

Sitting under an orange tree, the father, his big fish and me  
Now he could tell a tale or two with his scales so silver blue  
The violins are playing some old forgotten song

The clouds of silver purple grey  
they go pick up my dreams and wash them all away  
They're telling stories everyday  
and then from town to town, they go there separate ways

The shoes where hanging in that tree, close to a big old mounta  
in.  
And in the end he really met his father's friend there in the f  
ountain.  
The violins are playing a tune I know

The clouds of silver purple grey  
they go pick up my dreams and wash them all away  
They're telling stories everyday  
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