

# Brushed

[Paul Weller](#)

It's in a stroke of a brush  
It's in the wave of a hand  
And a view so bright  
It turns the world  
And makes all right Yet seems to say, come what may  
You will be what you will  
With a brush stroke of fate  
You will have to think again  
If you touch by it all  
Lucky to be brushed by it all Than walk a crooked mile  
In a worn out smile  
That you found on the ground  
Somebody else threw it down  
Looks like that you're the next blessed in town It's in a verse that you read  
It's in the tune in your head  
That makes all light  
Turns your world  
Illuminates life And makes you see  
All the love within  
Is still yet to come out  
Like the word, as a bang  
You have to think again  
And get touched by it all Than walk in single file  
In a worn out smile  
That you found on the ground  
Somebody else threw it down  
Looks like you're the next blessed in town [Incomprehensible]  
So the word, as a bang  
You will have to think again  
Than walk in single file  
In a worn out smile  
That you found on the ground  
Looks like you're the next blessed in town

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