

The Ocean Blue, The Circus Animals

You, the writer, knew
You, the writer cared
Sold, are things once told
Old, are things once bold

The diamonds and the gold
They are for real
Depending on the way they make you feel

We can touch the sky
You, oh you and I
I can count to two
But we can count to three

I line them up and they stare back at me
Creations in the mind and soul of me

Drift
Fall
Blue
Call

You, the writer, knew
You, the writer, cared

The diamonds and the gold
They are for real
Depending on the way they make you feel