Every Picture I Paint

Teenage Fanclub

See her lying in my bed
My pillow stuffed beneath her head
Her hair is like a sea of gold
I'd love to sail into her whole
Kiss her lips, they're wet with spit
What's more the flavor tastes like wine
Stiff and something cold inside
As icicles form on my spine
You're very presence turns me blue
It takes a hundred thousand colors to paint you
And every picture that I paint doesn't capture you
You're very presence turns me dear
It takes a hundred thousand colors to paint you
And every picture that I paint doesn't capture you
See her lying in my bed
My pillow stuffed beneath her head
Her hair is like a sea of gold

I'd love to say it her
Kiss her lips, they're wet with spit
It's more a flavor, taste like wine
Sticking something cold inside
Those eyes leave goosebumps on my spine
You're very presence turns me dear
It takes a hundred thousand colors to paint you
And every picture that I paint doesn't capture you
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