

Painting pictures of a thousand different paths
We sketch an outline of a love that hopes to last
Casting a wand over imaginary hopes
And close our eyes so we don't feel the ebb and flow

And paintbox you are my only hope of covering the faded past and starting out once more
With a fortune in new colours new hopes to inspire
I paint the path I want to take and paint a life of fire

Marking out our lives full of different plans
Excitedly we hold the key to change our hearts and hands
We climb the hill to see if green fields lie beyond
Only to realise they've faded now and gone

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