Pinhead Gunpowder, Achin to Be

Well she's kind of like an artist Sittin' on the floor She never finished, she abandons Never shows a soul

And she's kind of like a movie Everyone rushes to see And no one understands it Sitting in their seats

She opens her mouth to speak and What comes out's a mystery Thought about, not understood She's achin' to be

Well she dances alone in nightclubs Every other day of the week People look right through her Baby doll, check your cheek

And she's kind of like a poet Who finds it hard to speak The poems come so slowly Like the colours down a sheet

She opens her mouth to speak and She closes her eyes to see Thought about, not understood She's achin' to be

Well I've been achin' for a while now, friend I've been achin' hard for years

Well she's kind of like an artist Who uses paints no more You never show me what you're doing Never show a soul

Well I saw one of your pictures There was nothing that I could see If no one's on your canvas Well, I'm achin' to be

She closes her mouth to speak and Closes her eyes to see Thought about and only loved She's achin' to be Just like me