

# White Paper

Marillion

The different shades of white  
Are in my head tonight  
What happened to the colours of fire?  
What happened to the colours?

She is painting forty different shades of white  
On white paper  
On white paper  
Glowing happiness arrived the day  
Baby came to stay  
And all is well in the new world

I, on the other hand,  
Can't seem to settle down  
My eyes hurry not to see her falling away from me

I'm painting forty different shades of green  
For all I'm worth, on yesterday's paper  
But innocence is never news  
The black keeps bleeding through  
Only to reveal our worldly blues

Doesn't seem so long since we were young  
Oh, when we were young  
When we were young

I see families walking in the park  
Who seem quite happy to live this way  
She asks me, "What's the matter darling?  
You're suddenly grey. You don't look well..."  
The arms of another  
It's my idea of hell

So shout if you find a way back to the light and air  
Laughing and changing the subject  
Ain't gonna get you there

The different shades of white  
Fill my head tonight  
What happened to the colours?  
What happened to the colours?

The different shades of white  
Are everywhere tonight  
What happened to the colours of fire?

I used to be centre-stage  
Time I should act my age  
And watch from the shadowed wings  
All these beautiful things  
All these beautiful things

Even now  
My eyes that hurry to see no more are painting, painting  
Faces of my lost girl.