Colors

James Wallace

It's hard for me to say what I want from
You I have had 22 years of
Trying to form the words that somehow
Might mean I am feeling
So many colors in this distraction
Brown hair makes her lips more red
Words would not describe what I'm seeing
I try to hold my tongue but it's useless
She makes my heart scream color
I know by now she should have found me out, whoa, whoa
And every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile
She's always waiting for me to speak
But all she hears is whitest noise
Though I may not communicate my heart
She knows the color I'm screaming
She makes my heart scream color
I know by now she should have found me out, whoa, whoa
And every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile
I feel it coming, I feel it coming
I feel it coming, I feel it coming
I feel it coming, I feel it coming
I feel it coming on, on, on
Whoa, she makes my heart scream color
I know by now she should have found me out, whoa, whoa
And every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile
Yeah, she makes my heart scream color
She should have found me out, whoa, whoa
And every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile

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