

Paul Weller "Brushed"

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It's in a stroke of a brush
It's in the wave of a hand
And a view so bright
It turns the world
And makes all right

Yet seems to say, come what may
You will be what you will
With a brush stroke of fate
You will have to think again
If you touch by it all
Lucky to be brushed by it all

Than walk a crooked mile
In a worn out smile
That you found on the ground
Somebody else threw it down
Looks like that you're the next blessed in town

It's in a verse that you read
It's in the tune in your head
That makes all light
Turns your world
Illuminates life

And makes you see
All the love within
Is still yet to come out
Like the word, as a bang
You have to think again
And get touched by it all

Than walk in single file
In a worn out smile
That you found on the ground
Somebody else threw it down
Looks like you're the next blessed in town

[Incomprehensible]
So the word, as a bang
You will have to think again
Than walk in single file

In a worn out smile
That you found on the ground
Looks like you're the next blessed in town

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