

Every Picture I Paint

Teenage Fanclub

See her lying in my bed
My pillow stuffed beneath her head
Her hair is like a sea of gold
I'd love to say it her
Kiss her lips, they're wet with spit
It's more a flavor, taste like wine
Sticking something cold inside
Those eyes leave goosebumps on my spine

You're very presence turns me dear
It takes a hundred thousand colors to paint you
And every picture that I paint doesn't capture you

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