

## The Colors Of Eve

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She never looks  
And she never listens  
Her heart only knows what it feels  
And all that she is  
And all that she isn't  
Her every movement reveals

All her bright moods  
And all her dark tempers  
She's never the way she appears  
She sometimes forgets  
And sometimes remembers  
And sometimes must laugh  
Through the tears

Of lavender mornings  
And gray afternoons  
Sad when the day takes its leave  
Nights of white passion  
And deep shades of blue  
These are the Colors of Eve

The shade on her eye  
Like pale purple asters  
Runs down her cheek when she cries  
And the ways of her heart  
No man may master  
Even though many will try

The blush on her cheek  
The gold on her fingers  
Shine when the lady's in love  
But a strong gentle touch  
And a sunset that lingers  
Are the things that her  
Dreams are made of

And Lavender mornings  
And gray afternoons  
Sad when the day takes its leave  
Nights of white passion  
And deep shades of blue  
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