Colors

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

You don't have to ask me why
Because I know you understand
All the treasures of my life
Are right here in my hand
Suspended in a moment
No more breath to catch
If you hold on to your end
Maybe we can make this lastThis is the greatest time of day
When all the clocks are spinning backwards
And all the ropes that bind begin to fray
And all the black and white turns into colorsI don't want to build a wall
Or draw a line across the sand
Because there's room for one and all
And this land is our land
Oh I hope this can go on and on and on
Before the skipping stone hits the surface of the pond
Oh I know that life is never very long
One second, then one minute, and then its goneThis is the greatest time of day
When all the clocks are spinning backwards
And all the ropes that bind begin to fray
And all the black and white turns into colorsYou want to sink into the colors on the wall
But all the while you are the brightest of them allThis is the greatest time of day
When all the clocks are spinning backwards
And all the ropes that bind begin to fray
And all the black and white turns
This is the greatest time of day
When there's no you and there's no others
And all the rules grow wings and fly away
And all the black and white turns into colors

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