

# 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