

## Indigo Girls "Collecting You"

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I could paint you in the dark  
'Cause I've studied you with hunger  
A work of art  
These are very secret days  
I collect my information  
Then I stow it all away

Call me  
When you breeze through  
To your appointments  
The work you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

The pleading prayer and hair shirt sting  
My hair trigger love and faulty spring  
Motivations smokes a name  
I don't like that smile applied to me  
So blindly just the same

Call me  
When you breeze through  
To your appointments  
The work you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

Turning up my collar  
To an unseasonal chill  
You ask a favor  
You know I will  
And the rain comes as surprise  
We fly across the railroad ties  
I feel the danger  
The foolish thrill  
Oh yes I will

What it will or won't be then  
The shutter predevelopment  
And the ink full in the pen  
Mind the minds-eye trickery  
'Cause you might picture killer beautiful

Much more than it might be

Call me  
Tell me  
What you're up to  
What you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

I would be foolish  
To think that I  
Could turn it off  
And stay alive  
The way I live  
When you switch on  
Hand on the dimmer  
Give me just a glimmer  
Give me just a shadow  
Of hope around the edges  
Agony and rapture  
Forever uncaptured

Take these secrets to your grave  
Drug across your landscape  
And bury in your cave  
You're piling up and out of sight  
Every try to add it up  
Just feels like counting shades of light

Call me, yeah  
Tell me  
What you're up to  
What you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

Hang it in my window  
Let it complicate my view  
The separation  
The glass of you  
But I can paint this picture  
Any way that I see fit  
The art of pain  
The subject sits  
Unmoved

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