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 soulAnd she's kind of like a movie
Everyone rushes to see
And no one understands it
Sitting in their seatsShe closes her mouth to speak and
What comes out's a mystery
She's thought about, not understood
She's achin' to beWell, she dances alone in nightclubs
Every other day of the week
People look right through her
Baby doll, check your cheekAnd she's kind of like a poet
Who finds it hard to speak
The colors come so slowly
Like the colors down on the sheetsShe closes her mouth to speak and
She closes her eyes to see
She's thought about, not understood
She's achin' to beWell, I've been achin' for a while now, friend
I've been achin' hard for yearsWell, she's kind of like an artist
Who uses paints no more
She never shows you what she's doing
She never shows a soulWell, 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 beShe 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/