

# Painters

## Jewel

Eighty years, an old lady now, sitting on the front porch  
Watching the clouds roll by  
They remind her of her lover, how he left her, and of times long ago,  
When she used color carelessly, painted his portrait  
A thousand times, or maybe just his smile,  
Her and her canvas would follow him wherever he would go 'Cause they were painters and they were painting  
themselves  
A lovely world Oil streaked daisies covered the living room walls  
He put water colored roses in her hair  
He said, "Love, I love you,  
I want to give you the mountains, the sunshine,  
The sunset too  
I want to give you a world as beautiful as you are to me" 'Cause I'm a painter and I want to paint you  
A lovely way So they sat down and made a drawing of their love,  
They made it an art to live by  
They painted every passion, every home, created every beautiful child  
In the winter they were weavers of warmth,  
In the summer they were carpenters of love  
They thought blue prints were too sad so they made them yellow And they were painters and they had painted  
themselves  
A lovely world Until one day the rain fell as thick as black oil  
And in her heart she knew something was wrong  
She went running through the orchard screaming,  
"No God, don't take him from me!"  
But by the time she got there, she feared he already had gone  
She got to where he lay, water colored roses in his hands for her  
She threw them down screaming, "Damn you man, don't leave me  
With nothing left behind but these cold paintings, these cold portraits  
To remind me!" He said, "Love I only leave a little, try to understand  
I put my soul in this life we've created with these four hands  
Love, I leave, but only a little, this world holds me still  
My body may die now, but these paintings are real"  
La li lai la li lai la li lai So many seasons came and many seasons went  
And many times she saw her love's face watering the flowers,  
Talking to the trees and singing to his children,  
And when the wind blew, she knew he was listening,  
And how he seemed to laugh along, and how he seemed to hold her  
When she was crying 'Cause they were painters and they had painted themselves  
A lovely world Eighty years, an old lady now, sitting on the front porch

Watching the clouds roll by  
They remind her of her lover, how he left her, and of times long ago,  
When she used color carelessly, painted his portrait  
A thousand times, or maybe just his smile,  
Her and her canvas would follow him wherever he would go  
Yes, she and her canvas still follow 'Cause they are painters and they are painting themselves  
A lovely  
'Cause they are painters and they are painting themselves  
A lovely world

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