

Paint You a Picture

David Crosby

Winter's on its way
And the nights are long
The sun called it a day
Hours ago
I thought we'd be together
But I thought wrong
Just too much heavy weather
For you, I know, for much too long

So let me paint you a picture
While the winter sun is sinking
Two rocks in the glass
Two guesses what I'm drinking
The first guess doesn't count
The bottle's almost through
Let me paint a picture
A picture for you

Chimneys are blowing
Billows of smoke
The skyline is glowing
Facing south
I'm yours for the taking
I'm two kinds of broke
And I'm still aching
For the taste of your mouth

Let me paint you a picture
Of the river in November
Right before it freezes
Before it's too much to remember
The things we used to talk about
Believing they'd come true
Let me paint a picture
A picture for you

Let me paint you a picture
From my window today
There's a hawk that keeps hovering
Over its prey
There's a gun-metal sky
With patches of blue
Let me paint a picture
Paint a picture for you

The canvas will dry
And the tears will too
Let me paint a picture
Paint a picture for you