

Gibson Brothers, She Paints A Picture

[Chorus]

She paints a picture when she walks in a room
and everything else fades to the background,
drawn to the center by her shining light
A perfect creation on Saturday night

She paints a picture when she whispers my name
My mind envisions a Queen and her King
I know what happened, the picture's not real
But my way to feel, the same luck I feel

[Bridge]

And her favorite past time
is making my life time
A dream to behold
And I'll keep my promise,
I'll stand by my artist
As each of her works she unfolds

[Chorus]

She paints a picture when she walks in a room
and everything else fades to the background,
drawn to the center by her shining light
A perfect creation on Saturday night

She paints a picture when she stands in a mirror
My eyes are on her but she's not aware
I see her brown eyes, a few flakes of grey
I come up behind her and pull her away

[Bridge]

And her favorite past time
is making my life time
A dream to behold
And I'll keep my promise,
I'll stand by my artist
As each of her works she unfolds

[Chorus]

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