

# Man Of Colours

## Icehouse

There's a noise upstairs in the attic  
It's the shuffle of worn out shoes  
And the scent of the oil and brushes  
Drifts down like a pale perfume And he says, "I I am a man  
A simple man, a man of colors  
And I can see, see through the years  
Years of a man, a man of colors" And the old man rubs his failing eyes  
And takes a moment to watch the view  
From a window nobody knows is there  
He can see the empty street below And he says, "I I am a man  
A simple man, a man of colors  
And I can see, see through the years  
Years of a man, a man of colors" He says, "I keep my life in this paintbox  
I keep your face in these picture frames  
And when I speak to this faded canvas it tells me  
I have no need for words anyway" And he says, "I I am a man  
A simple man, a man of colors  
And I can see, see through the years  
Years of a man, a man of colors" And he says, "I I am a man  
A simple man, a man of colors  
And I can see, see through the tears  
Tears of a man, a man of colors"

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