Beijing (too Many People)

Elliott

If you look at it the right way.
You're not twisted.
You're holding.
You try so hard to push it away.
It was always in the right place.
Your shaded heart, cool and colored.
Your image bleeds oceans.
Two arms grown close and pulled away.
We will all bleed in the right shades of too many people.
Too many people, so many people in this world.
Oil, canvas color.
Paint me a picture, tonight.
You stand there I'm so afraid.
You said you knew me.
And I know what goes on when you're away.
It's the one place to lose me.
In too many people.
Too many people, so many people in this world.
Oil, canvas color.
Paint me a picture tonight.
(Around running around).

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