

Hearts Collide

Red Wanting Blue

Have you ever been blue?
Afraid to see what's right in front of
Well, you know
It seems to be easier
To give it all up and out
It seems my dreams need means that I am without
My Botticelli ballerina
Which do you prefer?
The violet or the rose
And if I had the fruits of a laboring pirate's dream
Which would you rather?
Silver or gold

When hearts collide like fireflies lost in the shooting star shower
I will chase the sunset west to keep the day alive one more hour
But I'm eaten alive by the butterflies
And the petals of daisies as I
Pace beneath the hair hanging from Rapunzel's tower
From her tower
From... oh, oh
Forgive me if I'm blue
But love does funny things to a man sometimes
We work off of one heart instead of two
Packing the other away for a rainy day
In case love stops feeling brand new
My Botticelli ballerina
Dancing in the dark
How do you move the way you do?
What a beautiful curse and wicked bliss
To be confined to one heart in a world where
It's impossible to know love without two
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