

Yesterday i got lost in the circus,
feeling like such a mess.
And now I'm down,
I'm just hanging on the corner.
I can't help but reminisce.

Cuz when you're gone,
all the colours fade.
When you're gone,
no new years day parade.
You're gone,
colours seem to fade.

Your mama called, she said,
that you're downstairs crying.
Feeling like such a mess.
Ya, i hear ya,
in the back ground balling.
What happened to your sweet summer time dress.

I know we all,
we all got our faults.
We get locked in our vaults,
and we stay..

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all the colours fade.
When you're gone,
no new years day parade.
You're gone,
colours seem to fade,
colours seem to fade.