

Hyde - Drop Of Colour

Tom: Gb Gbm Confusion rules this shifting age And uproar fills the town My thoughts of you Are drowning in the noise How could you know? Why should you know me? You gently nourish my dry skin A drop of colour saves me from The fate I'm facing everyday A single bloom piercing the snowdrift Bm How softly, the springtime breezes sing Bm How deeply, the distant mountains breathe D Db There are so many things to show to you Oh why does hate bring forth more hate? A long abandoned fruit Is hastening the process of decay



Acordes

