

Bay Laurel "Paint"

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Paint me in the colours of the sun
Let me feel the bliss in your smile
I've been down for so long
I'm waiting you, needing you, hating you
There's nothing to do
I'm worshipping you. I'm longing to feel you

Paint me. Paint out home.
Paint in the colours you choose.
Nothing would please me more
The curtains you pick are the fools
It's strange and it's filled with you

Just maybe we're closing in.
Maybe we'll break it again
I'm wanting you, needing you, hating you, loosing you.

I'm worshipping you. I'm longing to feel you.

Paint me. Paint out home.
Paint in the colours you choose.
Nothing would please me more
The curtains you pick are the fools
It's strange and it's filled with you

I'm longing to feel you.

Paint me. Paint out home.
Paint in the colours you choose.
Nothing would please me more
The curtains you pick are the fools
It's strange and it's filled with you

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