

## Faded

Default

It hangs on a wall, museum hall, as it calls to passers by  
A picture so bright, seen without light, and nobody wonders why

A tired old man stares at the wall, said the color's blinding me  
How can he see anything at all since he's got no eyes to see

It's not too faded  
I still see that color coming through  
It's not too jaded  
The more you look the more you see

Years ticked away colors turned gray, but the man's still standing there  
Once asked him why, he said cause I am the last one here who cares  
Told me the mind will show you more if you only set it free  
He closed the doors I closed my eyes that's when I began to see

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The more you look the more you see  
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