

# The Painter

Cody Johnson

She talks about the future like she's flippin' through a magazine

Finds the beauty in the thrown away and broken things  
Gets excited about all my crazy dreams

Got every sunset that she's ever seen memorized  
Saves in a way for a rainy day or stormy night  
The sky's brighter lookin' at it through her eyes

I don't remember  
Life before she came into the picture  
Brought the beauty I was missin' with her  
Showed me colors I ain't ever seen  
She took chances  
With every wall I built, she saw a canvas  
I thank God every day for how He made her  
My life was black and white but she is the painter

She reminds me that it ain't too late to start again  
Fine is good but you need some blue every now and then  
How'd I live so long without her reckless touch?

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