

## Josh Ritter "Paint Your Picture"

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Pictures on my wall,  
Fifteen different colours,  
Starting with vermillion-  
The first flower of the summer,  
And don't think I'll be finished  
Till I've begun to understand this,  
With you stretched out in the sunlight,  
As your laughter fills my canvas  
The sun falls in my fingers,  
On your back against the blinds,  
It's tracing out your hollows  
It is filling in your lines,  
There your curl finds your spiral  
As you silhouette the window,  
When my brush forgives itself  
Spills lines upon your pillow,  
Finds you standing in the middle  
Of the lines you've laid down before  
Try to trace my picture into yours  
Let me paint you in the corner,  
As your shoulders trap the light  
See the sunset feeling golden  
On the wineskins of the night

I have seen your eyes in paintings  
As Cathedrals cried Hosanna  
Let me paint your face in frescos  
Hang your hair like Angelabra  
See you standing in the middle  
Of lines you laid down before,  
Try to paint my picture into yours  
In the morning let me find you  
As I call to you by name,  
Your body warm beside me  
Not imprisoned in a frame  
I could never find the colours  
Or the light that finely paints you  
With those roses in your hair  
Smell of wine, immortal perfume  
As you're standing in the middle  
Of lines you laid down before  
Tryin' to paint my picture into yours

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