

Ann Hampton Callaway

"Pictures"

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If life was a picture drawn by you
You painted it by numbers like everything you do
I will pick myself back and brush myself back down
Defying gravity by keeping your feet off the ground
You life is nothing but a breeze
Walk through it with nothing but ease
I would like to say I'd stay
But that would be my lie for the day
Knock at my door only to be turned away
You need no charity 'cos you are one yourself
Feeding and growing living off everyone else
Your wasting away and this your final day
Hello alcohol my true friend
Never far away and always make pain go away
A true life with darkness my partner in life
When I feel bad I'll just turn out the light

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