

Status Quo, Sunny Cellophane Skies

(Lancaster)

Looking up to the cloud above my head
Your face concealed by purple mist that feels like lead
It slowly clears and at last my eyes are filled

Sunny cellophane skies
Silver writing my eyes
Bright sunny cellophane skies
I like the way you make me feel
Sensations I thought were unreal

Now you're life has gone
in this world I don't belong
Words are all I own
Now you're gone I'm all alone

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Silver writing my eyes
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