

The Colour in Anything

James Blake

On your island, there's no weather warning
There's no sudden showers
There's no certain powers, no
All I wanted was to carry you for aching

And how I told you what I'd do
If one day I woke and couldn't find the colour in anything

All I thought I was worth
Was to mend things, are so breaking
And how I chased the glory
How I wanted to carry you for aching

And how I told you what I'd do
If one day I woke and couldn't find the colour in anything

You must not be looking
You must not be trying like I'm trying
I can't always help you
But I can listen for the sounds you're making
And how I loved your story
How I wanted to follow you and paint it

And how I told you what I'd do
If one day I woke and couldn't find the colour in anything

You must not be looking
You must not be trying how I'm trying
You must not be looking
You must not be trying like I'm trying
I can't always help you