

A Million Engines In Neutral, Bigger Brushes, Brighter Colors

Did you ever see it coming?
Found a quarter on the sidewalk
Facing heads up.
Doesn't that mean I'll have luck
Coming my way?
Now I'm stepping on famous streets
And looking at famous buildings
And seeing the faces people want to see.
Oh, it's easy being invincible.
And I know it's hard to believe,
But I get off on dwelling on the old place.
And I started to paint with bigger brushes,
And I started to paint with brighter colors.
And feelings of the old place are condensation.
Then it rains.
Pours out of my brain onto the canvas.
And as I sit here on the floor,
Painting my so-called picture,
I hope it stays together.
I hope it stays together.
Because I can't say no one told me so