

Every colour has its own sound  
And every light has its particular shape  
That talks more than any book or tape  
And when I see the red burning sun  
I hear the sound of drums  
But every time my memory brings me back to you

I hear the sound of blue  
Every night is blue  
Blue is the song and these are the words blue  
Your eyes are blue  
Even the sky seems to be blue

Every plain draws its own shade  
And every shadow its particular note  
That tells you more than anything I ever wrote  
And if I could only spread my wings  
I hear the sound of dream  
About every time my memory brings me back to you

I hear the sound of blue  
Every night is blue  
Blue is the song and these are the words blue  
Your eyes are blue  
Even the sky seems to be blue

Blue the rainbow  
Blue the trees  
Blue the raindrops  
Blue the seas  
Blue is every day around me  
The sound of blue