

Rose Coloured Glasses

The Raspberries

I'm an ivory tower boy
Never quite put down the toys
I always made the best of them all
I see only sunny skies
With the world in my eyes
I never seem to find the crack or the fault

I see it all through rose-coloured glasses
And I only see what matters to me
I see you all through rose-coloured glasses, yeah
The one that I chose
Is coloured [1: rose]
It's a funny sort of haze
All full of dreams of yesterdays
And the dreams are so real you could cry
And you know the grass is green
On the side you've never seen
And the thought is what helps you get by

As I grow a little more
[unintelligible]
And the brass ring is slipping away
I will keep the glasses near
Maybe shed a quiet tear
Maybe smile inside as I say