

Cody Johnson, The Painter

She talks about the future like she's flippin' through a magazine
Finds the beauty in the thrown away and broken things
Gets excited about all my crazy dreams

Got every sunset that she's ever seen memorized
Saves in a way for a rainy day or stormy night
The sky's brighter lookin' at it through her eyes

I don't remember
Life before she came into the picture
Brought the beauty I was missin' with her
Showed me colors I ain't ever seen
She took chances
With every wall I built, she saw a canvas
I thank God every day for how He made her
My life was black and white but she is the painter

She reminds me that it ain't too late to start again
Fine is good but you need some blue every now and the
How'd I live so long without her reckless touch?

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