Clouds, Colourblind

Stoned

I say we stand underneath Heaven's sapphire canopy You say the sky is blue We don't see the same way

One of us is colourblind And I don't know which

I say we walk through unwalled rooms On an emerald carpet You say the grass is green We don't see the same way

One of us is colourblind And I don't know which one

Could it be I'm stoned on what I see Could it be you're not

Stoned

I say the colour of love is Blood squeezed from a ruby But you say it's clear You say that it's clear