

Stephen Duffy, Music In Colors

And she sparkles her surprise
The marvels of the milky way
Are but a candle to her
I kissed but she did not kiss back
Temptations of the saints
And though the leaves are falling fast
She still thinks she ain't
And she's going to blow my mind
This time
So we set out for the sun
A generation on the run
The ones who hid by moving trains
Pretending destinations
Now fighting everyone she knows
And some imaginary foes
My campus bride for whom truth slips
Beyond her finger tips
And she's going to blow my mind
This time
I've been sitting on the corner of my street
waiting for her waiting for her
And I don't know if she sparkles when she speaks
If I could love her any more
I won't deny that we had fun
More than I can say for some
With just so many years to live
In which nothing gives
Two courting birds wheeled away
Against the opalescent grey
My campus bride and I just sit
Certain this is it
And she's going to blow my mind
This time
And she's going to blow her mind
If she can find the time
And she's going to blow my mind
This time