

## Barcelona "Colors"

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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  
And 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 whitest 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  
And 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 on, on, on

Whoa, she makes my heart scream color  
I know by now she should have found me out, whoa,  
whoa  
And every sense I have has been exhausted  
But color makes her smile

Yeah, she makes my heart scream color  
She should have found me out, whoa, whoa  
And every sense I have has been exhausted  
But color makes her smile

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