

Finn Brothers, All Of The Colors

I can never forget
The day we said goodbye
Holding your hands
A rainbow low in the sky

And all the colors there
To gather you up
And carry you up
All the colors there
To gather you up

Now, we're left here
To get on with our things
Writing it down
And working with wood and strings

And all the colors there
To open us up
And bring us luck
All the colors there
To open us up

You went walking through that door
Leaving it ajar
Whenever things come to an end
It takes a while to close it again

And all the colors gently
Pushing it shut
And pushing it shut

All the colors there
To open us up
And bring us luck

All the colors there
To gather us up
To gather us up
To gather us up
To gather you up
Again