

Joe Bonamassa, Colour And Shape

Down here in New Orleans, prayin' for holy water,
To rain on down, rain on down on me.
I got to tell you how I feel,
And I don't care as long as it's a side that's real.

Like a dark cloud that casts no shade,
Seven days pass I still pray for rain.
I want to see things my way;
I will add colour and shape.

Now I'm frozen in time, bound by convictions,
Obey the trust - things I learned long ago.
Please now spare me, spare me your old folklore,
All I really want are things they were before.

Like a dark cloud that casts no shade,
Seven days pass I still pray for rain.
I want to see things my way;
I will add colour and shape.

(Lead Break)

Like a dark cloud that casts no shade,
Seven days pass I still pray for rain.
I want to see things my way;
I will be be who I am and see things my way;
I will add colour and shape.