

# Raspberries, Rose Coloured Glasses

I'm an ivory tower boy  
Never quite put down the toys  
I always made the best of them all  
I see only sunny skies  
With the world in my eyes  
I never seem to find the crack or the fault

I see it all through rose-coloured glasses  
And I only see what matters to me  
I see you all through rose-coloured glasses, yeah  
The one that I chose  
Is coloured [1: rose ]  
It's a funny sort of haze  
All full of dreams of yesterdays  
And the dreams are so real you could cry  
And you know the grass is green  
On the side you've never seen  
And the thought is what helps you get by

As I grow a little more  
[unintelligible]  
And the brass ring is slipping away  
I will keep the glasses near  
Maybe shed a quiet tear  
Maybe smile inside as I say