

Status Quo, Technicolour Dreams

I see your face at the dawn of the day, gold as the sun begins to shine
I see your face now at the end of the day, purple shadows dancing in your eyes.

Technicolour dreams are all I see
Technicolour dreams of you and me

I see your shadow tripping through a silver glade, tiptoeing over crimson sand
Luring me onwards into a sea of jade, leading me gently by the hand

Technicolour dreams are all I see
Technicolour dreams of you and me

If I could escape through the windows of my mind
I would fly to your magic mountain land
There we would stay 'til the world had passed away
With a love only we could understand

Technicolour dreams are all I see
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