

Steve Cradock "You Paint Your Picture"

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You paint your picture quickly
Not guided by the hour
Instinctively believe it
While I work at it for hours

You hope that it comes quickly
And you hope that it will dazzle
Your mind is not on reaching
The games the road you travel

I'm silent like a shadow
My lovelight tenders embers
The blank pages lying fallow
Are for love songs of tomorrow

We travel all so closely
Revolution choice of weapon
All looking for our future
While we moan below our curfew

So I'll take you to the country
With a picnic full of treasure
Disguised and blinded slightly
Playing games for pleasures only

Where we'll paint our picture slowly
Not guided by the hour
And leave the gates wide open
For all the other lovers

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