

# Paint By Numbers

## Self

In my dusty house  
In my dirty clothes  
Seated in a town on the verge of extinction  
Struggling with a tune  
Alone I compose a bittersweet ditty  
About an ex-girlfriend  
But why bother with painful memories?  
Why tear out my heart for all the world to see?  
Why not paint by number  
Catchy melody  
Burn it up the charts with sweet simplicity  
Then do it againGotta get away  
Maybe we should stay  
Seated in a town on the verge of explosion  
New York and LA  
No one listening anyway  
Busy predicting the next big thing  
So why bother with changing scenery?  
Why pack up the car and move to California?  
Why not paint by number  
Catchy melody  
Playing all the parts in deadly harmony  
Then do it againPut the keys into the car  
Put the car into drive  
You can take us to the moon  
Just take us for a rideIn his dusty house  
In his dirty clothes  
Seated in a town overrun by tourists  
Struggling with a tune so alone he composes  
A bittersweet ditty in the 3rd person  
So why star in your fictional stories?  
Why try to deny your criminal and thieves?  
Go ahead Paint By Number  
Phony fake I.D.'s  
Burn it up the charts with sweet  
Simplicity, then do it again

Songwriters  
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