

M.o.d

"True Colors"

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Opportunities arise, open your eyes don't decline.
Open the door.
What's right for you may not be what's right for me.
Ultimatums shown us or them I don't know.
Open the door.
Take our hands cause you know we're your friends.
You call me a friend, but stab me in the back again.
From this deed now I learn.
On you, my back I never turn.
What was mine was always yours.
But you're slammin' all the doors.

True colors my are growing bright.
But you're still stuck in a grey life.
Jealousy, can't you see what it's done.
Open the doors.
I thought I knew, what kind of friend are you.
Honesty flows through me - with purity.
Open the doors.
Once again, we were friends, we're through.
Because of you and your
TRUE COLORS.
Let them shine.

Meaning: Being a true friend.

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