

Julie Roberts, Paint And Pillows

From concrete to shingles and every single nail
We drove to hold this house together
That stained glass door
Those hardwood floors cost a little more
But they made this place better
I ain't nineteen, I ain't naive
That ain't the way I make my bed
I can't believe you're telling me
This home can be repaired

It's gonna take more than paint and pillows
New curtains on these windows
To cover up all the trash you drug in
There ain't a rug big enough to sweep it under
And just in case you wonder
I'd rather strike a match and watch it go up in smoke
It's gonna take more than paint and pillows

You know these walls don't have to talk
I knew it's all intuition, I guess
That long dark hair on the back of my chair
Must be where she put her shoes on before she left
Everything she touched belonged to me
And I don't want no tainted anything
The life we built, baby, you killed in just one night

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(Instrumental Interlude)

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