

# John Waite, Masterpiece Of Loneliness

Well I come home in the evening  
To the same old house alone  
And in the silence of these empty rooms  
I take shelter from the storm  
But I brought a paint box  
And some brushes to pass the time  
Since you've been gone  
It's a portrait of a broken man  
And the colors always run

A figure in a landscape  
It's a work of art, you'll see  
A figure in a landscape  
It's a masterpiece of loneliness, that's me

Well I climb the stairs in this haunted house  
To find your spirit everywhere  
With the bright stars on the rooftops  
And my old friend the moon is there  
But I can't quite get the colors right  
See I'm reaching for the deepest blue  
It's a one man show, I'm free again  
But still belong to you

Chorus

And I stand there in the kitchen light  
With your ghost and memories  
Got what I wanted I got my freedom  
But I miss you still

Chorus