

Technicolour

"The Troubadour"

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Night falls like a blanket upon a city that never sleeps
Iâ€™ve got a head full of dreams that i just canâ€™t live
down

Heading home I turn a corner and hear a sound I
havenâ€™t heard in years

Something thatâ€™s always been there I just canâ€™t
remember where

Memories of places Iâ€™ve never seen

The cold cuts deep into his bones

The wind cuts deep into his thoughts

But still his fingers cut deep into the soul

Twin stars flicker in the night they carry each other
through the sky, tonight

Heading home I turn a corner and hear a sound I
havenâ€™t heard in years

Something thatâ€™s always been there I just canâ€™t
remember where

Memories of places Iâ€™ve never seen

The cold cuts deep into his bones

The wind cuts deep into his thoughts

But still his fingers cut deep into the soul

No one sees him walk away into the night

No one sees that he gets home tonight, tonight

The cold cuts deep into his bones

The wind cuts deep into his thoughts

But still his fingers cut deep into the soul

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