

Colours Run "Sand"

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Walk with me around the bay
Sit amid the dunes and play
Try to count the grains of sand
A universe of dust blows through our hands
This is not a simple love
Though we're made of simple stuff
Giddy fingers in the night
Burning oh so brief, but oh so bright

And when I look at the light, I won't look back
Maybe there's no grain of truth in this
Clouded sand
And maybe the trick is not to try
To understand

There is anger in your smile
Lonely and unreconciled
Smash yourself on my closed hand

You know the wave can never hold the land
Hold the land

This is not an easy game
Stupid sand looks all the same
It's not enough to feel the hurt
You need to put it into words
Maybe all your words are not enough
To get your point across

Look at the light and don't look back
Maybe there's no grain of truth in this
Clouded sand
And maybe the trick is not to try
To understand
Understand

Gates all the way to your house
Don't be deceived

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