

... Of Love and Colors

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People, all us fucked-up people
What are we gonna do with ourselves?
And our addictions
And our desire to kill each other
And special things, your own dreams?

People, all us fucked-up people
Can't we see behind the pain of losing?
I had a dream of love and colors
And all the while it seemed real
And in this dream, we were unique
Couldn't it be?
I wasn't cryin' before he died
He died so young
And I can't see you anymore
'Cause there's no answers here
There's no feeling

People, all us fucked-up people
Can't we see beyond the pain of losing one another?
I had this dream of trust and beauty
And all the while, it seemed real
And in this dream, we were not fighting
Couldn't it be?
You gave it up
You lost your reason
You never saw
You are unique
You spread your wings
And cut 'em off
You're only hurting

People, all our fucked-up smiles
We quit dreaming long ago
And our distrust
And our addictions
And our desire to kill each other
Makes all the sense in the world
You just fucked up for a moment
You're only hurting

That's just like me
That's just like me
That's just like me

I had this dream of love and colors...