

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