# Painting Box

## The Incredible String Band

When the morning of your eyes comes waking through my shadows
Leaving just a trace of twilight sleep
I whisper to the baby raindrops playing on my window
And tell them gently this is not the time that they should weep

For somewhere in my mind there is a painting box
I have every color there, it's true
Just lately when I look inside my painting box
I seem to pick the colors of you

My Friday evening's footsteps plodding dully through this black town
Are far away now from the world that I'm in
My eyes are listening to some sounds that I think just might be springtime
With daffodils between my toes I'm laughing at their whim

And somewhere in my mind there is a painting box
I have every color there, it's true
Just lately when I look inside my painting box
I seem to pick the colors of you

Oh, somewhere in my mind there is a painting box
I have every color there, it's true
Just lately when I look inside my painting box
I seem to pick the colors of you

The purple sail above me catches all the strength of summer
Fishes stop and ask me where I am bound
I smile and shake my head and say my little ship is sinking
But I kind of like the sea that I'm on and I don't mind if I do drown

And somewhere in my mind there is a painting box
I have every color there, it's true
Just lately when I look inside my painting box
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written by HERON, MIKE

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