

# Feeder, Purple

I think I'm coming round  
Coming round to way of thinking  
Trying to find the ground  
Somewhere new to stop us slipping

Always , always straight back down  
Kicking out the fool  
Theres no sense in us going under  
Holding on to you  
Trying to swim but we're treading water

Always , always straight back down

I think that you're the one , the colour never runs  
A hand that heals me over , over today  
You take away the grey , bring the colour as it fades  
A hand that heals me over

Comfort in the sound  
Lift the world from off you shoulders now  
Lying on the ground ,  
Staring up at a face that haunts you

Always , always straight back down

I think that you're the one , the colour never runs  
A hand that heals me over , over today  
You take away the grey , bring the colour as it fades  
A hand that heals me over

Always , always straight back down

I think I'm coming round  
Coming round to way of thinking

Always , always straight back down

I think that you're the one , the colour never runs  
A hand that heals me over , over today  
You take away the grey , bring the colour as it fades  
A hand that heals me over ... again

I think that you're the one , the colour never runs  
A hand that heals me over , over today  
You take away the grey , bring the colour as it fades  
A hand that heals me over