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 perfumeAnd 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 belowAnd 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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