

Living Colour

The Paper Kites

Move on living color
Like we're born creators
Shadows on the ceiling
When I'm in your favor

And when it comes to go
Take me high, take me low,
Keep waiting in my soul
Waiting, waiting, through time

And you give me little reason
To refuse my satire
Shifting in with feelings
Of a sweet surrender

And when it comes to go
Take me high, take me low,
Keep waiting in my soul
Waiting, waiting
Coursing with your call
As we rise and we fall
Keep waiting in my soul
Waiting, waiting, through time

In your loving flow
I feel that I know
Seed you sow
That you reap when it grows
In your loving flow
I feel that I know
Seed you sow
That you reap when it grows

I feel that I know
I feel that I know

And when it comes to go
Take me high, take me low,
Keep waiting in my soul
Waiting, waiting
Coursing with your call
As we rise and we fall
Keep waiting in my soul
Waiting, waiting, through time