

Portrait

Alt-J

Tell me how you wanna be portrayed, now
You can have it all, you know that you can have it all
That I love you, yeah, I love you
Donatello, Frida Kahlo, Holbein
You can have it all, you know that you can have it all
That I love you, yeah I love you

Now paint me a picture
And draw yourself drawing a piece of paper with pencil
'Cause you can't afford to misrepresent me
I want an imitation of reality

Gather all your kings and other things
That you know my□ good
You might tell me what, 'cause
Do you think that these are my good nature
You establish this good nature

Buy me aristocracy
Now listen to me, yeah,
Your whores come and go to sit with me
I wanna be seen in a hundred years
As you see me now, so don't hesitate
Make my portrait made
So paint me now

You didn't want to□ know, you didn't want to see
You threw it in the fire, you threw it in the fire
And then you took my eyes, so I could never be
The painter of your boy
And then I go:
King, for king, oh, king, bring the guillotine

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