

# Indiana

## Watercolor Paintings

I?m glad I never lived next to the water  
So I could never get used to the beach  
And I?m glad I never grew up on a mountain  
To figure out how high the world could reach  
I love the miles between me and the city  
Where I quietly imagine every street  
And I?m glad I?m only picturing the moment  
I?m glad she never fell in love with me  
For some the world?s a treasure to discover  
And your scenery should never stay the same  
And they?re trading in their dreams for explanations  
All in an attempt to entertain  
But I love the miles between me and the city  
Where I quietly imagine every street  
And I?m glad I?m only picturing the moment

I?m glad she never fell in love with me  
The trick of love is to never let it find you  
It?s easy to get over missing out  
I know the 'Hows' and 'Whens'  
But now and then she?s all I think about  
I wonder how it feels to be famous  
But wonder is as far as I will go  
'Cause I?d probably lose myself in all the pictures  
And end up being someone I don?t know  
So it?s probably best I stay in Indiana  
Just dreaming of the world as it should be  
Where every day is a battle to convince myself  
I?m glad she never fell in love with me

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