

Replacements

"Achin' To Be 340"

Visit "[Achin' To Be 340](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well she's kind of like an artist
Sittin' on the floor
Never finish it she abandons
Never shows a soul

And she's kind of like a movie
Everyone rushes to see
And no one understands it
Sittin' in their seats

She opens her mouth to speak and
What comes out's a mystery
Thought about, an' I've understood
She's achin' to be

Well she dances alone in nightclubs
Every other day of the week
People look right through her
Baby doll check your cheek

And she's kind of like a poet
Who finds it hard to speak
Poems come so slowly
Like the colors down a sheet

She opens her mouth to speak and
What comes out's a mystery
Thought about, an' I've understood
She's achin' to be

I've been achin' for a while now, friend
I've been achin' hard for years

Well she's kind of like an artist
Who uses paints no more
And never show what you're doing
Never show a soul

Yeah I saw one of your pictures
There was nothin' that I could see
If no one's on your canvas

Well, I'm achin' to be

She closes her mouth to speak and

Closes her eyes to see

Thought about an' only love and She's achin' to be Just
like me

Visit [Replacements](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.