Paint It Red

Vaux

Cause there I a house made of black stone,
And it sits at the end of the road.
I paint it red and it forgotten.Some say. That I disappear
That I disappear.
That I disappear.This isn automatic.
This is impossible.
We all are far from tragic.
We are like statues of.This isn automatic.
This is impossible.
We all are far from tragic.
We are like statues of.It hard t ostand when it all in your head.
Find that black house paint it red.
It hard to feel when youe been through this much.
Wanna talk, wanna touch.
It hard to run when you can find your feet.
And I don want your world on me.Cause on the inside. Everything white,
And I loose myself in it light.
I close the door and get forgotten. Some say.
We are like statues of stone.This isn automatic.
This is impossible.
We all are far from tragic.
We are like statues of.This isn automatic.
This is impossible.
We all are far from tragic.
We are like statues of.This isn automatic.
This is impossible.
We all are far from tragic.
We are like statues of.Statues of stone.
Statues of stone.

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