

Hugh Cornwell, All the Colours of the Rainbow

Blue is the colour soon arriving
When all the darkness of the mood just drifts away
Red has a habit of surviving
Can justice breathe some life into her guilty day
When purple leaves begin their falling
They mirror all the confidence that's gone
With orange lights illuminating
Familiar patterns calm the fears that make you run

I see all the colours of the rainbow

Indigo calls and beckons slowly
The consolation of a void in which to fall
And yellow ochre humbles lowly
A constellation flickers bright along the hall
Can green remain as fresh as dawning?
The vivid space suggested never to return
As bronze arrives after the morning
He silent as a tree lives falls and has to burn

I see all the colours of the rainbow