

# Paint You a Picture

David Crosby

Winter's on its way  
And the nights are long  
The sun called it a day  
Hours ago  
I thought we'd be together  
But I thought wrong  
Just too much heavy weather  
For you, I know, for much too long

So let me paint you a picture  
While the winter sun is sinking  
Two rocks in the glass  
Two guesses what I'm drinking  
The first guess doesn't count  
The bottle's almost through  
Let me paint a picture  
A picture for you

Chimneys are blowing  
Billows of smoke  
The skyline is glowing  
Facing south  
I'm yours for the taking  
I'm two kinds of broke  
And I'm still aching  
For the taste of your mouth

Let me paint you a picture  
Of the river in November  
Right before it freezes  
Before it's too much to remember  
The things we used to talk about  
Believing they'd come true  
Let me paint a picture  
A picture for you

Let me paint you a picture  
From my window today  
There's a hawk that keeps hovering  
Over its prey  
There's a gun-metal sky  
With patches of blue  
Let me paint a picture  
Paint a picture for you

The canvas will dry  
And the tears will too  
Let me paint a picture  
Paint a picture for you