

Colour of the Sun

Jimmy Buffett

Touching down how I climb
Balancing dreams that he's chosen
Northern lights on [?]
Melting stream that was frozen
Passing cars with rusted wheels
The frame in need of a [?]
Red sky night, that [?]
Back when the grow was impossibly
Working tide will come around again
[?] is waiting in the wind
For all your world and treasures
There's nothing to be want
Nothing left to measure
It's you and me and the colour of the sun
While the child wonders how
The sky connects to the ocean
Spinning fast, and that's now
She's unaware of the motion
The wise men and the fools keep taking turns
Every day more bridges seem to burn
With all your volts and treasures
Would you trade them for some fun?
What's the rise of pleasure?
Cause you and me, you can [?]
Watch the particles collide
And trust the stars up in the sky!
Sand that's gone, snatched by the storm
Are the poles really shifting?
Gypsy rains wash all the planes
[?] dreams I still drifting
The best the times get still somehow be found!
Even the worst of features will never let you down
For all your world, the treasures
For your battles lost in one
Nothing left to measure
It's you and me and the colour of the sun

Songwriters

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