

# Painted Birds

## Painted Birds

I sit here in this quiet room  
I draw the shades against the sun  
If memories were painted birds  
I'd line them up and get my gun

There are times when I think  
You will walk through the door  
Of the house that you lived in  
And smile when you see me  
There are times when I think  
I don't care anymore  
But they don't last long  
And they don't fool me

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You drink your anger  
Like a cup of wine  
To stop you from shaking  
And make you feel strong  
But do you feel unsteady  
By the light of day  
When you half-remember  
That something's wrong

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You've made a weapon

Of your heart  
I tried to stop it  
With my own  
But all I got  
Was torn apart  
And all you got  
Was more alone

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