

# Tall Tales

## Stolen Babies

The days are colored, the days are colored  
Painted by numbers with dirty little fingers  
The trial and error, the trial and error  
Put me away from this fleeting exteriorWill I leave her in the distance?  
Out there hiding, where are you hiding?  
As a monkey, dancing faster, eating traces of disasterWill I wash my hands of me?  
Point to yourself  
The days are colored, the days are colored  
Painted by numbers with dirty little fingers  
The trial and error, the trial and error  
Put me away from this fleeting exteriorIt's been greasepaint in canisters  
It's what I'm not that breaks me faster  
Running away from the paper  
The tallest tales are the lettersWill I wash my hands of me?  
Point to yourself  
If I bend my hands back enough  
What can I pull out of my blood?  
All the stories that my spirit run away from  
Have they erased me?Will I wash my hands of me?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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