

# Linda McLean, Betty's Room

She waited like the stillness in the winter, her heart a fragment on a colour wheel  
Surrounded by the many shaded reasons  
It's not easy to be real, it's not easy to feel.  
She makes a space to lay her brushes on, empties out a corner of her day  
In cans of colours lines against the wall, in Betty's Room there is no gray  
And she is ready, ready to paint the world, ready now, ready to paint the world.  
She moves into a life she met in dreams, holds a pallet gently on her knees,  
Knowing now truth is strange and simple, filling in the lines, loving all she sees  
And she is ready, ready to paint the world, ready now, ready to paint the world.  
She's waited so long to find this place, and Betty stays now colouring the gray  
And everything will be brighter, now her world makes sense,  
She's holding all those colours in her arms, and the answer is so simple,  
yes, yes, yes,  
She's ready to paint the world.....