

Painted Birds

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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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