

Nik Kershaw, Walkabout

shades of all shades
every shape and size
promised parties in the air
danced before her eyes
but where did love go
and where were you
on the day they turned violet to blue
friends of all friends
friends that came and went
some did care
some did not
subway residents
but what did you feel
what did you do
on the day they turned violet to blue
on the day they turned violet to blue
can't stop, don't start
warm hand, cool heart
please hear my call
out cold, in deep
no sense, no sleep
at all
so before you go
kinds of all kinds
glittering like gold
selling for the highest bid
keeping out the cold
and did the angels
call by for you
on the day they turned violet to blue
on the day they turned violet to blue
on the day they turned violet to blue
can't stop, don't start
warm hand, cool heart
please hear my call
out cold, in deep
no sense, no sleep at all