

# 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 favrite 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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and everything else fades to the background,  
drawn to the center by her shining light  
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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 favrite past time  
is making my life time  
A dream to behold  
And I'll keep my promise,  
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[Chorus]

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