

Idle Sons

"Paint Nothing"

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My wintertime came fast i brought you a drawing pad
And then you told me
You didn't like living closely
You don't like walking home
You're not sure who you are
And no-one knows about your scar
But I told you to shut up once
Because you're never there
And you're too old to be scared

Cause I've been in lots of these
Bad, bad situations

Paint nothing now
Paint nothing now

The summertime came fast you still had your drawing
pad
But you told me
You couldn't see me correctly
You don't like holding hands
You don't like playing guitar
And no-one knows about your scars

But I've been in, lots of these
Bad, bad situations

And you never get out of this easily

Cause I've been in lots of these
Bad, bad situations

Paint nothing now
Paint nothing now

Send me here send me there
Repetitions in the air
Repetitions in the air

