

Paint Me Blue

Tabitha's Secret

There's not enough of me well, there's way too much of you
I think I saw some happy people yesterday and that'll never do
There's never too much violence, ain't it time we had a war
You leave on your shirt and I'll be skins, and we'll go flying
through the door

These are violent times, and I only want to do my part
To sink to hatreds depths, and smile at what we've all become

I need understanding, just a pack or two
To help me with my troubles, and what to do's
I don't feel no raging, there ain't nothing new
Drop me in the ocean, and paint me blue

I don't have a worry, I don't have a care
I don't have a sound piece of mind, but I manage to fare
I don't like my neighbors, well they're just not my kind
And I think it might be all for the whales, and I really don't
mind

If these are the golden years, when I think it's time to cash t
hem in
To sit in our rocking chairs, and talk about the good old days

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