

Willy Porter "Watercolor"

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She, she really loves simple things
Can't afford no diamond rings
And wouldn't wear 'em if she could
She, she hits me like a cool summer rain

Then she's gone on the wind
I can hear her whisper in the wood
I can hear the ocean
When I look into her eyes

My heart is swept away
Like a paper boat on the tide
I'm destined to run aground
With her by my side
Together we'll wake up
To a watercolor sunrise

She, she's been running in the rain
She's like whiskey on my brain
She makes me feel so high
She, she's got holes in her stockings
Now she's up and unlocking the door for me

No one really knows where she's from
She comes and she goes
Like a watercolor bleeds and runs away
What am I afraid of? Here she comes

She, she really loves simple things
Can't afford no diamond rings
And wouldn't wear them if she could
She, she's got holes in her stockings
Now she's on the back porch rocking
The baby to sleep

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