Better Than Grey

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Our words slide off our tongues like marbles on wet floors, too wet to stop gliding And we soak up our thoughts like sponges, wringing out the water we both now taste "I know someone like you", but in actuality I do not No, not anyone, not like you And instantly you stick out Not like a splinter on a bench Not like a sour grape in the batch But like a yellow in between the black and the white

Isn't it just so much better than grey?

There's no such thing as right and wrong Certainly no shade in between And the only color better than yellow would be green But brightness is far better than mellow

Astrology dives me into puddles Sometimes before they even settle on cement While the summer baby just barely gets her laces wet Though perhaps it's just as well More stays in the thread when you let it soak

"You're beautiful", that can be said without any pause And thoughts of a kiss can go without saying So while the coffee cups keep pouring onto mounds of sweet sugar "One more, one more, one more" Just another Just another yellow day I'd take the coffee without the sugar For another hint of yellow

Yeah, you're certainly better than grey.