

## **Nothing More "Blue And Gold"**

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Phone call, Sunday afternoon  
Springtime, this flower's lost it's bloom  
I was not there, and it is not fair  
Your innocence and youth  
Carried you this far  
Just to be removed

And tonight, the stars will shine  
And fill my life, you've left me behind

She's walking through the blue and the gold, the new  
and the old  
With the ancient Father, of every daughter  
I know that we'll make it through this night

Dreaming, a panoramic view  
Canvas memories, bring me back to you  
We lived and laughed, we lived so fast  
I can't stand to see the truth  
Now your masterpiece  
It paints the news

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