

## Colors

Jarrold Alonge

Your little brother never tells you but he loves you so  
You said your mother only smiled on her TV show  
You're only happy when your sorry head is filled with dope  
I'll hope you make it to the day you're 28 years old

You're drippin' like a saturated sunrise  
You're spilling like an overflowin' sink  
You're ripped at every edge but you're a masterpiece  
And now you're tearin' through the pages and the ink

Everything is blue  
His pills, his hands, his jeans  
And now I'm covered in the colors  
Pull apart at the seams  
And it's blue  
And it's blue

Everything is grey  
His hair, his smoke, his dreams  
And now he's so devoid of color  
He don't know what it means  
And he's blue  
And he's blue

You were a vision in the morning when the light came through  
I know I've only felt religion when I've lied with you  
He said, "You'll never be forgiven 'til your boys are too"  
And I'm still waking every morning but it's not with you

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You were red, and you liked me because I was blue  
But you touched me, and suddenly I was a lilac sky  
Then you decided purple just wasn't for you

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