

I Don't Paint Myself into Corners

Trisha Yearwood

It took a while for me to see things as they were
In the light of truth it wasn't you, it was me
I let myself get used to drowning in the hurt
Against the wall who'd of thought, it was me
From there I couldn't even look over my shoulder
I kicked down all the walls and started all over And I don't paint myself into corners anymore
In a brittle heart of clay I threw my brushes away
The tools of the trade that chained your memory to me
Are out the door I don't paint myself into corners anymore When you left you left me with no other choice at all
But to sink to my knees, and cry
I never knew just how far a soul could fall
Like a rock I couldn't stop, didn't try
I locked myself behind shades of misery
But when I let you go, I set myself free And I don't paint myself into corners anymore
In a brittle heart of clay I threw my brushes away
The tools of the trade that chained your memory to me
Are out the door I don't paint myself into corners anymore

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