

It hangs on a wall, museum hall, as it calls to passers by
A picture so bright, seen without light, and nobody wonders why

A tired old man stares at the wall, said the color's blinding me

How can he see anything at all since he's got no eyes to see

It's not too faded
I still see that color coming through
It's not too jaded
The more you look the more you see

Years ticked away colors turned gray, but the man's still standing there

Once asked him why, he said cause I am the last one here who cares

Told me the mind will show you more if you only set it free
He closed the doors I closed my eyes that's when I began to see

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