The Replacements, Achin' To Be

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

And she's kind of like a movie
Everyone rushes to see
And no one understands it
Sittin' 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
Poems come so slowly
Like the colors down a sheet

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

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 nothin' 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 an' only loved
She's achin' to be
Just like me