

## Icehouse "Man Of Colours"

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There's a noise upstairs in the attic,  
it's the shuffle of worn out shoes.  
and the scent of the oil and brushes,  
drifts down like a pale perfume.  
and he says, "I...  
I am a man  
a Simple man,  
.. a man of colours.  
and I can see  
see through the years  
years of a man,  
.. a man of colours"  
and the old man rubs his failing eyes,  
takes a moment to watch the view.  
from a window nobody knows he's there,  
he can see the empty street below.  
and he says, "I...  
I am a man  
a Simple man,  
.. a man of colours.  
and I can see  
see through the years  
  
years of a man,  
.. a man of colours"  
he says, "I keep my life in this paintbox  
I keep your face in these picture frames  
when I speak to the empty canvas... it tells me...  
I have no need for words anyway..."  
and he says, "I...  
I am a man  
a Simple man,  
.. a man of colours.  
and I can see  
see through these tears  
tears of a man,  
.. a man of colours"  
and he says, "I...  
I am a man  
a Simple man,  
.. a man of colours.  
and I can see

see through the years  
years of a man,  
.. a man of colours"

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