

Michael Tolcher, Watercolor World

Shine down on my forehead,
Enlighten me to the bone.
Well, erase the lies that my hands have written
This time I find myself alone
Well, awake me from my restless sleep
Cause the fruit I picked is already gone
To the shadowland, where the father's weep
Help me taste the flavors still unknown.

Yeah, and it's still alright alright, to be wrong
In this watercolor world
In this watercolor world that we're living in

Will you hide from the mirror?
When the images are self-designed
Can't you hear the voices changing through the (land?)
While there painted in your twisted foolish mind.
Well, now you were right in the beginning, but can't you hear the voices screaming on the wall?
Well, the choirs and the church bells ringing; singing you are the fairest of them all.

Yeah, and it's still alright alright, to be wrong
In this watercolor world
In this watercolor world that we're living in

And it's still alright alright, alright alright to be wrong
In this watercolor world we have built
Well the time has passed and it's been so long.
I am free from my greed and my guilt.

Yeah, and it's still alright alright, to be wrong
In this watercolor world
In this watercolor world that we're living in

Now, you cut your feet on that jagged fence.
Now let your fathers' talk and tell you where to fall.
See it's when I crack, crack, crack, crack, slam of your innocence
Then you won't be saying things so tall.

Yeah, and it's still alright alright, to be wrong
In this watercolor world
In this watercolor world that we're living in