

Bobs**"Synaesthesia"**

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As a baby in my mother's arms

She would croon and I'd see pink

And when she'd bathe me in the sink

The radio would play red or green or lavender

When the Beatles sing it's a yellow thing

Yeah, the Stones are always purple

Every melody that I hear

Fills my mind with colors bright and beautiful

SYNAESTHESIA

If everyone could see the things that I hear

SYNAESTHESIA

A giant box of Crayolas in my ear

With my new CD I'm in ecstasy

I can see beyond the rainbow

Heavy metal is ultraviolet

It's unhealthy but I love that copper tone glow

SYNAESTHESIA

If everyone could see the things that I hear

SYNAESTHESIA

A giant box of Crayolas in my ear

But when I leave my home, it's a dangerous thing

Cause people will whistle, and people will sing

I can't see straight in the shopping mall

Cause music's playin' wall to wall

And the boom-boom cars make me see stars

I never, never, never, never go to bars

The jukebox makes the girls turn green

Nobody knows the things I've seen

(nobody knows the things he's seen)

After a long hard day, I need to see some grey

Or at least some muted earth tones

A new-age dulcet dulcimer

Some whales, a bamboo flute, a rainforest -- But

please, no saxophones.

SYNAESTHESIA

If everyone could see the things that I hear

SYNAESTHESIA

A giant box of Crayolas in my ear -- stuck in my ear

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