

# 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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