

Crimson Ship

Badfinger

My life was coloured, painting pictures out of tune
You came from nowhere in a song
It might have been the way I laughed, he made the jokes
Could only show me what was wrong

He took me flying on his crimson ship
He never left me his number
He took me flying on his crimson ship
Then he was gone and I wondered

Who put the knots on all the crosses on the hill?
Why did the old man wash his hands?
Who grew the flower that was big enough to kill?
And blew the trumpet in the van, a-an

He took me flying on his crimson ship
He never left me his number
He took me flying on his crimson ship
Then he was gone and I wondered
Oh-oh, oh-oh

When they were busy throwing kisses at the moon
A father lost his mother's son
And though they knew the resurrection would be soon
The time was spent, they carried on, o-on

He took me flying on his crimson ship
He never left me his number
He took me flying on his crimson ship
Then he was gone and I wondered

Wondered Wondered Wondered