

Howard Jones, Spectrum

Momentum seems to carry them
But only for a moment
A face that hides a thousand secrets
Never seems to smile
A feeling of uncertainty
No hand to rock the cradle
But we can hear a whispering inside

Spectrum shifting
Colours form
The picture is changing
Crystal calling
Diamonds fall
A time for creating
Spectrum shifting
Colours form
The future is waiting

Illusion holds a mystery
But nothing lasts forever
A searching for a hidden magic
Waiting to be found
A haunting sense of emptiness
They hear the sound of silence
But we can hear a whispering inside

Spectrum shifting...