

Achin to Be

Pinhead Gunpowder

Well, she's kind of like an artist
Sittin' on the floor
She 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
Sitting in their seats She closes her mouth to speak and
What comes out's a mystery
She's 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
The colors come so slowly
Like the colors down on the sheets She closes her mouth to speak and
She closes her eyes to see
She's thought about, not understood
She's achin' to be Well, 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
She never shows you what she's doing
She never shows a soul Well, I saw one of your pictures
There was nothing that I could see
If no one's on your canvas
Well, I'm achin' to be She closes her mouth to speak and
She closes her eyes to see
She's thought about and only loved
She's achin' to be just like me

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