

The Grownup Noise

"The Artist Type"

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How in the hell did you know that train would arrive
What do you see when you close those painted eyes
Looking at you I can see you're the artist type high and
dry

Perfectly flawed like the picture you found in the
drawer
Perfectly lost from the time that you stole it before oh
what's more
It's pretty indeed but you tell me that you see more
Falling in to a room with the sounds you can't ignore
It pains your heart and I get what's left on the floor

When beauty is gone will you come back to me
You sung every song you could possibly need
You suffer the same thing every tree is another thing
you could be
Drowned in sorrow calling me from the middle of the
street

Carving the streets with a hand held book for a gun
Hoping to find what's eating everyone sadness waits
but you just run
Over the hills and through to the setting sun
Looking for signs of the one who made it up
But all the while you're wasting the rest of your life

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