

Liam Frost

"She Painted Pictures"

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There's no beginning, only ends...
You pack your things and left my house,
since I've been sleeping on a couch.
This town will drag you down.
I hit the ground, the words resounding,
bound by all the reckless shit you fed me.
Still i bought in...

And all of your colours still light my dreams,
And all of your secrets still haunt me,
And all of our stories, the webs unwound.
This time I draw the line, this end will define us all.

There's no beginning, only ends...
You pack your things and left.
If you think it's for the best
you're always right its for the best.
She painted pictures, beautiful blind rose-tinted
pictures
of houses by the ocean, of houses by the ocean.

And all of your colours still light my dreams,
And all of your secrets still haunt me,
And all of our stories, the pages torn.
This time I draw the line, this end will define us,
I draw the line, this end will define us all.

This time I draw the line, this end will define us,
I draw the line, this end will define us

And all of your colours still light my dreams,
And all of your secrets still haunt me,
And all of our stories, the pages torn.
This time I draw the line, this end will define us,
I draw the line, this end will define us

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