

# Paint by Numbers

Al Stewart

When all the help in the world won't get you by  
When all the friends that you lean on let you down,  
You'll wonder why

I see you there with your painting box  
And your oils and brushes and your artist's smocks  
What'll you do if the Muse gets lost  
When I'm gone

You painted me in the way you said you knew  
I don't believe that I saw myself  
In anything you drew

I say you never quite caught it right  
You say you see me in a different fight  
What'll you do with your black and white  
When I'm gone

You paint by numbers  
I never noticed it before  
You paint by numbers  
It's just a closing of an open door  
When you're looking round  
You won't see me no more  
You paint by numbers

Staying here in this room just makes me pole  
I never really could fit into your geometric scale  
I see you measure my profile up  
And you mix your paints in a broken cup

What'll you do if the brush gets stuck  
When I'm gone

You paint by numbers  
I never noticed it before  
You paint by numbers  
It's just a closing of an open door  
When you're looking round  
You won't see me no more  
You paint by numbers