

Backpocket And Me

Mark Owen

We're all the same now
We're all the same
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We're all the same
In this picture
I'm going to try and get an overview
In this picture
The lines are blurred but my colors are shining through
I start with a canvas
And think about what I want to achieve
From another angle
The paintings gonna make a print of me
Choose the texture
Carot gold, the kind fit for a king
But that aint what I'm about
So I'll take this earth and I'll mix it in
Now my paintings ready to begin
But how big should it be
Big enough for the mantelpiece of every home
Or small enough for my back pocket and me

[REPEAT CHORUS]I start with the heart now
The rest will develop from its beat
As it takes shape
The picture no longer resembles me
It resembles every living thing I've ever seen or heard
From the heart of me to a flying bird
So now how big should this picture be
Should it fill the world or my back pocket and me
In this picture
I'm going to try and get an overview
In this picture
The lines are blurred but my colors are shining through
[REPEAT CHORUS]Everything, everything will be ok
It will be ok
Cos now I know how this picture should be
it should fill the world, but it also should fill me
my backpocket and me....

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