

Colour Me In Gold

JP Cooper

You colour me in gold
Lips like petals on my throat
And those fingertips like paintbrush strokes
Paper boats softly float like a song we wrote

But summer comes and summer goes
You change your hair, you change your clothes
The books you read help you explore
The world that you believed in once before

You colour me in gold
Kiss the freckles on my nose
With those blood red pomegranate lips taking sips, hand on hip
Your face could launch a thousand ships

But winter comes and brings the snow
You change your job, you change your home
Still reading books about the ghost of a world you can't be living any more

And after all, you've been nothing but good to me
And the only way that I can pay you back
Is to daily seek those distant memories while I'm standing next to you

So when spring time comes and blossoms grow
Come take my hand, can we expose the hideaways
The hidden doors, the stories we believed in
The land that we both dreamed in once before
You colour me in gold