The Technicolor Phase

Owl City

I am the red in the rose
The flowers on the blankets on your bedroom floor
And I am the gray in the ghost
That hides with your clothes behind your closet door.
I am the green in the grass
That bends back from underneath your feet
And I am the blue in your back alley view
Where the horizon and the rooftops meet.
If you cut me I suppose I would bleed the colors
Of the evening stars.
You can go anywhere you wish
'Cause I'll be there, wherever you are
(Wherever you are, wherever you are)
(I will always be your keys
When we are lost in the Technicolor phase)
The black in the book
The letters on the pages that you memorize
And I am the orange in the overcast
Of color that you visualize.
I am the white in the walls that soak up
All the sound when you cannot sleep.
And I am the peach in the starfish on the beach
That wish the harbor wasn't quite so deep.
If you cut me I suppose
I would bleed the colors of the evening stars
(My darling)
You can go anywhere you wish
'Cause I'll be there, wherever you are
(My darling)
Wherever you are
Wherever you are
Wherever you are

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