

## Colour of the Sun

It's three a.m.  
The strings are rattling off the wall  
I left you sleeping  
Alone and down the hall  
A gentle breeze is blowing  
North - west coming in  
It's still lightly snowing  
So pale, so white and thin

I'd like to write a song  
Of pebbles worn by streams  
Covered bridges  
Albert county mountains green  
Soon to change and to become  
The colour of the sun

If this old song  
Could write itself  
I'd let it be  
But we know better  
This old song and me  
Know the lines  
We know the history  
But it'll take some time  
Some time to set it free

I'd like to write a song  
Of pebbles worn by streams  
Covered bridges  
Albert county mountains green  
Soon to change and to become  
The colour of the sun

Been up far too long  
Words cannot be found  
And I must have my rest  
Before I head to town  
A shirt a tie  
Corner office view  
Every day there's too much work  
Too much to do

If I could write that song  
Of pebbles worn by streams  
Covered bridges  
Albert county mountains green  
I would change and I'd become  
The colour of the sun

I would change and I'd become  
The colour of the sun  
The colour of the sun