

Blackhawk

"That's Just About Right"

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My old friend lives up in the mountains
He flew up there to paint the world
He says, "Even though interpretation's what I count on
This little picture to me seems blur
Hard lines and the shadows come easy
I see it all just as clear as a bell
I just can't seem to set my easel to please me
I paint my heaven, but it looks like hell", yeah

Your blue might be gray
Your less might be more
Your window to the world might be your own front door
And your shiniest day might come in the middle of the
night
That's just about right

He said that "I ain't comin' down 'til my picture is
perfect"
And all the wonder is gone from my eyes
Down through my hands, and onto to the canvas
Still like my vision, but still a surprise
"Real life," he says, "Is the hardest impression
It's always movin' so I let it come through"
That my friend, I say, "Is the glory of true
independence
Just to do what you do, what you do, what you do",
yeah

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My old friend came down from the mountain
Without even lookin', he found a little truth
You can go through life with the greatest intentions
But you do what you do, what you just gotta do, yeah

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That's just about right, yeah

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