

Chicago, Fancy Colours

(R. Lamm)

Going where the orange sun has never died
And your swirling marble eyes shine
Laughing
Burning through the light
Bittersweet the drops of life
Memories only fading
Fancy Colours
Fancy Colours
All we ever did see
When we're down at the sea
We see things so very bright at the sea
Fancy Colours
Fancy Colours
All we ever can do
The morning covered with dew
We do things so very fine at the dew
Fancy Colours
Fancy Colours
All we ever do hear
The world whether we're hear or there
We hear things so very fine when we're there