

Gaudi, Love Is A Wonderful Colour

My friend and I, were talking one evening,
Beside some burning wood,
Trading tales of places we came upon,
When the times were good,
Spoke of a girl he viewed like no other,
Whom he had come to know, I swallowed hard and listened intently,
Resigned beside the glow...

Always there, it's standing proudly,
When all else falls down,
It's all around you, didn't it find you,
When you said you couldn't be found,

When love calls me, I will be running swiftly,
To find out,
Just what all the fuss is all about,
Unrelentless, deep in the strangest feelings,
Believe me,
Love is full of wonderful colour...

I insist that you pick the wrong one,
To preach your theories to,
Simmer down, we'll run for a reason,
To see what faith can do,

Love is a beacon, on the horizon,
Watch when you touch down,
Reality finds you fumbling for reasons,
when the chance comes 'round

When love calls me, I will be running swiftly,
To find out,
Just what all the fuss is all about,
Unrelentless, deep in the strangest feelings,
Believe me,
Love is full of wonderful colour...

Take my confidence to guide you,
Through the fallen hope inside you,
Love is full of wonderful colour