

I Don't Paint Myself into Corners

Trisha Yearwood

It took a while for me to see things as they were
In the light of truth, it wasn't you, it was me
I let myself get used to drownin' in the hurt
Against the wall; who'd've thought it was me?
From there, I couldn't even look over my shoulder
I kicked down all the walls and started all over

And I don't paint myself into corners anymore
In a brittle heart of clay
I threw my brushes away
The tools of the trade
That chained your memory to me
Are out the door
I don't paint myself into corners anymore

When you left, you left me with no other choice at all
But to sink to my knees and cry
I never knew just how far a soul could fall
Like a rock, couldn't stop, didn't try
I locked myself behind shades of misery, yeah
But when I let you go, I set myself free

And I don't paint myself into corners anymore
In a brittle heart of clay
I threw my brushes away
The tools of the trade
That chained your memory to me
Are out the door
I don't paint myself into corners anymore

Yeah, the tools of the trade
That chained your memory to me
Are out the door
I don't paint myself into corners anymore
I don't paint myself into corners anymore