

Kashmir, Yellow

Comming home, throw my leatherjacket on the floor
I drink a cup of coffee trough a book
Uh there ain't no wonders better on
Except the little dirty picture on the wall
On the screen it's very hard for me to see
Trough the haze of
Dying children
Dying children
Dying children

I grab a pen, try to draw a silly picture of a brain
Hoping that my own looked better
But it's all just bits of paper
And I am getting nowhere
This is just a very weak expression of how I felt that
Wooden, windy wedensday
windy wedensday
windy wedensday

I wanna do a masterpiece today
Paint pictures of the moments passed away-ay-ay-ay
Pour colors on the words I like
to say

Mm, on a brush there's a tiny yellow color remain
But I aint gonn' give up on this now
Paint a sunroom on the seeling
Gonna make sure that it's blinding
This was just a very weak expression of how I felt that
Wooden windy wedensday
windy wedensday
windy wedensday

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