

## Peach Paint

Lydia

The peach paint that you got on the back of your shoes, yeah ye  
ah

Headlights in the rain and I couldn't move, yeah yeah

I'm gonna take you wherever you'll be

Clothes in a pile on the top of your sheets

Know that I won't always be here to see

But nothing could change this

Moved in your house with two bags

You were playin' a record I never heard

And I'd stay here for a while if I could

Somewhere to sleep in, somewhere

You were makin' up all the words

I'd stay here for a while if I could

Eyes over you

It felt like glass to me

And I was like, "Who's gonna leave?"

Yeah, that sounds terrifying

Maybe it's hell in these empty streets

Ten-dollar film in the back of your seat

Know that I won't always be here to see

But nothing could change this

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