

Paintings

From Indian Lakes

I took all of my research and made it a while back
I have a thought for a while
Who is my teacher I'll never learn anything

And who has been my lover
She waits me in the dark to steal my love
To steal my love

Take these hands
What have I made them do
What have you made them for
Am I the only one
Left to sing at all

I met a falling creature
I picked him up, I licked his wounds
He bit my hands ,I see the preacher
To fill my cup, please fill my cup

I had to take away all of the paintings
Inside my head, uh oaaah uh oaaah uh oaaah
I can only remember the first ones

And when the curtains were closed
I could still your eyelashes beating
Uh oaaah uh oaaah uh oaaah
I could still see your breath on the window
But I think I wanted to get away
I think I wanted to get away
I think I wanted to get away
I think I wanted to get away