

John Waite "Masterpiece Of Loneliness"

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Well I come home in the evening
To the same old house alone
And in the silence of these empty rooms
I take shelter from the storm
But I brought a paint box
And some brushes to pass the time
Since you've been gone
It's a portrait of a broken man
And the colors always run

A figure in a landscape
It's a work of art, you'll see
A figure in a landscape
It's a masterpiece of loneliness, that's me

Well I climb the stairs in this haunted house
To find your spirit everywhere
With the bright stars on the rooftops
And my old friend the moon is there

But I can't quite get the colors right
See I'm reaching for the deepest blue
It's a one man show, I'm free again
But still belong to you

Chorus

And I stand there in the kitchen light
With your ghost and memories
Got what I wanted I got my freedom
But I miss you still

Chorus

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