Symphony in Blue

Kate Bush

I spent a lot of my time looking at blue,
The color of my room and my mood:
Blue on the walls, blue out of my mouth;
The sort of blue between clouds, when the sun comes out,
The sort of blue in those eyes you get hung up about.When that feeling of meaninglessness sets in,
Go blowing my mind on God:
The light in the dark, with the neon arms,
The meek He seeks, the beast He calms,
The head of the good soul department.I see myself suddenly
On the piano, as a melody.
My terrible fear of dying
No longer plays with me,
for now I know that I'm needed
For the symphony.I associate love with red,
The colour of my heart when she's dead;
Red in my mind when the jealousy flies,
Red in my eyes from emotional ties,
Manipulation, the danger signs.The more I think about sex, the better it gets.
Here we have a purpose in life:
Good for the blood circulation,
Good for releasing the tension,
The root of our reincarnations.I see myself suddenly
On the piano, as a melody.
My terrible fear of dying
No longer plays with me,
for now I know that I'm needed
For the symphony.I spent a lot of my time looking at blue
No wonder that I blue it!

Songwriters
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