

Every colour has its own sound
And every light has its particular shape
That talks more than any book or tape
And when I see the red burning sun
I hear the sound of drums
But every time my memory brings me back to you

I hear the sound of blue
Every night is blue
Blue is the song and these are the words blue
Your eyes are blue
Even the sky seems to be blue

Every plain draws its own shade
And every shadow its particular note
That tells you more than anything I ever wrote
And if I could only spread my wings
I hear the sound of dream
About every time my memory brings me back to you

I hear the sound of blue
Every night is blue
Blue is the song and these are the words blue
Your eyes are blue
Even the sky seems to be blue

Blue the rainbow
Blue the trees
Blue the raindrops
Blue the seas
Blue is every day around me
The sound of blue