

# 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 sleepat all