

## **Browne Jackson**

### **"Colors Of The Sun"**

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Colors of the sun  
Flashing on the water top  
Echo on the land  
Picking for a coin  
Many other tiny worlds  
Singing past my hand  
Awake to understand you are not dreaming  
It is not seaming just to be this way  
Dying men draw numbers in the air  
Dream to conquer little bits of time  
Scuffle with the crowd to get their share  
And fall behind their little bits of time  
Voices in the air  
Sympathetic harmony  
Coming from the trees  
Hanging at my door  
Many shiny surfaces  
Clinging in the breeze  
Oh, leave me where I am I am not losing  
If I am choosing not to plan my life  
Disillusioned savior search the sky

Wanting to just to show someone the way

Asking all the people passing by

Doesn't anybody walk away

I say goodbye to Joseph and Maria

They think I see another sky

And from my fallen window I still see them

I'll never free them from the sky

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