

Red House Painters, Michigan

I see through your thin cotton dress
I don't know if we'll get dressed
So pull by that store parking lot
You know I've missed your lots
Warn me of the cans and knots

I don't need a house in Lake Michigan
I don't need a purpose to plan within
I just want to feel your pulse again

Down town the exits just around
Can't you smell our future good and well?
I'll take you upstairs show you my bed and things
Share all my thoughts and cares

Here is my heart here is my soul
You pushed me past my lonely door
You are my everything

September a time of in betweens
Lazy month of nothing
All rainy gutters rushing

They're all true
All the good things you say
Will they all pass
Quit like the clouds today?

They'll be there in your pretty dreams
All full of colour and sense of things
You blow breath of life in me

I felt this way the night before
You pulled me from this heavy floor
You are my everything
You are my everything