

Self "Paint By Number"

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In my dusty house, in my dirty clothes
Seated in a town on the verge of extinction
Struggling with a tune, alone I compose
A bittersweet ditty 'bout an ex-girlfriend

So why bother with painful memories?
Why tear out my heart for all the world to see?
Why not paint by number
Catchy melody
Burn it up the charts with sweet simplicity
Then do it again

Gotta get away, maybe we should stay
Seated in a town on the verge of explosion
New York and LA, no one listening anyway
Busy predicting the next big thing

So why bother with changing scenery?
Why pack up the car and move to California?
Why not paint by number
Catchy melody
Playing all the parts in deadly harmony
Then do it again

Put the keys into the car
Put the car into drive
You can take us to the moon
Take us for a ride

In his dusty house, in his dirty clothes
Seated in a town overrun by tourists
Struggling with a tune, so alone he composes
A bittersweet ditty in the 3rd person

So why star in your fictional stories?
Why try to deny your criminals and thieves?
Go ahead, Paint By Number
Phony fake I.D.'s
Burn it up the charts with sweet simplicity
Then do it again

Put the keys into the car

Put the car into drive
You can take us to the moon
Take us for a ride

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