

Paint Yourself

White Denim

You're always looking at yourself
Deciding what you do not want to see
You paint yourself with light at night
You rewrite your history
The apartment that you got
Has got no fire escape
What will you do?
What will you do?
And the job that you've got
Has made you work so hard
You don't know who you are
You don't know who you are

You say that you're taking nothing for granted
But your plans don't change
And you're hoping that everything's easier
By the time you reach your old age
I'm trying to cool you like a fan
But you're making it so obvious I can't
And there's always something
For you to get over when I disappear away

Your heart is tied up in a joke
And it's all whips, rums, and rain
All the titles you so casually gave away
Will come back and be your name

You did forget your memory
Of all you promised you just yesterday