

Iveys

"CRIMSON SHIP"

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My life was coloured, painting pictures out of tune

You came from nowhere in a song

It might have been the way I laughed, he made the jokes

Could only show me what was wrong

CHORUS:

He took me flying on his crimson ship

He never left me his number

He took me flying on his crimson ship

Then he was gone and I wondered

Who put the knots on all the crosses on the hill?

Why did the old man wash his hands?

Who grew the flower that was big enough to kill?

And blew the trumpet in the band, a-and

CHORUS

Oh-oh, oh-oh

When they were busy throwing kisses at the moon

A father lost his mother's son

And though they knew the resurrection would be soon

The time was spent, they carried on, o-on

CHORUS

Wondered [repeat and fade].

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