

Jewel

"PAINTERS Album 'Pieces of you'"

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Eighty years, an old lady now, sitting on the front porch
Watching the clouds roll by they remind her of her
lover, how he left
her
And of times long ago when she used color carelessly,
painted his
portrait
A thousand times - or maybe just his smile -
And she and her canvas would follow him wherever he
would go
'Cause they were painters, and they had painting
themselves, a lovely
world
Oil streaked daisies covered the living room wall
He put water colored roses in her hair
He said, "Love, I love you, I want to give you the
mountains, the
sunshine, the sunset too"
I just want to give you a world as beautiful as you are to
me
'Cause they were painters, and they had painting
themselves, a lovely
world
So they sat down and made a drawing of their love,
they made it an art
to live by
They painted every, passion every home, created
every beautiful child
In the winter they were weavers of warmth, in the
summer they were
carpenters of love
They thought blue prints were too sad so they made
them yellow
'Cause they were painters, and they had painting
themselves, a lovely
world
Until one day the rain fell as thick as black oil
And in her heart she knew something was wrong
She went running through the orchard screaming
'No God, don't take him from me!'
But by the time she got there, she feared he already

had gone
She got to where he lay, water colored roses in his
hands for her
She threw them down screaming, 'Damn you man,
don't leave me
With nothing left behind but these cold paintings, these
cold
portraits
to remind me!'
He said, 'Love I only leave, but only a little, try to
understand
I put my soul in this life we've created with these four
hands
Love, I leave, but only a little, this world holds me still
My body may die now, but these paintings are real'
So many seasons came and so many seasons went
And many times she saw her love's face watering the
flowers
Talking to the trees and singing to his children
And when the wind blew, she knew he was listening
And how he seemed to laugh along, an how he seemed
to hold her when
she was crying
'Cause they were painters, and they had painting
themselves, a lovely
world
Eighty years, an old lady now, sitting on the front porch
Watching the clouds roll by, they remind her of her
lover, how he left
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And of times long ago when she used color carelessly,
painted his
portrait
A thousand times - or maybe just his smile -
And she and her canvas would follow him wherever he
would go
Yes, she and her canvas still follow
'Cause they were painters, and they had painting
themselves, a lovely
world

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