

## Barcelona

### "Color"

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It's hard for me to say what I want from you  
I have had 22 years of trying to form the words  
That somehow might mean I am feeling

So many colors in this distraction  
Brown hair makes her lips more red  
Words would not describe what I'm seeing  
I try to hold my tongue but it's useless

She makes my heart scream color  
I know by now she should have found me out  
(Whoa)  
(Whoa)  
Every sense I have has been exhausted but color  
makes her smile

She's always waiting for me to speak but all she hears  
is white as noise  
Though I may not communicate my heart  
She knows the color I'm screaming

She makes my heart scream color  
I know by now she should have found me out  
(Whoa)  
(Whoa)  
Every sense I have has been exhausted but color  
makes her smile

I feel it coming  
I feel it coming  
I feel it coming  
I feel it coming

I feel it coming  
(I feel it coming)  
I feel it coming  
(I feel it coming)  
I feel it coming on  
Oh  
Oh

Whoa  
Oh  
She makes my heart scream color  
I know by now she should have found me out  
(Whoa)  
(Whoa)  
Every sense I have has been exhausted but color  
makes her smile

She makes my heart scream color  
She should have found me out  
(Whoa)  
(Whoa)  
Every sense I have has been exhausted but color  
makes her smile

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