

# Flying Colours

## Sunburned Hand of the Man

Shout if you will, but that just won't do  
I, for one, would rather follow softer options  
I'll take the easy line, another sip of wine  
And if I ignore the face you wore  
It's just a way of mine to keep from flying colours Oh, don't lay your bait while the whole world waits  
Around to see me shoot you down, it's all so second rate  
When we can last for days on a loving night  
Or for hours at least on a warm whisper given You always pick the best time to rise to the fight  
To break the hard bargain that we've driven  
Once again, we're flying colours I thought we had it out the night before  
And settled old scores, ooh, but not the hard way  
Was it a glass too much? Or a smile too few?  
Did our friends all catch the needle match, did we want them to?  
In a fancy restaurant, we were all aglow  
Keeping cool by mutual permission How did the conversation get to where we came to blows?  
We were set up in a red condition  
And again, we're flying colours Shout, but you see, it still won't do  
With my colours on, I can be just as bad as you  
Have I had a glass too much? Did I give a smile too few?  
Did our friends all catch the needle match, did we want them to?  
We act our parts so well, like we wrote the play  
All so predictable and we know it We'll settle old scores now and settle the hard way  
You may not even live to outgrow it  
Once again, we're flying colours, flying colours

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