

Man Of Colours

Icehouse

There's a noise upstairs in the attic
It's the shuffle of worn out shoes
And the scent of the oil and brushes
Drifts down like a pale perfume

And he says, "I...
I am a man,
A simple man,
A man of colors,
And I can see
See through the years,
Years of a man,
A man of colors"

And the old man rubs his failing eyes
And takes a moment to watch the view
From a window nobody knows is there
He can see the empty street below

He says, "I keep my life in this paintbox
I keep your face in these picture frames
And when I speak to this faded canvas it tells me
I have no need for words anyway..."

And he says, "I...
I am a man,
A simple man,
A man of colours,
And I can see
See through the tears,
Tears of a man,
A man of colours"