

Sykes "Colours"

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The colours rise and rain above the shadow town awe
struck with love.

You'll never see a war time dove. How could we say,
how could we know we'd make these feelings grow.

The slow burning euphoria, the bright phantasmagoria,
the morning black Victoria; all of them fools, why they
see, she's ancient history.

And I could fly with the breeze in my hair, no I just
couldn't care. High and dry; someone send up a flare
'cos we're losing our air. I used to think it was naive to
think you could do anything if you believe.

Oh, it's so much easier than you know.
Oh, ignite the fuse; ten seconds to go.
Oh, send a distress call; she's gonna blow.
Same world: different colours.

And as the dawn on new friends falls, the others round
them raise their walls, but still you'll hear them cry their
calls: Freedom for all, A middle way, Let all men have
their say.

The time has come to forget what has been and just
wipe the slate clean: it's begun. You will know what I
mean and you know it's obscene: though the maps may
show you all the lines, they won't ever display to you
their crimes.

Oh, it's so much easier than you know.
Oh, ignite the fuse; ten seconds to go.
Oh, send a distress call; she's gonna blow.
Same world: different colours

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