

# The Colour in Anything

James Blake

On your island, there's no weather warning  
There's no sudden showers  
There's no certain powers, no  
All I wanted was to carry you for aching And how I told you what I'd do  
If one day I woke and couldn't find the colour in anything All I thought I was worth  
Was to mend things, are so breaking  
And how I chased the glory  
How I wanted to carry you for aching And how I told you what I'd do  
If one day I woke and couldn't find the colour in anything You must not be looking  
You must not be trying like I'm trying  
I can't always help you  
But I can listen for the sounds you're making  
And how I loved your story  
How I wanted to follow you and paint it And how I told you what I'd do  
If one day I woke and couldn't find the colour in anything You must not be looking  
You must not be trying how I'm trying  
You must not be looking  
You must not be trying like I'm trying  
I can't always help you

Songwriters

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