

Paint Your Picture

[Josh Ritter](#)

Pictures on my wall,
Fifteen different colours,
Starting with vermillion-
The first flower of the summer,
And don't think I'll be finished
Till I've begun to understand this,
With you stretched out in the sunlight,
As your laughter fills my canvas
The sun falls in my fingers,
On your back against the blinds,
It's tracing out your hollows
It is filling in your lines,
There your curl finds your spiral
As you silhouette the window,
When my brush forgives itself
Spills lines upon your pillow,
Finds you standing in the middle
Of the lines you've laid down before
Try to trace my picture into yours
Let me paint you in the corner,
As your shoulders trap the light
See the sunset feeling golden
On the wineskins of the night
I have seen your eyes in paintings
As Cathedrals cried Hosanna
Let me paint your face in frescos
Hang your hair like Angelabra
See you standing in the middle
Of lines you laid down before,
Try to paint my picture into yours
In the morning let me find you
As I call to you by name,
Your body warm beside me
Not imprisoned in a frame
I could never find the colours
Or the light that finely paints you
With those roses in your hair
Smell of wine, immortal perfume
As you're standing in the middle

Of lines you laid down before
Tryin' to paint my picture into yours

Songwriters

RITTER, JOSH /Published by

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