

Crayola Doesn't Make a Color For Your Eyes

Kristin Andreassen

I went to see the doctor.
I'd come down with the blues.
She said that I can't cure you,
But here's something you could do,
Take out a piece of paper,
And go sit down for a while,
And draw a pretty picture of something that makes you smile.
I know what makes me happy,
I didn't have to think for long.
But when I tried to draw it,
It always came out wrong.
I had a box 12, 48, and, 64.
But no where could I find that one shade I was looking for.
I guess I realized,
Should of come as no surprise.

Crayola doesn't make a color for your eyes.
There is no way that I could possibly describe you.
Crayola doesn't make a color to draw my love.

At first I thought of green-blue,
But then I saw blue-green.
And then again in bright light,
They look aquamarine.
I think at night they're darker,
I looked again for you,
Saw gray and black,
And when out walking after midnight, blue.
But, hues of the deepest skies,
Would be a compromise.

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Spring green,
Spring green is much too yellow.
Sea green is far too pale.
Cornflower's way too mellow.
So I'll try again and fail.

There's no way I can capture,
The way you make me feel.
One look from you is rapture,
Weather blue, or green, or teal.
No color qualifies,
That crayon's telling lies.

Crayola doesn't make a color.

Hey, look it's perry winkle,
So sure I got it now.
You wink and there's a twinkle,
In your eye and still somehow,
I just can't get that sparkle,
Those glitter crayons won't.
Maybe glow-in-the-dark,
Get it right,
Oh no they don't.
Mr. Crayola tried,
But I'm left to fantasize.

Crayola doesn't make a color.
Go Marky.

Whistling chorus

For your eyes something darker,
Lets see what I can find.
I melted mahogany,
And I got the depth, but not the shine.
Just about give up and then I peeled the paper off a little end.
I really thought it could of been, not,
Not even burnt sienna.
Your passport says they're brown,
But I'm gonna keep looking round.

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Lyrics submitted by Katrina.

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