

# Blackhawk, That's Just About Right

My old friend lives up in the mountain.  
He flew up there to paint the world.  
He says, "Even though interpretation's what I count on,  
this little picture to me seems blurred.  
Hard lines and the shadows come easy,  
I see it all just as clear as a bell,  
I just can't seem to set my easel to please me.  
I paint my Heaven, but it looks like hell." Yeah

Your blue might be gray,  
your less might be more.  
Your window to the world might be your own front door.  
You shiniest day might come in the middle of the night.  
That's just about right.

He said "I ain't comin' down 'til my picture is perfect,  
and all the wonder is gone from my eyes.  
Down through my hands, and onto to the canvas.  
Still like my vision, but still a surprise.  
Real life," he says, "is the hardest impression.  
It's always movin' so I let it come through."  
"That my friend," I say, "is the glory of true independence -  
just to do what you do, what you do, what you do." Yeah.

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Well my old friend came down from the mountain.  
Without even lookin', he found a little truth:  
That you can go through life with the greatest intentions,  
but you do what you do, what you just gotta do, yeah.

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That's just about right. Yeah.