

Icehouse, Man Of Colours

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 colours
And I can see
See through the years
Years of a man
...A man of colours"

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

[Chorus]

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..."

[Chorus]

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"

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