

Dream Painter

Connie Smith

He's my dream painter
My weather changer
The rainbow that he paint for me won't let it rain
He's my dream painter
My sunshine maker
L-O-V-E love should be his name

You took my world of emptiness
And framed it up with happiness
And touched up all my lonely yesterdays
Without one word you made it plain
That I'd seen my last drop of rain
From now on they'll be sunshine all the way

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Before I held you in my arms
Until you came into my heart
I had my doubts about this thing called love (love love love)
The better things in life are free
I shouldn't let it bother me
But it just don't seem bad to have so much

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