

## **Badfinger "Crimson Ship"**

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My life was coloured, painting pictures out of tune  
You came from nowhere in a song  
It might have been the way I laughed, he made the  
jokes  
Could only show me what was wrong  
He took me flying on his crimson ship  
He never left me his number  
He took me flying on his crimson ship  
Then he was gone and I wondered  
Who put the knots on all the crosses on the hill?  
Why did the old man wash his hands?  
Who grew the flower that was big enough to kill?  
And blew the trumpet in the van, a-an  
He took me flying on his crimson ship  
He never left me his number  
He took me flying on his crimson ship  
Then he was gone and I wondered  
Oh-oh, oh-oh  
When they were busy throwing kisses at the moon  
A father lost his mother's son  
And though they knew the resurrection would be soon  
The time was spent, they carried on, o-on  
He took me flying on his crimson ship  
He never left me his number  
He took me flying on his crimson ship  
Then he was gone and I wondered  
Wondered Wondered Wondered . . . . .

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