

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.