

Too Many Colors (tee's Interlude)

Teena Marie

Too many colors, too many colors I can't blend
One million different shades
Too many colors, too many paint-by-number minds
Too many twisted minds

It would be bliss if we were color-free
But I'm asking too much
So if you hear me cry, just know that I
I want to be touched
I need to be loved
I long to be touched and loved by too, too many colors

Teena, what would the world be like if everyone saw with their hearts
Instead of their eyes?
Well, I guess it would be like your smile, Maya - innocent and pure
And a color that I love

I wish every year was the year of the child
So do I
So do I
So do I
Oh, so do I

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written by Brockert, Mary C
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