

# Painting and Kissing

## Hefner

I'm in love with Linda, I think she understands me.  
She's down in the dumps, she lives on Holloway Road,  
I met her in the Wig and Gown, We couldn't talk with the music so loud  
But I could tell she was intrigued,  
She took me down to her basement, she showed me all of her paintings,  
She sure couldn't paint, but she could kiss.  
East London will never forgive, all my wrong doings but still it's the place where I live,  
North London has a place in her heart, she's far too strong for me that's what I thought at the start,  
I'm not that strong  
After a week or two ,I thought our love was true,  
She was my girlfriend, but I couldn't call her my girlfriend.  
The first time that she came to my house, she bought Chardonnay, now I buy Chardonnay, almost every day.  
And as her kissing got worse, oh her paintings improved, but what does that prove, it proves nothing.  
On March the 23 rd she said something so absurd,  
She said 'You love to be in love, but your never really in love.'  
She said 'You love to be in love, but your never really in love.'  
Every single day, I get down and pray, that she'll change her mind

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