

I Don't Paint Myself Into Corners

Rebecca Lynn Howard

It took a while for me to see things as they were
In the light of truth, it wasn't you, it was me
I let myself get used to drowning in the hurt
Against the wall, who'd of thought, it was me

From there I couldn't even look over my shoulder
And I kicked down all the walls and started all over

And I don't paint myself into corners anymore
In a brittle heart of clay, I threw my brushes away
The tools of the trade that chained your memory to me
Are out the door, I don't paint myself into corners anymore

When you left you left me with no other choice at all
But to sink to my knees and cry
I never knew just how far a soul could fall
Like a rock, I couldn't stop, didn't try

And I locked myself behind shades of misery
But when I let you go, I set myself free

And I don't paint myself into corners anymore
In a brittle heart of clay, I threw my brushes away
The tools of the trade that chained your memory to me
Are out the door, I don't paint myself into corners anymore

Oh the tools of the trade that chained your memory to me
Are out the door, I don't paint myself into corners anymore
I don't paint myself into corners anymore