

## Painters

Jewel

Eighty years, an old lady now, sitting on the front porch  
Watching the clouds roll by  
They remind her of her lover, how he left her, and of times long ago.  
When she used to color carelessly painted his portrait  
A thousand times-or maybe just his smile-  
And she and her canvas would follow him wherever he would go

'Cause I'm a painter and i want to paint you a lovely world  
A lovely world.

Oil streaked daisies covered the living room wall  
He put water-colored roses in her hair  
He said, "Love, I love you, I want to give you mountains, the sunshine, the  
sunset too  
I just want to give you a world as beautiful as you are to me

'Cause they were painters and they were painting themselves  
A lovely world.

So they sat down and made a drawing of their love, they made it an art to li  
ve by  
They painted every, passion every home, created every beautiful child  
in the winter they were weavers of warmth, in summer they were carpenters of  
love  
They thought blue prints were too sad so they made them yellow

'Cause they were painters and they were painting themselves  
A lovely world.

Until one day the rain fell as thick as black oil  
And in her heart she knew something was wrong  
She went running through the orchard screaming,  
'No God, don't take him from me!,'  
But buy the time she got there, she feared he already had gone  
She got to where he lay, water-colored roses in his hands for her  
She threw them down screaming, 'Damn you man, don't leave me  
with nothing left behind but these cold paintings, these cold portraits to r  
emind me!  
He said, 'Love I leave, but only a little, try to understand  
I put my soul in this life we created with these four hands  
Love, I leave, but only a little this world holds me still  
My body may die now, but these paintings are real.'  
So many seasons came and many seasons went  
and many times she saw her loves face watering the flowers,  
talking to the trees and singing to his children  
And when the wind blew, she knew he was listening,  
and how he seamed to laugh along, and how he seemed to hold her  
when she was crying

'Cause they were painters and they were painting themselves  
A lovely world.

Eighty years, an old lady now, sitting on the front porch  
Watching the clouds roll by, they remind her of her lover  
how he left her and of times long ago, when she used to color carelessly,  
Painted his portrait a thousand times, or maybe just his smile,  
and she and her canvas would follow him wherever he would go

Yes, she and her canvas still follow  
Because they are painters and they are painting themselves  
A lovely world