

When Your Colours Go

Josh Pyke

I am the colour of an autumn flurry of leaves in a breeze for you
And I am a study in hues of grey and the blue of a broken day for you
Oh, the hurry, the press of your body in the embers of an afternoon
Now I spend my money on something stupid, trying to believe I belong to you

Oh, when the colours go, when the colours go, they won't come back
You strip me right, you strip them right out, so maybe you would welcome that
And I don't know where your colours go but if your colours go I won't come back
I won't come back but maybe you would welcome that

Oh, we linger in the cold comfort of each other in your bedroom
And we are the colour of something borrowed, trying to believe we're something new

And oh, when your colours go, when your colours go they won't come back
You strip me right, you strip them right out so maybe you would welcome that
And I don't know where your colours go but when your colours go they don't come back
You strip me right, you strip me right out so maybe you would welcome that
I won't come back but maybe you would welcome that

And in this garden we were barely kept
So maybe more should be less
We're only antique blooms, on an unmade bed

And oh, when your colours go, when your colours go I won't come back
You strip me right, you strip me right out so maybe you would welcome that
And I don't know where your colours go but when your colours go they won't come back
You strip me right, you strip me right out so maybe you would welcome that
And I don't know where your colours go but when your colours go they won't come back
They don't come back and maybe you would welcome that

And I am the colour of an autumn flurry of leaves in a breeze for

or you

And I am a study in hues of grey, and the blue of a broken day
for you