

## Paint By Number

Self

In my dusty house, in my dirty clothes  
Seated in a town on the verge of extinction  
Struggling with a tune, alone I compose  
A bittersweet ditty 'bout an ex-girlfriend

So why bother with painful memories?  
Why tear out my heart for all the world to see?  
Why not paint by number  
Catchy melody  
Burn it up the charts with sweet simplicity  
Then do it again

Gotta get away, maybe we should stay  
Seated in a town on the verge of explosion  
New York and LA, no one listening anyway  
Busy predicting the next big thing

So why bother with changing scenery?  
Why pack up the car and move to California?  
Why not paint by number  
Catchy melody  
Playing all the parts in deadly harmony  
Then do it again

Put the keys into the car  
Put the car into drive  
You can take us to the moon  
Take us for a ride

In his dusty house, in his dirty clothes  
Seated in a town overrun by tourists  
Struggling with a tune, so alone he composes  
A bittersweet ditty in the 3rd person

So why star in your fictional stories?  
Why try to deny your criminals and thieves?  
Go ahead, Paint By Number  
Phony fake I.D.'s  
Burn it up the charts with sweet simplicity  
Then do it again

Put the keys into the car  
Put the car into drive  
You can take us to the moon  
Take us for a ride