

# Stina Nordenstam, Memories Of A Colour

I'm searching for a colour  
Don't think it's got a name  
It's something between pink and brown  
Just like when the sun sets  
Sometimes when it rains  
Like it's the first time you see it go down

Me and my boat  
Have been out for years now  
My collection of china's complete  
Except for that one piece  
I won't be satisfied  
I once held it but it disappeared

They've stolen my wallet  
Now I'm finally broke  
Now I've finally got nothing to lose  
Your picture was in it  
The one thing that you left  
With that photo I've lost you for good

I walk down to the port  
Take my motorboat  
And go out and turn the motor off  
And I listen to the waves  
I lay very still  
I try not to think  
Try not to breathe at all