

## Paint And Pillows

Julie Roberts

From concrete to shingles and every single nail  
We drove to hold this house together  
That stained glass door  
Those hardwood floors cost a little more  
But they made this place better  
I ain't nineteen, I ain't naive  
That ain't the way I make my bed  
I can't believe you're telling me  
This home can be repaired

It's gonna take more than paint and pillows  
New curtains on these windows  
To cover up all the trash you drug in  
There ain't a rug big enough to sweep it under  
And just in case you wonder  
I'd rather strike a match and watch it go up in smoke  
It's gonna take more than paint and pillows

You know these walls don't have to talk  
I knew it's all intuition, I guess  
That long dark hair on the back of my chair  
Must be where she put her shoes on before she left  
Everything she touched belonged to me  
And I don't want no tainted anything  
The life we built, baby, you killed in just one night

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[Instrumental Interlude]

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