

I Used to Be Color Blind

Fred Astaire

Strange

How a dreary world can suddenly change

To a world as bright as the evening star

Queer

What a difference when your vision is clear

And you see things as they really are I used to be color-blind

But I met you and now I find

There's green in the grass

There's gold in the moon

There's blue in the skies That semi-circle that was always hanging about

Is not a storm cloud, its a rainbow

And you brought the colors out Believe me its really true

Till I met you I never knew

A setting sun could paint such beautiful skies

Songwriters

IRVING BERLIN Published by

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