

Fancy Colours

Chicago

Going where the orange sun has never died
And your swirling marble eyes shine
Laughing, burning blue the light
Bittersweet the drops of life, memories only fading

Fancy colors
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All we ever did see when we're down at the sea
We see things so very fine at the sea

Fancy colors
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And all we ever can do the morning covered with dew
We do things so very fine in the dew

Fancy colors
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And all we ever do hear, but whether we're there or here
We hear things so very fine when we're there