# Painting Flowers

## All Time Low

Strange maze, what is this place?
I hear voices over my shoulders.
NothingÂ’s making sense at all.
Wonder, why do we race?
And every day weÂ’re running in circles.
Such a funny way to fall.
Try to open up my eyes
IÂ’m hopinÂ’ for the chance to make it alright.

When I wake up
The dream isnÂ’t done
I wanna see your face and know I made it home.
If nothing is true
What more can I do?
I am still painting flowers for you.
WoahÂ

Throw my cards, give you my heart.
Wish we could start all over.
NothingÂ’s making sense at all.
Try to open up my eyes,
IÂ’m hopinÂ’ for a chance to make it alright.

When I wake up
The dream isnÂ’t done
I wanna see your face and know I made it home.
If nothing is true
What more can I do?
I am still painting flowers for you.
I am still painting flowers for you.

(I heard everything you said. I donÂ’t wanna lose my head.)

When I wake up
The dream isnÂ’t done
I wanna see your face and know I made it home.
If nothing is true
What more can I do?
I am still painting flowers for you.
I am still painting flowers for you.

I am still painting flowers for you.

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