

# Hearts Collide

Red Wanting Blue

Have you ever been blue?  
Afraid to see what's right in front of  
Well, you know  
It seems to be easier  
To give it all up and out  
It seems my dreams need means that I am without  
My Botticelli ballerina  
Which do you prefer?  
The violet or the rose  
And if I had the fruits of a laboring pirate's dream  
Which would you rather?  
Silver or gold

When hearts collide like fireflies lost in the shooting star shower  
I will chase the sunset west to keep the day alive one more hour  
But I'm eaten alive by the butterflies  
And the petals of daisies as I  
Pace beneath the hair hanging from Rapunzel's tower  
From her tower  
From... oh, oh  
Forgive me if I'm blue  
But love does funny things to a man sometimes  
We work off of one heart instead of two  
Packing the other away for a rainy day  
In case love stops feeling brand new  
My Botticelli ballerina  
Dancing in the dark  
How do you move the way you do?  
What a beautiful curse and wicked bliss  
To be confined to one heart in a world where  
It's impossible to know love without two  
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