

Painting Songs

Tegan and Sara

It must be something in the way you walk.
It must be something in the way you talk.
I'm not sure just yet.

It must be something in the way you dream.
You just go home,
And the thirteen days in between you and I.

This is me before
I fall apart.
This is me before
I come undone.

I've been tired for days and days.
I've been tired for days and days.

Wishing that I had a fortune- don't.

All the beauty and I say stop.
Well, won't you be mine.

It must be something in the way you taste.
Your lips are magic sauce
And I say stop.

Well, won't you be mine.

This is me before
I fall apart.
This is me before
I come undone.

I've been tired for days and days.
I've been tired for days and days.

Well, it could have been a month or
It could have been a year, but I,
I gave up long before.
Long before you cared.
Her art inspired me to,
To do my best and
To paint my music like,
Like I saw it best and
She says I grew up well.
Well, well I grew up strong,
'Cause no one's got my back.
No one's gonna write me my songs.

It could have been a month or
It could have been a year, but I,
I gave up long before.

'Cause...

I've been tired for days and days.
I've been tired for days and days and days.
I've been tired for days and days and days.

I've been tired for days and days and days.
I've been tired for days and days and days.

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It could have been a year, but I,
I gave up long before.

'Cause I've been tired for days and days.
I've been tired for days and days and days.
I've been tired for days and days and days.
I've been tired for days and days and days.
I've been tired for days and days and days.