

On a beach twenty yards from the road-side
I'm back again, 6:00 A.M., far from sleep
Must be two-ninety blue on the water
It's grey to me, 3 CV is all I see

Green can only hold you in the garden
Too much red will go right to your head
But if it's all the same to you give me back my blue
Other colors fade anyway

I'm Colorblind, three way tragedy
Pantone memory, grey-scale eyes
Maybe I'm paranoid, yeah, that's my problem
You almost have to be when you look like me
Yeah, Yeah

Stopped in the shade of the road-
side when the sun rose like a bomb
Tried to read the simple writing but the letters came out wrong
It's all white lines to me, oh, but, things are getting clearer
I can almost read the writing in the mirror

I'm colorblind, a free-way tragedy
Pantone memory with xray eyes
Where did all the color go on my radio?
You almost have to be a satellite to see
Yeah, Yeah