Paint a Picture of Yourself (Michael)

Harry Chapin

Well, I hear you are a painter now
Though you're almost halfway through
You pulled a pallet knife, you cut away a wife
And you started something new

But, it was not the strife of married life
That ordained what you would do
A quick look back through your history
Shows the same things goading you

It's just like you to try painting
Because you're color blind
Each time you conquer something
That's the time you change your mind

And now your new preoccupations
Give you your handicap to start
Yes, you're happiest when you're chasing clouds
With a halfway broken heart

Paint a picture of yourself
Let the images flash past
Don't weep on watercolors, Michael
Make this moment last
Paint the kid with restless eyes
Yeah, the way you looked back then
'Cause the man keeps getting frightened
When the boy's not born again

I remember how you led us
Back when we all were kids
And that fact thet you were older
Made us copy what you did

The day you bought that cheap guitar
We all fell into line
We got hooked on music
But you drifted off in time

So, I can see you at your easel
Splay legged ther you stand
And your eyes are darting back and forth
Brush flashing in your hand
You're reaching always for that dream
You need to make you real
Leaning in a heavy wind
That no one else can feel

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