

## 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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