

## I'll Make It All Up To You

Golden Earring

In a painting by Van Gogh  
Saw a street covered with black snow  
The people move in a nervous stripe  
Of blues, red and yellow  
Read your letter for the seventh time  
The ink is getting close to fade away  
But it still brings the ocean back to mind  
In this here desert without oases

Shouting at the man in the moon  
I'll make it up to you, make it all up to you  
The rhythm and the dance of the loon  
I'll make it all up to you, make it all up to you  
And the night is a horoscopic sight  
While the sun sets fire to the dune  
I'll make it all up to you

I remember your face and your Picasso  
Pale as sugar, sweet and low  
Your hair in a ponytail and dyed  
Eyes looking up from down below  
Looking for an excuse to make it real  
Cause I can't see the help the way that I feel  
Looking for an excuse to make it real  
Cause I cannot help the way that I feel

I've been shouting at the man in the moon  
I'll make it all up to you, I'll make it up to you  
The rhythm and the dance of the loon  
I'll make it up to you, I'll make it up to you  
And the night is a horoscopy sight  
While the sun sets fire to the dune  
I'll make it all up to you  
I've made it all up to you