

# That's Just About Right

Jeff Black

My old friend lives up in the mountains  
He flew up there to paint the world  
He says even though interpretation's what I count on  
This little picture to me seems blurred

Hard lines and the shadows come easy  
I see it all just as clear as a bell  
I just can't seem to set my easel to please me  
I paint my heaven and it looks like hell

Is it me or is my vision jaded?  
If I ask you, will you tell me true?  
I say, no and yes, I think the world you've painted  
It's just the way that it appears to you

Oh, your blue might be gray,  
Your less might be more  
Your window to the world  
Might be the big front door  
Your shiniest day  
Might come in the middle of the night  
That's just about right

He says, man I ain't coming down  
Until my picture is perfect  
And all the wonder has gone from my eyes  
Down through my hands and on to the canvas  
Still like my vision but still a surprise

Still life he says is the hardest impression  
It's always moving so I just let it come through  
And that my friend I say is the glory of true independence  
Just to do what you do (what you do what you do)

I don't think people's visions get jaded  
I think the times change and so does the truth  
So in that I think the world you've painted  
Is just the way that it appears to you

We ended our talk on how many friendships had faded  
And nowadays what makes a picture seem real  
Are the simpler versions and not complicated  
Thanks for the brushes man I'll see you next year

So let's roll on we know what we're here for  
Souvenirs of all that we've seen  
So write a story paint yourself and paint the town  
When you look around you know where you've been

If you wonder if your vision is jaded  
You just ask someone who will tell you true  
One true friend who sees all that you've painted  
Say hey man, that looks just like you