

True Colors

M.O.D.

Opportunities arise, open your eyes don't decline. Open the door. What's right for you may not be what's right for me. Ultimates shown us or them I don't know. Open the door. Take our hands cause you know we're your friends. You call me a friend, but stab me in the back again. From this deed now I learn. On you, my back I never turn. What was mine was always yours. But you're slammin' all the doors. True colors my are growing bright. But you're still stuck in a grey life. Jealousy, can't you see what it's done. Open the doors. I thought I knew, what kind of friend are you. Honesty flows through me - with purity. Open the doors. Once again, we were friends, we're through. Because of you and your TRUE COLORS. Let them shine.