

Teena Marie, Too Many Colors (Tee's Interlude)

Too many colors, too many colors I can't blend
One million different shades
Too many colors, too many paint-by-number minds
Too many twisted minds

It would be bliss if we were color-free
But I'm asking too much
So if you hear me cry, just know that I
I want to be touched
I need to be loved
I long to be touched and loved by too too many colors

Teena, what would the world be like if everyone saw with their hearts
Instead of their eyes
well...I guess it would be like your smile Maya, innocent and pure
And a color that I love

I wish every year was the year of the child
So do I, so do I, so do I, oh so do I...