

# Paint It Black

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I see a red door and I want it painted black,  
no colours anymore I want them to turn black.  
I see the girls walk by dressed in their summer clothes,  
I have to turn my head until the darkness goes.

I see a line of cars and they're all painted black,  
with flowers and my love, both never to come back.  
I see people turn their heads and quickly look away,  
like a newborn baby it just happens every day.

I look inside my self and see my heart is back,  
I see my red door and it's padded into black.  
Maybe then I'll fade away and not have to face the facts,  
it's not easy facing up when your whole world is black.

No more will my green sea go turn a deeper blue,  
I could not foresee this thing happening to you.  
If I look hard enough into the setting sun,  
my love will laugh with me before the morning comes.

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