

It's hard for me to say what I want from
You I have had 22 years of
Trying to form the words that somehow
Might mean I am feeling

So many colors in this distraction
Brown hair makes her lips more red
Words would not describe what I'm seeing
I try to hold my tongue but it's useless

She makes my heart scream color
I know by now she should have found me out
Every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile

She's always waiting for me to speak
But all she hears is whitest noise
Though I may not communicate my heart
She knows the color I'm screaming

She makes my heart scream color
I know by now she should have found me out
And every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile

I feel it coming, I feel it coming
I feel it coming, I feel it coming
I feel it coming, I feel it coming
I feel it coming on

Whoa, she makes my heart scream color
I know by now she should have found me out
And every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile

Yeah, she makes my heart scream color
She should have found me out
Every sense I have has been exhausted
But color makes her smile
Color makes her smile