

## Squeeze "True Colours"

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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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