

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 unwall'd 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