

Colour Of Fire, The Company Won't Colour Me

I've taken a piece of her, her aorta
I stole her silhouette,
now I'm meeting my ghost.
I treasure this souvenir,
I made her mine,
I held her darker side. I cast colours and sounds,
I put the vowels inside these nouns...

Company don't colour me,
don't call on me,
don't call on me,
don't collar me,
don't colour me,
don't call here.

She's losing her maiden name.
Giving it up, taking a new title,
I'll bet they let it all drop.
I'm starting a new chapter,
although I read the last page long ago
It's gonna be a long night,
a longer day, if this feeling stays

Company don't colour me,
don't call on me,
don't call on me,
don't collar me,
don't colour me,
don't call here...

Feigning lost words,
It's the same mistake I made before...

The pages fell out of my book,
the paperback to which I look
for an angle,
for an idea.
The print is spread across my palms
marking out the syllables...
of the answers,
of my prospects

The company won't colour me,
Won't call on me,
Won't call on me,
Don't collar me,
Don't colour me,
Don't call here.