Who does not every time quite change, nor yet quite dwell
The same,--and loves me well, and knows me as I am.

For she knows me! My heart, clear as a crystal beam
To her alone, ceases to be inscrutable
To her alone, and she alone knows to dispel
My grief, cooling my brow with her tears' gentle stream.

Is she of favor dark or fair?--I do not know.
Her name? All I remember is that it doth flow
Softly, as do the names of them we loved and lost.

Her eyes are like the statues',--mild and grave and wide;
And for her voice she has as if it were the ghost
Of other voices,--well-loved voices that have died.

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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.

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