

# Waste of Paint

## Bright Eyes

I have a friend, he is made mostly of pain  
And he wakes up, drives to work, and then straight back home again  
He once cut one of my nightmares out of paper  
Well, I thought it was beautiful, I put it on a record cover  
And I tried to tell him he had a sense  
Of color and composition so magnificent

And he said, "Thank you, please but your flattery  
Is truly not becoming me, your eyes are poor  
You are blind, you see, no beauty could have come from me  
I am a waste of breath, of space, of time"

I knew a woman, she was dignified and true  
And her love for her man was one of her many virtues  
Until one day, she found out that he had lied  
And she decided the rest of her life from that point on would be a lie  
But she was grateful for everything that had happens  
And she was anxious for all that would come next?

But then she wept, what did you expect?  
In that big, old house with the cars she kept  
And "Such is life," she often said  
With one day leading her to the next  
You get a little closer to your death, which was fine with her  
She never got upset and with all the days she may have left  
She would never clean another mess or fold his shirts or look her best  
She was free to waste away alone

Last night, my brother, he got drunk and drove  
And this cop, he pulled him off to the side of the road  
And he said, "Officer, officer, you got the wrong man  
No, no, I'm a student of medicine, a son of a banker  
You don't understand"  
The cop said, "No one got hurt, you should be thankful  
And your carelessness, it is something awful

And no, I can't just let you go  
And though your father's name is known  
Your decisions now are yours alone  
You are nothing but a stepping stone  
On a path to debt, to loss, to shame"

The last few months I have been living with this couple  
Yeah, you know, the kind who buy everything in doubles  
Oh, they fit together, like a puzzle  
And I love their love and I am thankful  
That someone actually receives the prize that was promised  
By all those fairy tales that drugged us

And they still do me, I'm sick, lonely  
No laurel tree, just green envy  
Will my number come up eventually?  
Like love is some kind of lottery  
Where you scratch and see what's underneath  
It's 'sorry, just one cherry', 'play again', 'get lucky'

So I have been hanging out down by the trains depot

No, I don't ride, I just sit and watch the people there  
And they remind me of wind up cars in motion  
The way they spin and turn and jockey for positions  
And I want to scream out that it all is nonsense  
All your live's one track, can't they see it's pointless?  
But then, my knees give under me

My head feels weak and suddenly it is clear to see  
It is not them but me, who has lost my self-identity  
As I hide behind these books I read, while scribbling my poetry  
Like art could save a wretch like me  
With some ideal ideology that no one could hope to achieve  
And I am never real, it is just a sketch in me  
And everything I made is trite and cheap and a waste  
Of paint, of tape, of time

So now I park my car down by the cathedral  
Where the floodlights point up at the steeples  
Choir practice was filling up with people  
Could hear the sound escaping as an echo  
Sloping off the ceiling at an angle  
And when the voices blend they sound like angels  
I hope there's some room still in the middle  
But when I lift my voice up now to reach them  
The range is too high, way up in Heaven

And so I hold my tongue, forget the song  
Tie my shoe, start walking off  
And try to just keep moving on  
With my broken heart and my absent God  
And I have no faith but it is all I want  
To be loved and believe in my soul  
In my soul, in my soul, in my soul