

David Sylvian, Every Colour You Are

I touched his hand
Burned like coal
Put pay to the devil
And saw the mountain fall

Feel like crying
The jokes gone to far
You can be anything you want
Every colour you are

Family man
His patience tried
Put a torch to his home
And warmed his hands by the fire
The greed of desire

My roads uncrossed
White lined and tarred
By believing in you
Every colour you are