

Painted Thin

"Untitled"

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The days go on and I get out of their way. I try to make some peace in this home in exile. I wont be let down, I've learned to count on almost nothing now: warm sugared water and a stale old room, a desperate hour an eastern view and this long pale afternoon and like all those forlorn lovers, like all those lost and longing, one last picture of you. Down again on another offering of life. Waiting out another New Years Night. Alone with my silouhette and some sympathetic song in a white blue corner of china sunlight. Dressed to the teeth. Drunk on the floor. When it got this cold you always felt so warm. Happy to know at least you've found your place now. Wondering why it had to be so gall dern far from me. Walk to the window. Crouch in the corner. Whisper to your picture the story of my day. The hot water ran cold, the bulb burned out, but this you know. It just hits you different to touch your face to the floor and have no ones name to cry but your own. I went by your old house again last night. There was a light on behind your pink Venetian blinds. Sat on the boulevard under a white pink winter sky. Thought of time without you, and how for me it's going to be, a long, long, cold, cold life without you. It's just Another desperate hour in this long pale afternoon. For now these warm thoughts will do: like forlorn lovers like all those lost and longing, I still have one last picture of you.

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