

# Barcelona, Colors

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