Green was the color of the grass Where I used to read at Centennial Park I used to think I would meet somebody there Teal was the color of your shirt When you were sixteen at the yogurt shop You used to work at to make a little money Time, curious time Gave me no compasses, gave me no signs Were there clues I didn't see? And isn't it just so pretty to think All along there was some Invisible string Tying you to me? Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh Bad was the blood of the song in the cab On your first trip to LA You ate at my favorite spot for dinner Bold was the waitress on our three-year trip Getting lunch down by the Lakes She said I looked like an American singer| Time, mystical time Cutting me open, then healing me fine Were there clues I didn't see? And isn't it just so pretty to think All along there was some Invisible string Tying you to me? Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh A string that pulled me Out of all the wrong arms, right into that dive bar Something wrapped all of my past mistakes in barbed wire Chains around my demons Wool to brave the seasons One single thread of gold Tied me to you Cold was the steel of my axe to grind For the boys who broke my heart Now I send their babies presents Gold was the color of the leaves When I showed you around Centennial Park Hell was the journey but it brought me heaven| Time, wondrous time Gave me the blues and then purple-pink skies And it's cool Baby, with me And isn't it just so pretty to think All along there was some Invisible string Tying you to me? Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh Me Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh (Ah-ah-ah) (Ah-ah-ah)