

Squeeze

"True Colors (The Storm)"

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(Wilkinson)

To be running so far away
To rely on the perfect stranger
True colours they suffer with age
One look at the storm and fly straight on in
To the rain and thunder
Fool lover swept under the tide
The storm was gathering around them
He cast her off and put to sea
Well, he'd found somebody new to steer him
Through his dream
She sailed him all around her coastline
Every inlet every bay
And though he knew it then
He was too afraid to say it
One day all alone he waited
The silence crept beneath his door
And as the room grew dark he knew
She's come no more
Drifting in the dead of night
Show me landfall give me light

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