

## Collecting You

Indigo Girls

I could paint you in the dark  
Cause I've studied you with hunger like a work of art  
And these are very secret days  
I collect my information  
Then I stow it all away  
Call me  
When you breeze through to your appointments  
The work you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

The pleading prayer and hairshirt sting  
My hairtrigger love and faulty spring  
Motivation smokes a namee  
I don't like that smell applied to me  
So blindly just the same  
Call me  
When you breeze through  
To your appointments  
The work you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

Turning up my collar (turning up my collar)  
To an unseasonal chill  
You ask for a favor  
You know I will  
And the rain comes as surprise  
We fly across the railroad ties  
I feel the danger  
The foolish thrill  
Oh yes I will

What it will or won't be then  
The shutter predevelopment of the ink full in the pen  
Mind the mind's eye's trickery  
Cause you might picture killer beautiful  
Much more than it might be  
Call me  
Tell me  
What you're up to  
What you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

I would be foolish  
To think that I could turn it off  
And stay alive the way I live  
When you switch on  
Hand on the dimmer (my hands on the)  
Give me just a glimmer (dimmer glimmer)  
Give me just a shadow (just a shadow)  
Of hope around the edges  
Agony and rapture  
Forever uncaptured

Take these secrets to your grave

Drug across your landscape  
And buried in your cave (your piling up)  
Your piling up and out of sight (out of sight)  
But trying to add it up just feels like counting shades of light  
Call me yeah  
Tell me  
What you're up to  
What you do  
Call me  
I'm collecting you

Hang it in my window  
Let it complicate my view  
The separation  
The glass of you  
But I can't paint this picture  
Any way that I see fit  
The art of pain  
The subject sits unmoved