

Purple

Feeder

I think I'm coming round
Coming round to way of thinking now
Trying to find the ground
Somewhere new to stop us slipping Always, always straight back down Kicking out the fool
There's no sense in us going under now
Holding on to you
Trying to swim but we're treading water Always, always straight back down I think that you're the one, the
colour never runs
A hand that heals me over, over today
You take away the grey, bring the colour as it fades
A hand that heals me over, over Comfort in the sound
Lift the world from off you shoulders now
Lying on the ground
Staring up at a face that haunts you Always, always straight back down I think that you're the one, the colour
never runs
A hand that heals me over, over today
You take away the grey, bring the colour as it fades
A hand that heals me over Always, always straight back down
Reaching out a hand
Course there's no life without the purple
Always, always straight back down I think that you're the one, the colour never runs
A hand that heals me over, over today
You take away the grey, bring the colour as it fades
A hand that heals me over, over again Always, always straight back down
I think I'm coming round
Coming round to a way of thinking
Always, always straight back down I think that you're the one, the colour never runs
A hand that heals me over, over today
You take away the grey, bring the colour as it fades
A hand that heals me over, over again I think that you're the one, the colour never runs
A hand that heals me over, over today
You take away the grey, bring the colour as it fades
A hand that heals me over, over

Songwriters

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