

Painting Paradise

No-Man

Moving closer to the harbour,
Rusted boats line the frozen dock.
Moving closer to my freedom,
Moving further from your touch.
Moving closer to the city,
See smoke signals and hear loud drums.
Feel the weight of life inside me,
Clear the dead dreams from my head.

And she said, "oh,
Speak low when you speak love."
And she said, "oh,
Speak low when you speak love."

Traffic sounds and senseless sirens,
Acts of love and facts of violence.
Screaming voices lost to silence,
Hands stretched up to distant stars.

Painting paradise.
Painting paradise.

Painting paradise.
Painting, painting paradise.

Show me your hands, (show me)
Lift up your eyes, (lift up)
Give me the strength
To see through the lies.

Oh,
Speak low when you speak love.
Oh,
Speak low when you speak love.