Paint and Pillows

Julie Roberts

From concrete to shingles and every single nail
We drove to hold this house together
That stained glass door those hardwood floors cost a little more
But they made this place betterI ain't nineteen, I ain't naive

That ain't the way I make my bed I can't believe you're telling me

This home can be repairedIt's gonna take more than paint and pillows

New curtains on these windows

To cover up all the trash that you drug inThere ain't a rug big enough to sweep it under And just in case you wonder

I'd rather strike a match and watch it go up in smoke
It's gonna take more than paint and pillowsYou know these walls don't have to talk
I knew it all intuition, I guess

That long dark hair on the back of my chair

Must be where she put her shoes on before she leftEverything she touched belonged to me And I don't want no tainted anything

The life we built, baby, you killed in just one nightIt's gonna take more than paint and pillows

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