

Dan Fogelberg

"The Colors Of Eve"

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She never looks
And she never listens
Her heart only knows what it feels
And all that she is
And all that she isn't
Her every movement reveals

All her bright moods
And all her dark tempers
She's never the way she appears
She sometimes forgets
And sometimes remembers
And sometimes must laugh
Through the tears

Of lavender mornings
And gray afternoons
Sad when the day takes its leave
Nights of white passion
And deep shades of blue
These are the Colors of Eve

The shade on her eye
Like pale purple asters
Runs down her cheek when she cries
And the ways of her heart
No man may master
Even though many will try

The blush on her cheek
The gold on her fingers
Shine when the lady's in love
But a strong gentle touch
And a sunset that lingers
Are the things that her
Dreams are made of

And Lavender mornings
And gray afternoons
Sad when the day takes its leave
Nights of white passion
And deep shades of blue

These are the Colors of Eve

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