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
MATT MAHAFFEYPublished by

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