

Empty Canvas

Gates

I see myself in you, reflected
You try to reproduce what I did
You trace my pattern trying to be candid
But all that you create is not quite right
And I've become your something
In a photograph of nothing
Left hanging in the dark
And I am always with you
Even if you didn't want to
You've framed my work of art
And your whole life, forever spent
To be what hasn't happened yet (2x)
You draw your hands across an empty canvas
Your fingers paint a scene so dull and lifeless
And all the color worn from me is pointless
Because all you'll ever be is black and white
And I've become your something
In a photograph of nothing
Left hanging in the dark
And I am always with you
Even if you didn't want to
You've framed my work of art
And even though the negative was cut and replaced
I'll develop into what cannot be erased
And you'll develop into nothing
And your whole life, forever spent
To be what hasn't happened yet (4x)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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