

When I Was a Painter

The Breeders

Inside legs of corduroy I've been
Heard stories of air velveteen
Twenty hours later I fill the room
With bad sex and bad TV

Go, go, go *2

When I was a painter I painted you well
Too bad I have to die
You brought the essentials, perversion appeal
And many lovers at one time

Go, go, go *2
On and on, on, on

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