

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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